WEEK ENDING MARCH 31, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

File Copy

LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY *by* GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

Is it that same old HEADACHE?

IF you never have a headache congratulate yourself and turn this page. But if you are one of the thousands who do suffer from this common ailment read here how to find prompt relief by getting at the real cause of the trouble.

Dull headaches—splitting headaches—sick headaches. Few women, or men, escape occasional headaches—many suffer from them almost daily.

Headaches mean wasted hours, unhappy hours—fretful days with the children—engagements cancelled at the last minute—evenings of misery among friends when you want to look and feel your best.

All too often people who suffer from headaches take preparations that simply deaden the pain. They don't get at the source of the trouble.

The real cause of a great many headaches is congestion in the stomach or in the intestines. This congestion produces excessive blood pressure—and the usual result is dizziness and headache pains.

To relieve a headache, clear away congestion. The approved way to do this is by the use of Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline. Sal Hepatica corrects congestion in the stomach or intestines promptly—*usually within a half hour.*

Sal Hepatica is the Practical Equivalent of European Health Waters

Sal Hepatica is a delicate compound of the same health-giving salines found in the waters of the famous European spas where so many wealthy fashionables go to "take the cure" and make themselves physically fit. And like these European saline waters, Sal Hepatica helps correct not only headaches but digestive disorders, skin blemishes, hyperacidity, rheumatism, liver and kidney troubles and a host of other ailments. It corrects acidity and flushes away the poisons of waste that are the underlying cause of many ills so prevalent today!

Dissolved in water, Sal Hepatica makes a sparkling, bubbling drink—pleasant to the palate, refreshing in its effect. It acts promptly—and gently. The best time to take Sal Hepatica is upon arising or a half hour before any meal.

Don't let headaches rob you of energy and happiness. Whenever you feel a headache coming on—whenever you are tired and listless—whenever elimination is sluggish—take Sal Hepatica.

Send for the free booklet explaining more fully how Sal Hepatica relieves headaches and corrects many other common ills.

Refreshing and pleasant to take, Sal Hepatica brings prompt relief from headaches

Sal Hepatica is pleasant to take and prompt in its action. Keep a bottle on your bathroom shelf and use it whenever you need it. Sold in three sizes in drug stores everywhere—30c, 60c, $1.20

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71 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully how Sal Hepatica corrects many prevalent ills.

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Sal Hepatica

The most intimate concern of a woman's life...

should not be shrouded in secrecy

IGNORANCE of physical facts never brought happiness to any woman.

Wrong information is often worse than no information, and feminine health is too important, too vital a matter to be regarded in a haphazard way. Unless there is frank discussion, there can be no real enlightenment. The modern woman wants to know the truth and then judge for herself. She wants the benefit of every new idea.

Recent advances in practice of feminine hygiene

The recent advances in the practice of feminine hygiene have all come about as an answer to one existing evil. And that is the *evil of poisonous antiseptics*. Every physician and nurse is familiar with the effects when delicate tissues come in contact with bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid. Yet until lately there was no other recourse for fastidious women who demanded an efficient cleansing agent—who demanded a true antiseptic insurance against disease germs.

But fortunately this state of affairs is now a thing of the past. No longer need a woman run the risk of using powerful poisons for the purpose of feminine hygiene. No longer need she fear accidental poisoning in the home—a calamity all too common when the poison bottle is left within reach of little children who can not read the "skull-and-crossbones" warning. No longer need she face any of these dangers, for *Zonite* has arrived.

Every woman has reason to welcome Zonite

Zonite is a powerful antiseptic. In fact, Zonite is a real germicide, for it actually *kills* germs. It doesn't merely *check* germ-growth temporarily like the mild sweet-tasting and bubbling antiseptics. It kills all the germs present and prevents their multiplication. But besides being a powerful antiseptic, Zonite is an antiseptic which, in its many uses, is harmless to human beings.

The most remarkable feature of Zonite is its great germicidal strength. It has more than forty times the strength, for instance, of peroxide of hydrogen, and is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on the human body.

No wonder then, that Zonite has been welcomed with satisfaction. A powerful antiseptic that can even be held in the mouth! In fact, dental authorities are recommending it highly for preventive oral hygiene. Suggestion: ask your physician for his opinion of Zonite.

A booklet that every mother will want to give her daughter

The important subject of feminine hygiene is thoroughly covered in a dainty booklet prepared by the Women's Division expressly for the use and convenience of women. The information it contains is concise and to the point. A delicate subject is treated with scientific frankness, as it should be. Send for it. Read it. Pass it on to others who need it. Use the coupon below.

In bottles, 30¢, 60¢, $1

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Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below. L-33

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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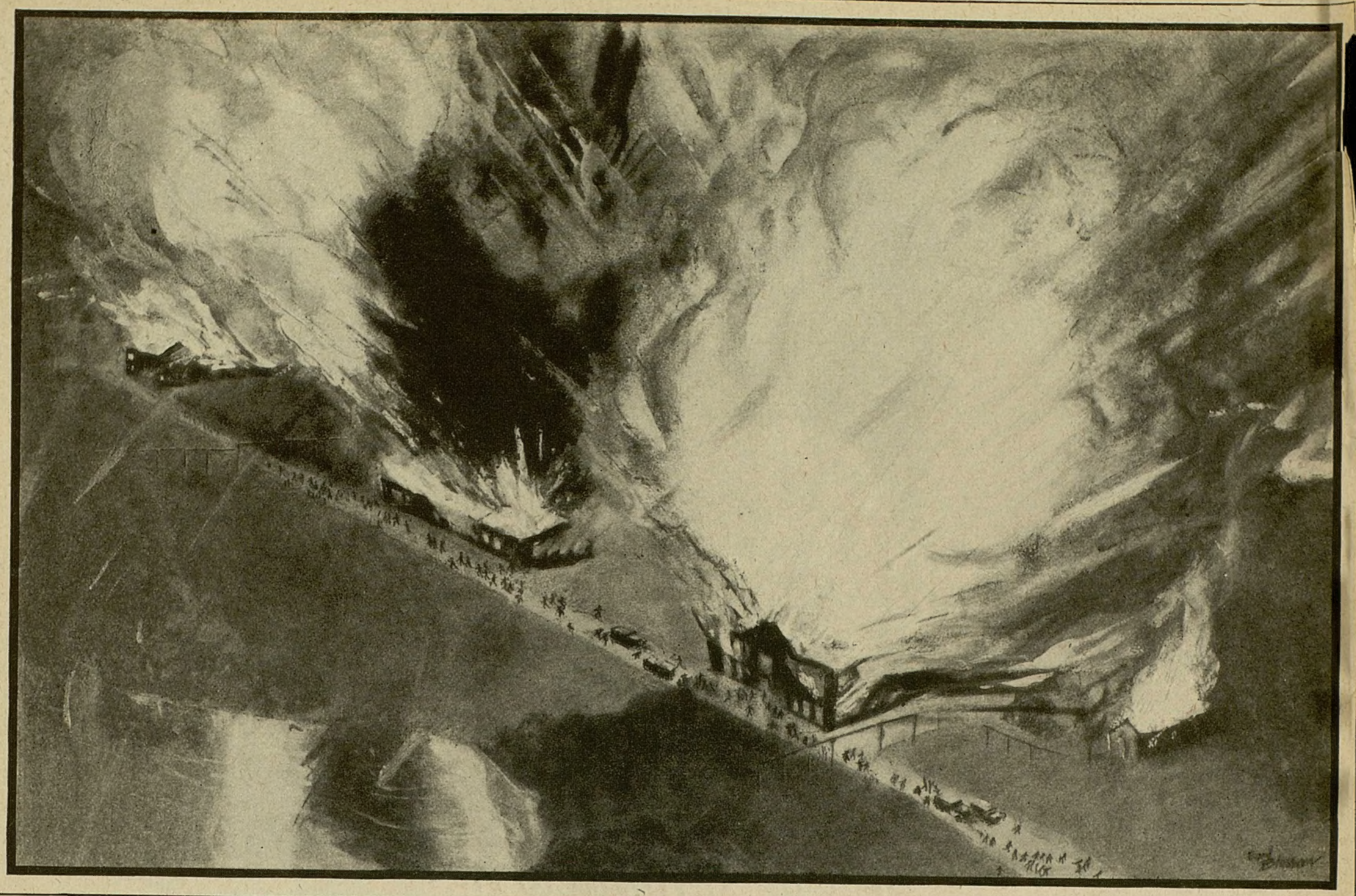

The Spirit of Service

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

In July, 1926, lightning struck the Navy Arsenal at Denmark Lake, New Jersey. The explosion demolished the $80,000,000 plant, rocked the countryside, left thousands homeless and many dead. While the community fled in terror, fresh explosions hurled fragments of shell and debris far and wide.

High upon the roster of those who responded to the call of duty were the telephone workers. Operators in the danger zone stayed at their posts. Those who had left for the day and others on vacation, on their own initiative, hurried back to help handle the unprecedented volume of calls. Linemen and repairmen braved exploding shells to restore the service. Within a little over an hour emergency telephone service was established, invaluable in caring for the victims and in mobilizing forces to fight the fire which followed. In spite of repeated warnings of danger still threatening, no telephone worker left the affected area.

Through each of the day's twenty-four hours, the spirit of service is the heritage of the thousands of men and women who have made American telephone service synonymous with dependability. In every emergency, it is this spirit that causes Bell System employees to set aside all thought of personal comfort and safety and, voluntarily, risk their lives to "Get the message through."

MARCH 31, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

APRIL FOOL

When the writer of these lines was young, April Fools' Day was one of the bright spots of the year.

There was the brick under the hat; the stuffed pocketbook with the string tied to it. Breakfast muffins filled with cotton were a rare jest, and so was candy shot through with cayenne pepper.

It was a time long anticipated and long remembered, as were St. Valentine's Day, Christmas Eve, Halloween, and the night before the Fourth of July.

Those unofficial childish holidays were a kind of possession peculiar to the past. They are not the same now. We are grown up and serious, and times have changed.

Christmas now means bills to meet. Independence Day has been made a Sane Fourth, largely through the efforts of a newspaper editor who was born in England. We no longer get any fun out of April Fools' Day.

But what these celebrations used to be!

In college there was a secret society that had, on Friday nights, a keg of beer. It spilled, of course, and through it we would slide along the floor as a ball player does to a base. Even if we had the beer and the floor, we wouldn't want to do that now.

At the proper holiday season the bars in our neighborhood blossomed forth with noble bowls of Tom and Jerry—egg froth brimming over the top and everything. Now we couldn't enjoy more than one mug of it (or at most two) without doing violence to the old stomach. We'd risk two if we had another chance.

Then there was the Fourth of July, and the long-fought argument as to which was the better—that or Christmas.

The boys preferred the Fourth. We tested a few cannon crackers the night before; but the real shooting lasted from 3 A. M. to midnight, perhaps with time out for a short nap.

There were many bruises and burns, and one of our young acquaintances usually lost a finger or even a hand. Sometimes it was a father shooting off the very biggest cannon crackers, so big they were too dangerous for kids, who lost his life. Once a boy of the town was blinded. Once a wound led to death immediately. Another time the victim lingered a week.

All of which lent intense excitement to the day.

On Thanksgiving we went to Grandmother's house and ate gorgeously. There aren't such grandmothers any more, or such cranberries.

In Sunday school we admired pictures of Moses or somebody rolling back waves eight feet high. Today De Mille makes a better job of it.

Now they've got their radio and television and contraptions until you can't think. We wish they'd take them away and let us go out riding with our girl in a buggy behind our old mare, Brown Betty.

The August moon would come up, and Betty was slow and wise. There was no danger of getting bumped by a bootlegger's automobile. We were not in the city, where gas fumes choke you and there are buildings on three sides of you twenty stories high, and you seem to be living at the bottom of a tunnel. There *was* the smell of new-mown hay.

We have more money than Father had, but we never have any fun. So will you kindly tell us, what's the use of progress?

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IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

EARL CARROLL, the theatrical producer who went to prison because of a backstage birthday party, tells us his life story in next week's LIBERTY. He draws a vivid picture of his early years and gives in detail his version of the famous party, how it happened, and just what it has meant to him, in STARS AND BARS.

MARY READ is the third of a series of pirate stories by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, in which a woman's courage is pitted against the ruthlessness and brutality of a black-hearted buccaneer.

The inside story of a mighty wrestler, THE TERRIBLE TURK, by WILLIAM A. BRADY, is a gripping tale of one of the most picturesque figures of the sports world, his tragi-comedy life and pathetic death.

Is he the dark horse of the White House as regards the Presidential nomination? JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT tells just where Coolidge stands in the present political puzzle and at the same time gives a striking sketch of the man who does not choose to run.

What's a young man's good resolution when a pretty girl appears in the offing? EDWARD HOPE tells of the losing struggle waged by one member of the "stern" sex in a chuckling comedy, INTO TEMPTATION.

March 31, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 13

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(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

SPORTS STORIES

DOES woman read the sports pages of the newspapers and the sports articles in the magazines? Of course she does.

She has lively interest in sports events and its outstanding personalities. She goes to the baseball games. She goes to football games, tennis, polo and golf tournaments, hockey matches, swimming contests, boat and motor races, boxing matches. A lot of her saw Tunney get the long count in Chicago. A lot more of her listened to it over the radio.

She engages in sports for health and recreation. Look to the womanfolk of your own circle and you find they swim and ride, golf and tennis, row and skate. Scarcely a woman today who is not interested in some sport. More power to her!

She is creating a healthy, fine and understanding race of women, sweethearts, wives and mothers.

SHE has her own champions—Wills, Mallory, Ederle and Wainright; Horn, Orcutt, Collett and others.

And being feminine, she is equally interested in the men champions.

She wants to be taken behind the scenes and shown the football captains and the Dempseys, Tunneys, Granges, Joneses, Tildens as they actually are.

She can not get the vivid color of these lives in the "prettified" stories of the women's magazines. So where does she go for expert information on the champs she champions?

She reads the magazines that man reads.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

H A V E A

C A M E L

The cigarette that's liked for itself

It is sheer enjoyment of smoking that has made Camel the most popular cigarette of all time. Nothing takes the place of fragrant, mellow tobaccos.

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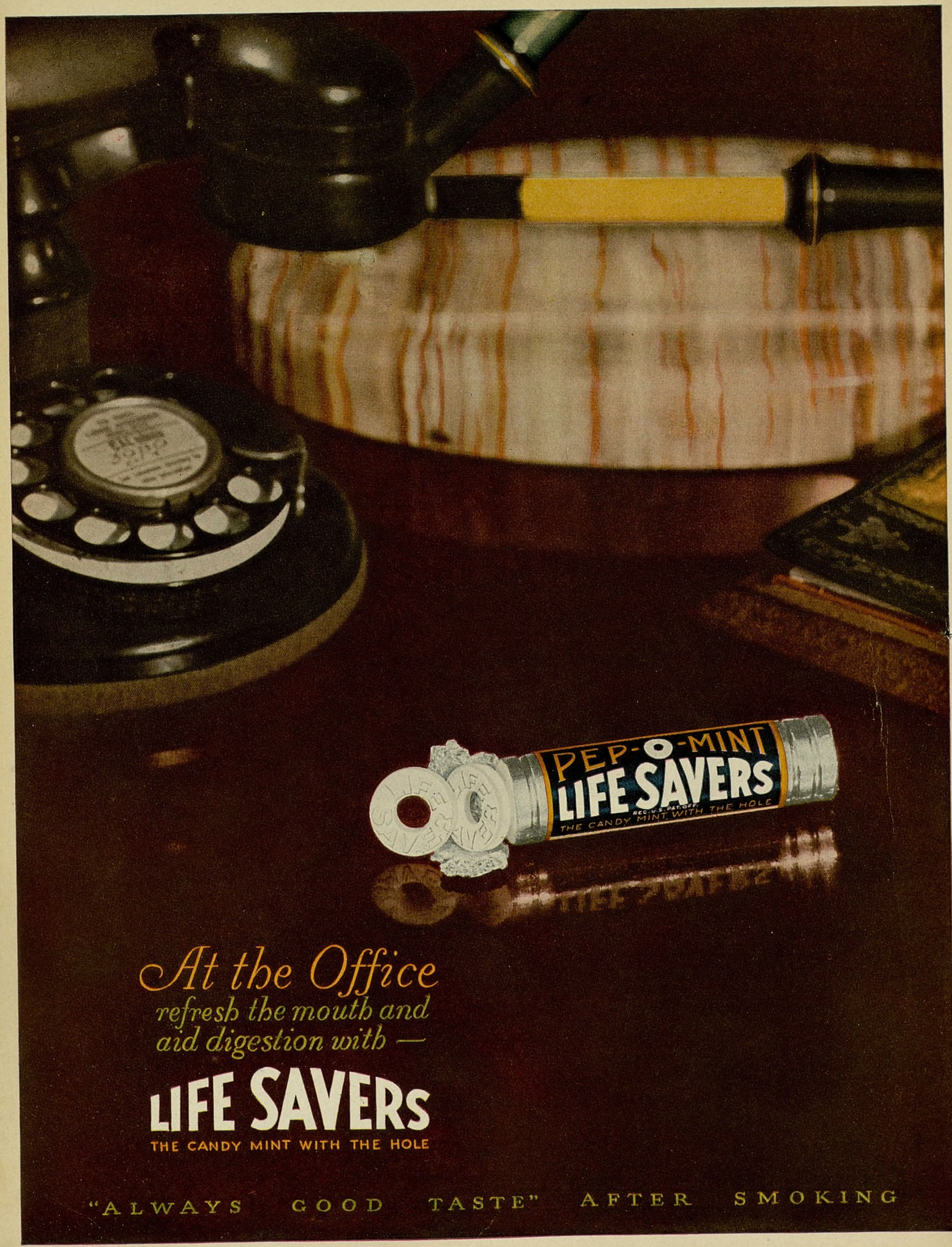
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"ALWAYS GOOD TASTE" AFTER SMOKING

Leaves *from my* WAR DIARY

Beginning

GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL'S

Own Story of America's Air Fighters in France

Both German airplanes had been shot down in four and one-half minutes. Neither of the pilots was killed.

Picture by
Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.

(Reading time: 21 minutes 20 seconds.)

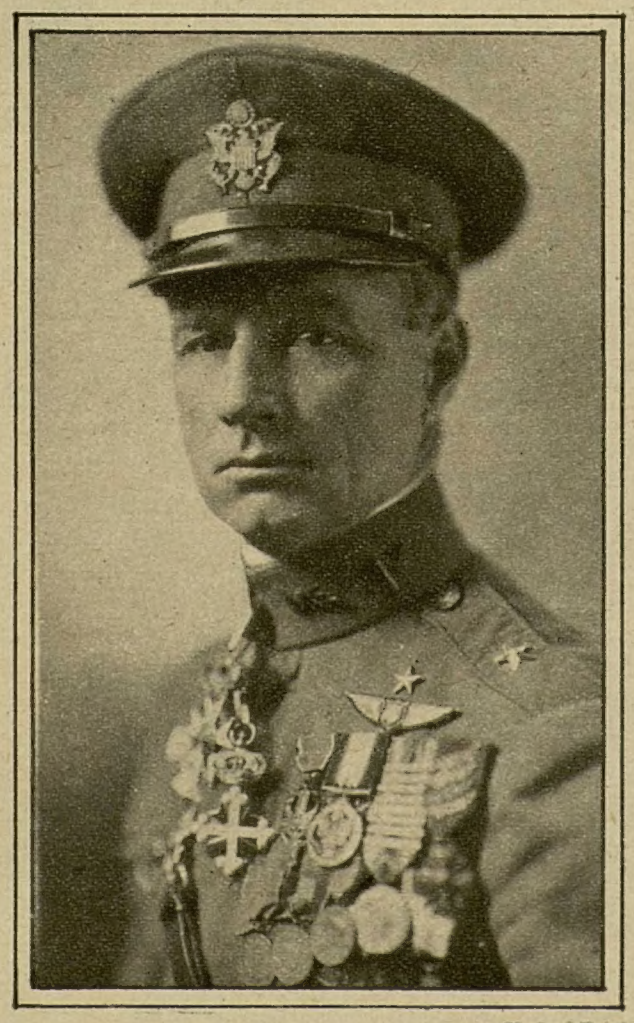
[EDITOR'S NOTE: Here begins one of the most stirring accounts of America's participation in the World War.

The author, General Mitchell, was a member of General Pershing's staff and was in active command of our fighting air forces during the decisive battles of 1918.

His opportunities to observe the war were unsurpassed. In his diary he set down the truth as he saw it and his opinions come to you uncensored.

This series deals with the major offensives of the war's final phase, up to the Armistice and the occupation of Germany.

The great German assault was launched on March 21, 1918. Its fury broke and destroyed the British Fifth Army under Gough. In early April the onslaught slackened. The fate of the Allies trembled in the balance. No one knew where Ludendorff would aim his next staggering blow. The fearful suspense is reflected in the pages of the diary.]



U. S. Official

General William Mitchell, author of this diary, wearing some of the honors bestowed on him by the United States and other nations.

PART ONE

April, 1918.

THE Fifth British Army is a thing of the past and a great gaping hole exists in the line. The British Army is a running mass of fugitives.

General Foch apparently had anticipated an attack and had brought up troops from Italy and had thrown them in yesterday where I saw them. We hear that as a result of these operations General Foch has been made the supreme commander of all the armed forces in northern France. It is high time to have a single directing head; there has been too little coordination in the past.

The British have a single commander for all the navies. Later on we must have a single commander for all the air forces.

The Germans have hit at the right time, for they know our American troops are not quite ready. But they soon will be. We have several divisions which, if put on the defensive, could give an excellent account of themselves.

The British are in a bad way, and from General Haig down they are publishing orders to the troops to stand their ground and die in their tracks, as their whole existence as a nation depends on it. The Germans are attempting to completely destroy the British Army, use up the French reserves that must be sent there to help them, and later to fall on the French.

I doubt if they can make a complete success of it, on account of their lack of motor transport. They can lay down temporary railroads with great speed, but they lack sufficient motor transportation to keep up with their infantry, and they also need more air power.

The hole in the British Army is twenty or thirty miles broad. Hodges of our Engineering Corps, I have heard, dug a line of trenches for the British to occupy around Amiens, which they are in now and are trying to hold. If the Germans had a few divisions of cavalry with armored motor trucks following them, well supported by tanks and air forces, they could win the war within a month or two; but I am sure they have not sufficient forces of any of these to do it.

On March 28 I looked over the equipment of the First Squadron at Le Bourget. They were getting old airplanes and not the latest models—Spad two-seaters with the Hispano engine, a dangerous outfit for observation work.

I started my flight back to Neufchâteau and looked over the roads running up to the great battle. They were filled everywhere with transport, artillery, and troops moving to the scene of the fray.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY]
Continued from Page Nine

I arrived at Neufchâteau without incident, and reported what I had seen to General Liggett, and what my estimate of the situation was. Liggett was itching to get into the fight and thought that four of our divisions could do good work, and I believed they could.

I went down to Chaumont and saw Harbord on March 31. He told me that General Pershing had offered to put any or all of our troops into the line in this great crisis. We now must have half a million men in France. While untrained—many of them have never even fired a rifle—they certainly can do a great deal if given a chance.

IT is strange how quickly the French people sense what is going on. Word travels like wildfire through northern France. Although no news is allowed to be published in the papers of what is happening to the British Army, every inhabitant of the Upper Marne knows that the great crisis is at hand. Everybody knows that as soon as the attacks against the British Army subside a little the French Army will be jumped on and thousands of their sons will pay the price of their defense.

Early in April I was occupied with an attempt to get suitable airplanes for our men. It now is apparent that no airplanes made in America can be put on the front before the end of the year. Those in authority in America had not followed our recommendations as to what kind of airplanes we wanted, so that a misfit combination of observation, day bombardment, and pursuit airplane, with a motor that had never been tried, was to be our principal ship to come from the United States. That is, the DH4 airplane with the Liberty engine.

The Germans were beginning to hit Paris with their long-range cannon. This gun was shooting about seventy-two miles. Many people thought at first that the projectiles had been dropped by airplanes, as they did not believe that a gun could be constructed that would shoot so far. A measurement of the curvature of some of the fragments of the projectile told what size the gun was, and from the angle at which the shots fell it could be told about where the gun was located.

Airplanes were immediately sent over to attempt to find it; but because its position was so well concealed, and because of dummy positions constructed near it, it was very difficult for the airplanes to either locate or destroy it.

U. S. Official

General John J. Pershing.

The object of the Germans in this long-range bombardment was to congest all of the lines of communication, railroads and roads around Paris, just at the time that they were to bring on another offensive against the French Army, thereby making it difficult for the French to move supplies rapidly through this area to their troops.

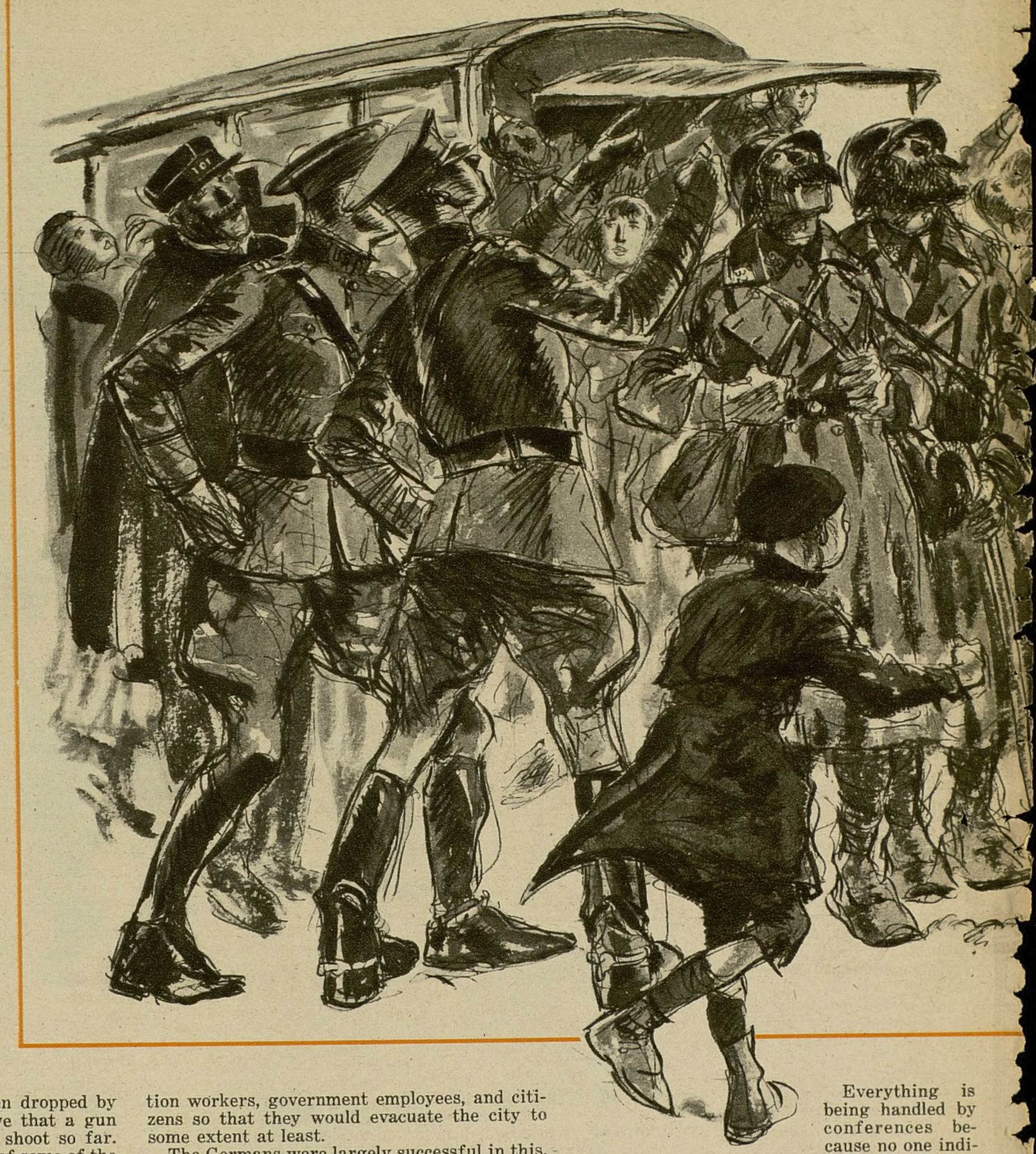
It was also intended to scare the ammunition workers, government employees, and citizens so that they would evacuate the city to some extent at least.

The Germans were largely successful in this, as there was quite an exodus from Paris. The city was darkened every night, as German airplane raids were made at the same time. Numbers of additional anti-aircraft cannon, with their crews, were withdrawn from the armies and put around the city. These did little good in keeping the German attack off. Many searchlights were placed at appropriate points. Balloon barrages—that is, small balloons holding up wires—were sent up to a height of about five or six thousand feet.

U. S. Official

General Hunter Liggett.

In spite of the terrible mess into which our Air Service had been projected as a result of so many non-flying officers being at the top, some order is beginning to come out of it. Dunwoody is doing excellent work with the supplies in the interior of France. I received a funny note from Dunwoody, which showed about the way things are going on.



Everything is being handled by conferences because no one individual will take the responsibility. The result is that, as the officers composing the conferences know nothing about the subject, the wrong thing is invariably done because the line of least resistance is always followed, no matter whether it is good or bad.

U. S. Official

Major General James G. Harbord.

Following is the note that I received from Dunwoody:

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
U. S. AIR SERVICE
April 18, 1918.

HULLO:

How is the Zone of Advance?

Have just returned from Tours. Is this the thing you wanted? My visit made me think of it.

A Conference is a collection of human beings of almost superhuman intelligence, gathered together for the purpose of passing

Hundreds in the vicinity of Toul looked to see what would happen as the two American ships approached the cloud ceiling.

Picture by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.

a series of resolutions based on their combined ignorance of a particular subject.

As a general rule, every Conference faces a crisis.

Every Conference has a main bore, an auxiliary bore, and other bores stationed at strategic points. When anybody ventures an original idea it is the duty of the main bore to head it off. He usually succeeds.

In spite of all these things, we are actually getting squadrons up on the line. The aviation schools in the interior, under Colonel Kilner, are doing excellent work and turning out pilots who, as far as training away from the front is concerned, are by far the best in Europe.

U. S. Official

Major General C. R. Edwards.

Kilner not only stays around the schools, but he frequently comes up to the front to see what we want and need in training and goes back and applies it. I consider him the most competent commander of aëronautical training schools that we have.

The First Observation Squadron made its first patrol over the line, with Major Royce commanding, on April 11. Our Ninety-fourth Pursuit Squadron moved to Toul on April 8, and the Ninety-first Army Observation Squadron came up. We are forming the nucleus of our bombardment aviation, also. All of these squadrons are now definitely assigned to my command and we are working hard on their battle training.

When we can get them, the men that have had experience in the French or British service over the lines and in whom the pilots have confidence are put into the key positions.

U. S. Official

Brigadier General B. D. Foulois.

Among these men is Major Raoul Lufbery, who leads the Americans in the number of enemy airplanes shot down. Lufbery's father is an American citizen; his mother was a French peasant woman.

Lufbery at first was a very poor pilot, but gradually he developed into one of the greatest experts in individual combat that there is on the Western Front. We are very fortunate in having him come up with the first pursuit squadrons that are arriving at Toul.

All eyes are on our men. As far as actual pilotage and flying is concerned, they really are wonderful. Of course, never having been exposed in actual combat, it is a question as to what will happen. Our First Pursuit Squadron on the line, the Ninety-fourth, has adopted a catchy insignia for its ships.

It shows Uncle Sam's hat with a ring around it to signify that Uncle Sam has entered the ring of the European War to take up active fighting on his part. [NOTE: Major John Huffer, in command of the squadron, and almost every pilot in it later became famous for feats of arms over the front.]

We, of course, are still under French command; but I arranged with the commander of French Aviation of the Eighth French Army to give us a definite sector to defend, and we were given the area between the Meuse and the Moselle rivers. That is, our left is at St. Mihiel and our right at Pont-a-Mousson. This is the first definite sector assigned to an American flying organization.

A BIT of rare good fortune happened to us on our very first day of independent operations on the front. I believe that what occurred was the most important thing that ever happened to American fighting aviation. It gave our men a confidence that could have been obtained in no other way.

It must be remembered that we are entering the war with our fliers to fight men who have been at it for three years and are as great fliers as the world has ever seen. They have splendid airplanes, splendid machine guns, are excellently instructed, and have a fine organization behind them.

The eventful day was April 14. We had sent a patrol out early in the morning, consisting of Captain Peterson, Lieutenant Rickenbacker, and Lieutenant Chambers, with orders to go up to 5,000 meters and intercept any enemy airplanes that crossed the line. I wanted to stop all German photographic machines that were taking pictures of our back areas where our troops were being assembled.

Lieutenants Campbell, Winslow, and Meisner were ordered to stand by on the alert at the airdrome, ready to take the air at a moment's notice.

The morning of the 14th dawned rather cold and foggy; but our patrol proceeded over the front, where it was discovered by the German lookouts and anti-aircraft artillery posts. Our patrol became separated in the fog, but fortunately returned to the field at Toul without mishap.

U. S. Official

Colonel H. Dunwoody.

Shortly after the return of this patrol, the anti-aircraft artillery station on the top of Mont St. Michel, just outside of Toul, signaled that some German airplanes were approaching the city above the fog; and our alert, consisting of Campbell, Winslow, and Meisner, was ordered to take the air.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY]
Continued from Page Eleven

The whir of the German motors could be heard by the citizens of Toul, and also the roar of the American engines at the same time as they took off. Meisner could not start his ship, and therefore remained on the ground.

Hundreds in the city and vicinity of Toul looked to see what would happen. A remarkable picture met their gaze. The German machines, concealed by the fog, had not yet put in appearance; but just as the two American ships approached the cloud ceiling, the German planes came out of it, and were instantly attacked by Allan Winslow and Douglas Campbell.

Winslow shot the first plane down, and Campbell the second. Both German airplanes had been brought down, and our pilots were back on the airdrome within four and one-half minutes after they left it. It was the most remarkable exhibition ever given on the Western Front, and in full view of all the soldiers and citizens residing in that part of the country.

Neither of the German pilots was killed. One of them was a very capable officer, the other also a good man. They reported that they had been ordered to attack two enemy machines that were crossing the lines between St. Mihiel and Pont-à-Mousson. That undoubtedly was the patrol consisting of Rickenbacker and Chambers that had become lost in the fog.

I have always thought that another thing was intended. The Germans knew full well that our air units had just reached the line. In all probability our men, new at the game, might not be as alert or as competent in their work as they would be at a later date. Some German machines near this area had recently come right down on to the French airdrome at Toul, set fire with their flaming bullets to some French airplanes on the ground, and had shot up the whole place, killing several people.

IF they could do this to the Americans right off the handle, it would have a dampening effect on our morale and would greatly increase that of the German Aviation. I have always thought that, taking advantage of the fog on that day, these German airplanes were attempting to do that very thing.

The remains of the enemy airplanes were taken into the square at Toul by order of the French commanding officer and the mayor of the city. The enthusiasm of the citizens was tremendous. I lost no time in publishing these facts all over the Army and to our Aviation in particular. I brought General Liggett to pay a visit to the squadron a day or so after; and he, with his usual affability, congratulated the officers and definitely showed his appreciation for what they had done.

We now are in full action on the front, and each day our men show up to better and better advantage—Rickenbacker, Chambers, Meisner, and many others. We have our losses, too, which I shall not mention in this chronicle.

The burning of a pilot in the air, as his ship catches fire from the hostile flaming bullets, is a terrible thing. When wounded, he falls thousands of feet instead of two or three, as a man on the ground does. We are inflicting a loss of at least three to one on the enemy, which is absolutely remarkable for a new outfit. Our men are full of dash, well instructed, and exceptionally cool in combat.

Some amusing things have happened. One of our hospital units, with a number of good-looking nurses, moved into a French hospital only about a mile away from the airdrome of the First Pursuit Group. Our pilots were delighted and overjoyed to meet these nice American girls; and each evening, when they could get off or sneak off, they went over to the hospital to see them.

The commanding officer of the hospital, one of our regular surgeons and an old friend of mine, came over to see me one day, and told me that the work of his hospital was being very much interfered with by our young men. He said he had no objections to their coming to see the nurses; but they stayed up so late at night that the nurses were good for nothing the next day and he wished that I would tell the pilots to bring them back earlier.

Accordingly, I sent word out that there was no objection to our officers going to the hospital when they could, but that the work of the hospital was being interfered with, and that when our young men went to see the nurses they must get them back there at an early hour.

I heard nothing more about this for some days, when the commanding officer of the hospital came in to see me again. This time he seemed quite put out. He told me that, although most of our pilots had complied with the order that I had sent, some of them had not, and that he had found it necessary to issue orders to the nurses that none of them should go out or see our pilots. The order had been issued the day before.

That morning, he reported, several of our airplanes in formation had flown over the hospital and had bombarded it with long rolls of tissue paper, which was then covering the tops of the buildings and hanging up in the telephone and telegraph wires. This performance greatly interfered with the discipline of his whole organization and he wished some drastic action to be taken.

I went out to the hospital with him to see what had happened. It presented an amusing sight. The paper had been dropped in rolls and unraveled on the way down, and was all over everything. It was the most amusing thing I had ever seen. Of course I knew who did it, but took no action beyond telling them to cut out all foolishness in the future, which they did.

The thing that I most greatly lack is superior commanders for our larger air units. There are practically no officers of the regular Army that are competent. None of them have had experience in war, and, with very few exceptions, none of them are good enough pilots.

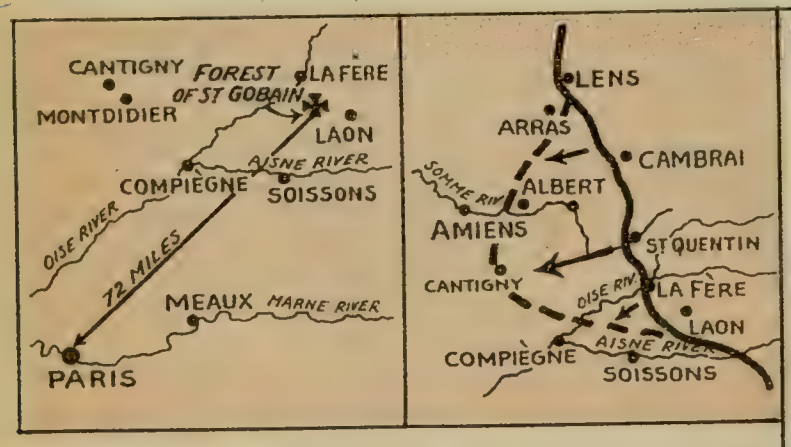
On the other hand, there are many temporary officers; that is, those who have come in during the war, who are perfectly capable of handling organizations of any size. With these men the power of initiative and quick perception, the ability to assume responsibility and to act at once on their convictions is away ahead of that possessed by the regular officers.

There are some exceptions to this. Colonel T. D. Milling of the regular Army, one of our oldest pilots, has constantly attempted to get a command on the front. Royce has done well. And Brereton, who has just come up with the Twelfth Observation Squadron, appears to be a good man.

The nonflying aggregation, who are all-powerful in aviation, attempt to put nonfliers into the upper positions so as to get the rank. How many of our pilots are killed as a result of this seems to be a secondary consideration with them.

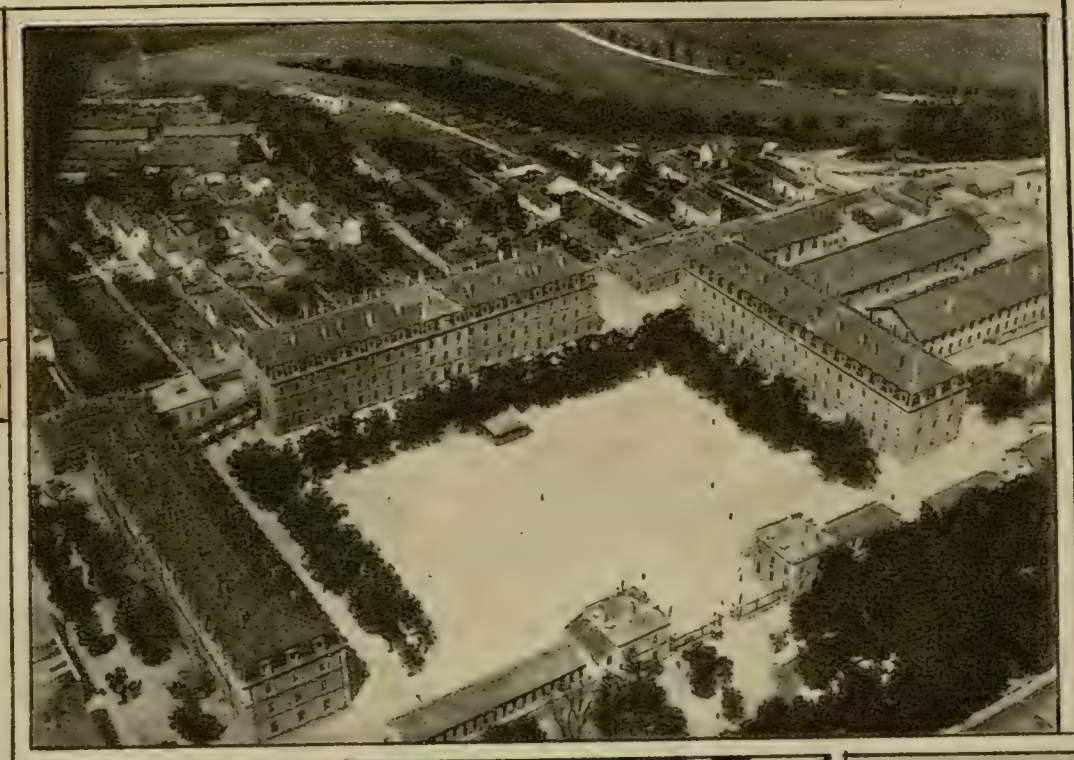
ANOTHER kaleidoscopic change has taken place in our air organization; and General Foulois has his headquarters in Tours, but spends most of the time in Paris, where Dunwoody is really doing good work. There is no Air Service liaison officer at Chaumont.

The General Staff is now trying to run the Air Service with just as much knowledge of it as a hog knows about skating. It is terrible to have to fight with an organization of this kind, instead of devoting all our attention to the powerful enemy on our front.



Map showing location of the forest of St. Gobain from which the German long-range gun (X) shelled Paris, 72 miles away.

Where the German armies broke through the British lines in Ludendorff's terrific drive of March, 1918.

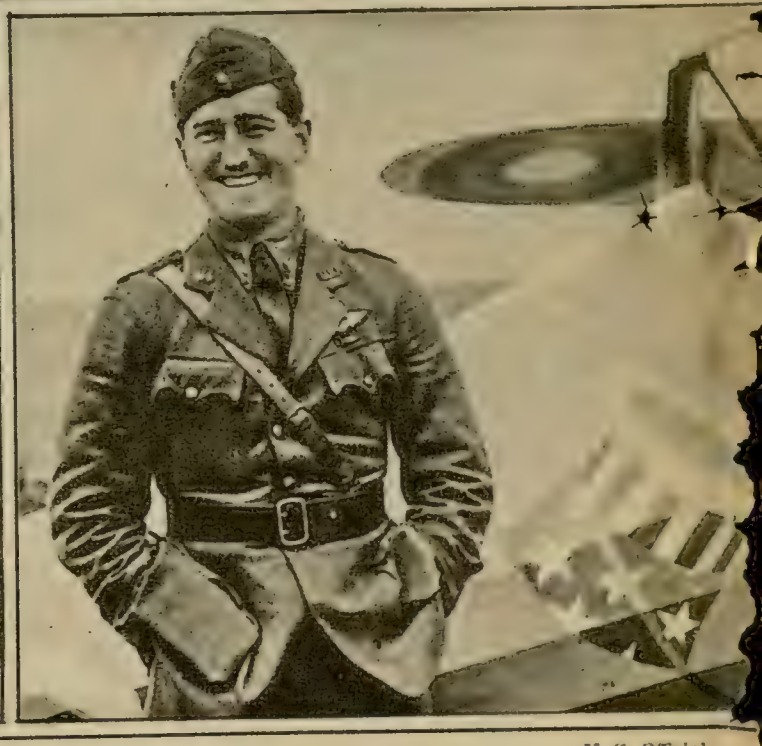


U. S. Official

Airplane view of General Headquarters at Chaumont, June, 1919.

U. S. Official

Major Raoul Lufbery, one of the first aces in the American Air Service.



U. S. Official

Lieutenant Douglas Campbell standing beside a plane bearing the insignia of the Ninety-fourth Squadron.

I have had many talks with General Pershing on this subject, some of them very heated, with much pounding on the table on both sides. One time he told me that if I did not stop insisting that the organization of the Air Service be changed he would send me home. I answered that if he did he would soon come after me. This made him laugh and our talk ended amicably.

He did not know how badly the Air Service was off, because he did not know enough about it. Furthermore, he had to be cautious with a new arm such as this, and he made haste slowly.

One evening I went over to Nancy in the French sector for dinner, and when we were about halfway there I noticed that the moon was shining and figured that it would not be long before the German bombers were around. I had my car ready at the door to leave quickly in case the alarm sounded.

No lights appeared in the city, but from the air, with a bright moon, it certainly must have been as plain as day. Suddenly the alarm was sounded, and I got in my automobile and drove rapidly for the hill in the vicinity of Pont St. Vincent. As we approached it we could hear the engines of the German airplanes.

I WANTED to get up the hill, so that from this point of vantage I could look down and see exactly what happened. The anti-aircraft fire was incessant, and the searchlights swept backward and forward over the sky, finding nothing, as usual. Suddenly I heard three loud reports, one after the other, and saw the great flashes on the ground as if from some great shell exploding. Then everything was quiet.

Still the buzz of the German airplanes kept up, so I continued to watch. Suddenly there were three more explosions, and after the last one a great fire sprang up in the center of the town and apparently spread to various buildings. We could hear the sound of the fire engines as they went through the streets to the scene. The sound of the German airplanes died away, and I returned to Nancy and looked around to see what had happened.

The first three shots had been directed at an ammunition factory. One had hit across the street from it, and the other two had gone straight through the roof and entirely destroyed the factory. It will never make any more shells during this war.

The second three shots were directed at the railroad station. One of them went through the roof of the station and did a good deal of damage which, however, can be repaired very quickly. The second one fell among the railroad tracks and just blew out a big hole. The third one hit a railroad train loaded with gasoline and set it on fire, and the fire had spread to several houses. Two German airplanes had done this.

Just think of what 200 would do if they had them to send over! That is, provided they wanted to destroy the city, which I doubt very much. Nancy has been evacuated almost completely by its civil population on account of the air attacks. Not many troops are quartered in the city. If they were, the Germans undoubtedly would bomb it to a greater extent.

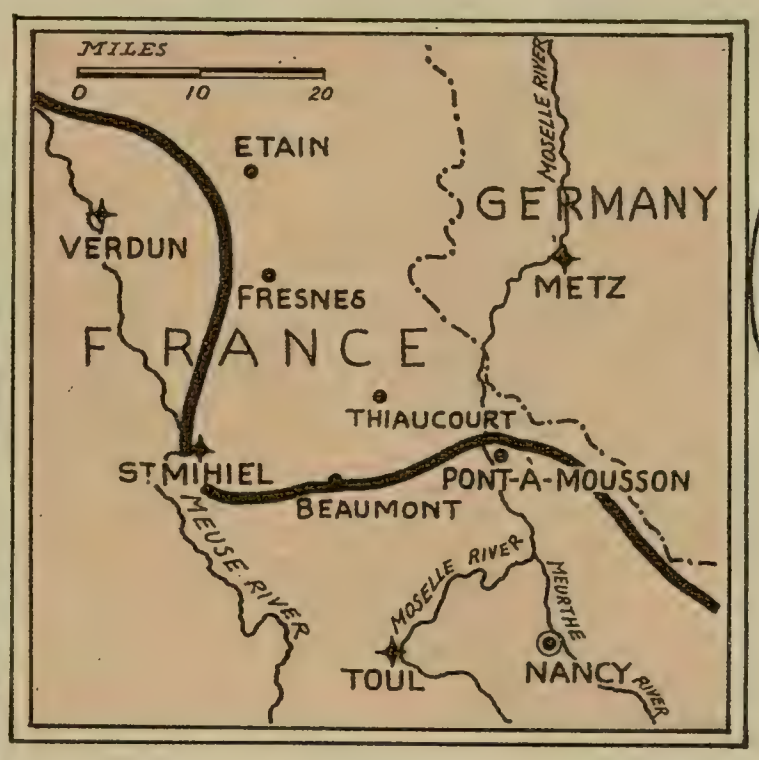
About a month ago, Harbord and De Chambrun had an experience with bombs in Nancy, which gave Harbord a very good insight into what airplanes can do. I think Harbord had the idea, as most ground officers have, that bombs were not particularly effective.

In this instance he had gone to Nancy to have dinner and spend the night. He was in his room in the hotel when the alarm sounded, and, instead of getting at once into the cave under the hotel for protection, he foolishly stayed in his room in the third story.

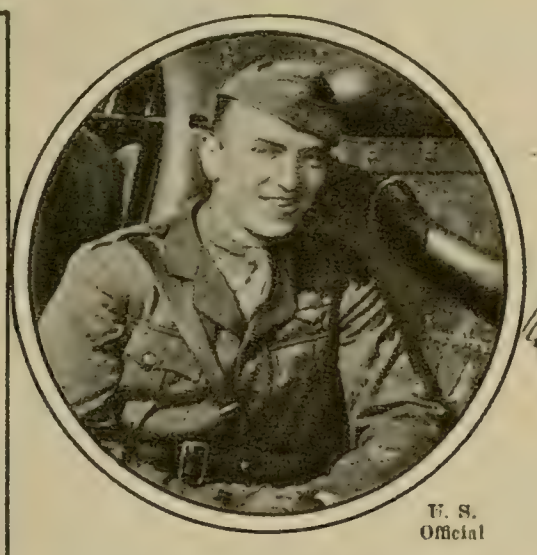
A bomb hit in the street directly opposite his room and demolished the whole side of the hotel, and, I believe, blew him into the bathtub, with a window casing around his neck for a necklace. If a few more of our General Staff officers could have this same experience, without hurting them any more than it did Harbord, it would be an excellent thing.

I also, out of bravado, stayed aboveground in my first airplane raid a year ago, and learned not to do it if I wanted to stay among the living. An experience like that also shows that if we get sufficient bombardment aviation we can bring the war to a close by carrying it to the vital points in the interior of Germany and making the people sue for peace.

Int. photo



Lieutenant A. F. Winslow (at left), who shot down a plane on the first day the American Air Service operated independently at the front. The map shows the first sector assigned to the United States Air Force, the heavy line indicating the German front.



U. S. Official

Lieutenant E. V. Rickenbacker of the Ninety-fourth Air Squadron.

The relation of our aviation with the French is very cordial on both sides. Our pilots appreciate the French pilots and the French pilots appreciate ours.

In the area behind us the British are building up an independent air force. It is the first force of this kind that has ever been gotten together. It is designed to attack the interior cities of Germany.

THE British have now combined all their air power under a separate ministry, which is coequal with the Army and Navy. This is a very sensible organization, and one that we should have.

Our Navy is trying to have an air service now, the way the British Navy did at the beginning of the war. They haven't any airplanes to supply their men, but have many pilots. I now have some French airplanes, but not enough pilots. The Navy is going to conduct an air war of their own somewhere—nobody knows where exactly.

This performance just means a tremendous waste of money, men, and energy. All of our aëronautical resources should be put here with my organization and fought as one great American unit that can give a combined punch where needed.

I continue to fly over the lines almost every day and keep track of each organization, each commanding officer, and almost each pilot. How much more fun it would be to be a pilot in one of the squadrons.

I remember in the Spanish War, when I was a private in the First Wisconsin Infantry, I had more fun than at any other time, and wanted to stay one. My father, however, who was then in the United States Senate, made me accept a discharge and later a commission, which, of course, was a good thing, but was not as pleasant as being with my old comrades from our home town in our local company.

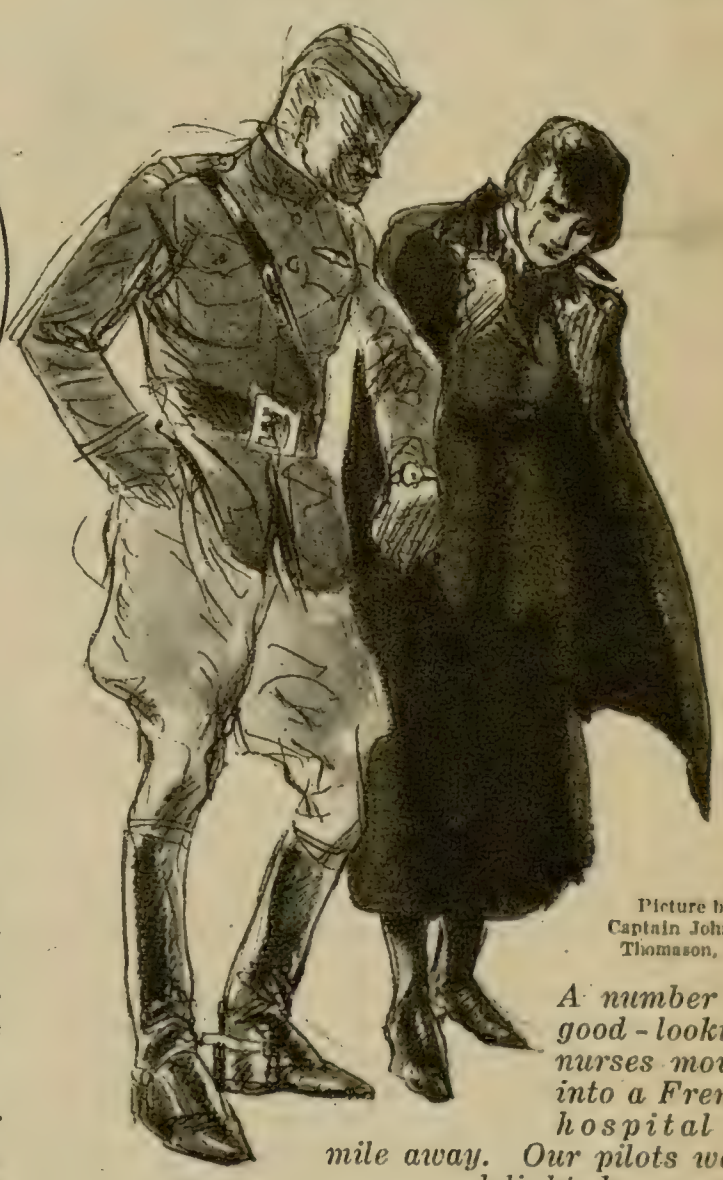
OUR First Observation Squadron is now acting with our Twenty-sixth Division under General Edwards. This is the first time that our own air forces have definitely acted with our own troops.

It was apparent to me that we ought to have an American rest station for our aviators as close as practicable to the line. A few days' rest in peace and quiet often saves a good man who would be permanently incapacitated if kept at it longer.

The Countess de Fénelon had offered her beautiful château at Cirey for this purpose, so I had it regularly taken over by the Red Cross.

Mr. Osborne of the Red Cross made the arrangements. He is a fine fellow, one of the tallest men I have ever seen—he must measure six feet seven or eight inches. He is handling the Red Cross operations at Neufchâteau in a very efficient manner.

The Germans continue to hit the British Army. Their object is either to destroy it or to take all the fight out of it, so that the British can do nothing for the rest of the summer. Just now the British are fighting desperately, with their backs to the wall. There is no talk of hitting back, but only of whether they will be able to hold out or not. It is a very serious situation.



Picture by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.

A number of good-looking nurses moved into a French hospital a mile away. Our pilots were delighted.

Our air forces swing into action—Lufbery, the leading ace, is killed—the Germans smash through along the Chemin des Dames. General Mitchell describes it all in Liberty next week.

Captain Death

A Tale of Pirates, Dark Deeds, and a Girl

By

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

(Reading time: 16 minutes 15 seconds.)

NOW, it was in the dark of the Rogue's Moon, that month when affairs were brisk at The Lost Ship Tavern;—gentlemen travelling over land from Charles-Town to Bath-Town, and even as far as Tyrrel Precinct.

Tom Cocklyn, my master, and host of The Lost Ship Inn, served his guests with his own malt brew and West Indian spirits in the taproom.

I was kept busy running hither and thither between till, kitchen, and stable, what with helping black Herith, the cook, to pluck capons, and Moll Fair, our tavern maid, to wash dishes; and also caring for the gentlemen's nags, to bed, rub, water, and feed them, and avoid their teeth and heels.

Oh, yes, gentlemen all! And they must have their muddy boots and spurs cleaned and their riding cloaks brushed; and one young dandy desired to have the plume curled on his gilt-edged hat—which I accomplished with a hot bradawl.

And had a bit of Spanish silver of him; and he called me a likely lad.

Being a girl and no lad, I was ever in deadly fear of crooking my thin legs to bob a curtsey instead of touching my ragged hat or pulling a curly forelock for thanks due. But never yet had so revealed my sex, even to Tom Cocklyn.

The talk—as always in these times in North Carolina—was of piracy and pirates; for old Providence Island, or Skull-Town, as some called it—was not so far off; and it swarmed with sea-rogues. And year after year they continued to sail the coast and the high seas, despite Spanish Garda del Costa, and station ships of the Royal Navy on guard here and there all the way from Nova Scotia to where the Spanish Grants begin.

So, when travelling gentlemen who gathered in taverns discussed not rice, indigo, and tobacco, their talk usually was of pirates.

Now, one of our travellers was Nicholas Trot, Esq^re^, Chief Judge of North Carolina; and his visit frightened my rascal master, Tom Cocklyn. With the old Judge were two assistant judges, whose names I forget. But they were three grim old birds, and their flight was toward Edenton, where a Court of Vice Admiralty was holden, and there to try some wretches taken in plain piracy near Currituck Inlet, who belonged to Captain John Rackham's crew, who had been mate in Vane's ship; and these were surprised inside the inlet ransacking a pink by Sir George Sayles' station ship, the Sea-Hawk.

They flung me headlong into

Tom Cocklyn, serving out Vernon grog to our guests, broke a tray of glasses—he having but a thumb and forefinger on his left hand (and never would tell how he lost them)—and bawled to me to come from the kitchen and sweep broken glass from the taproom. Which I did do presently.

As I was serving the gentlemen with flip, Judge Trot, a gaunt and owlish man with the pale eye of a starved hawk, shook his snuff-stained claw at Tom Cocklyn; and says he:

"You may take my oath of office on't," says he, "they shot Captain Death through the body, and they took him by one of his spider legs and dragged him on his bloated belly to the water's edge. And when they shoved off their long-boat and were come again for his dead body to hang it in chains, according to law, why, dammy, the dead body was up on its spider legs and went a-waddling and a-straddling away across the seaward dunes; and they never did catch him, what with the pine woods and a blood clot on the moon!"

HE blew his snuffy beak, swallowed half a tumbler of grog, pulled at his long clay pipe, and looked palely at Tom Cocklyn.

"And that's the story Sir George Sayles tells in Charles-Town, Tom Cocklyn. What do you know about it?" he croaked.

Cocklyn said, with an oath, that he had been in Edenton on that night.

"Yonder lad," said he, "was alone here with black Herith and Moll. Tell the gentlemen what you know about it, Freckles."

the taproom, which was ablaze with candles and noisy with shouting men.

I had both hands full of empty leather jacks, to fill them; but I paused on my way to the bar, and turned to face the several gentlemen at table.

"Sirs," said I, "Captain Death and Francis Farrington Sprigg had been drinking here, and when I let them out, Francis Farrington Sprigg went first, then Captain Death. Then—bang! went a musket."

"And what next?" croaked Judge Trot.

"Why, then, your worship, I pushed the bar through the door staples and went very softly to bed."

Several gentlemen laughed, and one said:

"You went very softly *under* the bed, I suppose, Freckles."

"Boy," said Judge Trot, "is that all you know about it?"

"Except what your worship is pleased to have told us."

"Hum, hum! Exactly. You—ah—say you were quite alone here, and Tom Cocklyn absent?"

"Mr. Cocklyn says so, sir."

Tom Cocklyn turned around in the till, and says he to me in a noisy voice:

"Was I in Edenton or was I not, you little swipe?"

"You *said* you were—"

"Damnation! Was I *here* or was I absent?" he roared.

"Were you present but concealed, Mr. Cocklyn?" I asked innocently.

"THAT lad," remarked one of the assistant judges, "would make an excellent witness at law to hang anybody."

"He'd make a damned impudent witness," growled Tom Cocklyn. "Get away from here," he added, aiming a kick at me—which I avoided and shrank aside into the pantry, where I remained until the several guests began to demand their cloaks and boots, and then their horses.

So to the stables again, and there saddled their nags and fetched them around, five at a time, to the tavern door; and had a little money of my gentlemen for my pains as they mounted, one by one, and took the rutted road to Bath-Town.

When, finally, the last guest had drained a stirrup cup and departed, and the three magistrates in their sombre, bellying cloaks had ridden away, flapping like three huge and black-pinioned birds, Tom Cocklyn went out to sit on the settle under the tavern window, where he could have his pipe and grog and spyglass, and bathe him in the crimson rays of the declining sun.

He was a dirty man, seldom shaven, and wore a scratch wig, a soiled red neckcloth, and a cocked beaver with grease spots on it, pulled

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

As I stared, the head groaned; and I saw it was Tom Cocklyn's head, there on the beach, as though severed from his body.

[CAPTAIN DEATH Continued from Page Fifteen]

low over one eye—the yellow one. The other eye was a pale bottle green in hue.

Nights are chill at Topsail Inlet. I was splitting fat lightwood for the kitchen when Tom Cocklyn called to me:

"Come here, you spindle-legged, knock-kneed rogue!" And when I came to him: "Do you want me to skin you alive? Hey?"

"No," said I, "I don't."

"Then mark me well, you yellow-headed rascal: when I say I'm away from home, *you* say so too! Do you hear?"

"I don't wish to lie—"

"Lie! Why, you kitten-faced lickpot, what d'ye mean? Was I here the night they shot Captain Death?"

"Yes, sir, you were."

"What! Do you pretend you saw me?"

"Yes, sir, I did—among Sir George Sayles' men."

"You're mad!" he shouted at me. "What was I doing, then?"

"I don't want to tell you—"

"Answer!" he yelled in sudden fury.

"You shot Captain Death through the body."

The silence frightened me. But I could not have replied otherwise; for my tongue is so oddly fashioned that it utters untruths with difficulty—and some day is like to undo me.

"Come here," said Tom Cocklyn.

He beat me very often, and kicked and cuffed me about; and it always hurt, for I was thin and a girl—though he did not know that. Nor did anybody else on earth excepting only one young man. And he in Virginia, I hoped.

SO I went reluctantly and stood in front of Tom Cocklyn where he was squatted on his green-painted settle and a-sucking his long clay.

"You've come to learn too damned much," he said, "and you suspect more. Very well; here's the rest of it: I serve who pays me best—Sir George Sayles, Governor Eden, or gentlemen who sail On The Account. . . . Who bids highest wins me."

He gave me a terrifying look out of the greenish eye; the other, in shadow, shone dimly, like an animal's eye in the dark.

"Now, you mewling little swipe," said he, "I'll strangle you with this"—he thrust his hairy, mutilated hand toward me—"and I'll chop you to pieces with that axe, if ever you spit a word o' this to any living soul."

I was so frightened that I could scarce speak. "I shan't tell anybody," said I. "If you shot Captain Death, I care not."

"Why, that's better," said he. "All you have to do is to mind your own damnation business, and I'll attend to mine. And if ever you see me a-doing of queer things, just you take no notice, like a good boy, but go right on a-washing o' them pewter dishes. You understand me, Freckles?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when I tell you go show a green light in the woods, it's none o' your cursed business why—is it?"

I shook my unkempt head.

"Or if you think you see me hereabout when I tell you I ain't here but I'm to Edenton—is that your hellish business?"

With the only finger on his left hand he poked the ashes in the bowl of his pipe.

"Moreover," said he, "if you think you seen me a-shooting of anybody whosomever, why, is that any o' *your* rogue's business?"

HE took a pull at his grog, then at his pipe, then put up his spyglass and levelled it at the horizon.

"I'd just as soon skin you to the bones as skin a eel," he growled, squinting through the glass with his greenish eye. "And what's left I'd bury in the hogyard. . . . And if anyone asked, I'd say you'd run away. . . . Five guineas reward. . . . That's what I'd offer. On a printed notice. . . . Runaway indented servant. . . . Yellow-headed, freckle-faced, knock-kneed, skinny-legged lad. And a great liar. . . . Runned away from his kind, good master. . . . Meaning me. . . . And, all the time, the hogs a-rooting and a-gruffling over your bones! How d'ye like that? Hey?"

He continued to squint through his glass, and I continued to look at him. I knew he'd been a pirate. Doubtless a cruel one. Black Herith told me so. Said he'd sailed with him. Yet Sir George Sayles and Governor Eden paid him to inform on pirates.

And for this reason I never had attempted to run away. Because pirates had made me an orphan—and I had promised God to help rid the world of these cruel and wicked men.

The sun was nearly level with Tom Cocklyn's spyglass now, and how he could look into the red eye of it I do not know.

"A sail," said he, "hull-soused. Topsail schooner. Bound for Bath, I guess. Naval stores. . . . What the devil are you about? Carry that splinter-wood to the kitchen!"

The firelight in the dusky kitchen gleamed red on the gold hoops in black Herith's ears. He gave me a hot hoecake and a slice of bacon for my supper.

I carried it out to the barn. But the chickens kept jumping and flapping to seize it, so I ran out across the dunes and half a mile beyond the pine woods, and sat me down near the water, which was at flood and stained blood red by the sinking sun.

Now, as I sat there all alone on the sands, eating my hoecake and bacon, and licking the crumbs from my rough, thin fingers, something—some subtle sense of another presence—caused me to peer around over my shoulder.

A man stood there, looking at me. The shock of it made me feel faint with fear.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

All the rich flavor of sun-sweetened tomatoes

Spick and span to please my man,
A kiss and merry laughter.
A table bright to greet his sight,
Then Campbell's Soup right after!

A great Lenten favorite

NOT JUST "good" tomatoes, but tomatoes developed and grown especially for making the richest and finest-flavored tomato soup. This is one of the reasons why Campbell's Tomato Soup has a deliciousness all its own.

Campbell's maintain their own great tomato farms. Here a large corps of experts is constantly at work studying and perfecting those special kinds of tomatoes which produce the utmost goodness for tomato soup. Every season thousands and thousands of acres of these tomatoes are grown—a regal harvest devoted entirely to supplying the demand for Campbell's Tomato Soup.

To meet the strict Campbell's standard tomatoes must be unusually full-fleshed and nutritious, so that each tomato yields the greatest possible amount of luscious tomato "meat" and tonic tomato juices. Only these wholesome, nourishing portions of the tomato are used in Campbell's Tomato Soup. All else is discarded.

The tomatoes are picked just at the moment they reach their full, red ripeness. Sweetened by the sun right on the vines, they arrive at the Campbell's kitchens just when their flavor is most delicious. They are washed five times in crystal-clear, running water. Strained through colanders of pure nickel with mesh as fine as pin-points, they yield a smooth, rich puree. With this is blended golden butter fresh from the country, and Campbell's famous French chefs add the seasoning with a deft hand. The soup is cooked in spotless tureens of solid nickel.

Do you realize that Campbell's Tomato is the best-liked soup in the world—the favorite of millions—the soup sold in every food-store in the United States and in every seaport in the world? Brighten your table this very day with this soup with the wonderful flavor!

Adding an equal quantity of water. Bringing to a boil. Simmering a few minutes. That's all you have to do to serve Campbell's Tomato Soup! And for the best Cream of Tomato Soup you ever tasted, follow these simple directions: Heat the contents of can of Campbell's Tomato Soup to the boiling point in a saucepan after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat separately an equal quantity of milk or cream. Stir the hot soup into the hot milk or cream but do not boil. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra rich Cream of Tomato Soup.

On every label is printed a full list of the twenty-one different Campbell's Soups—a delightful variety. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any soups you select. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

To the Fine, New FORD

and the millions of other Fords

GREETING *from* FANDANGO

Photo by courtesy of the Ford Motor Company. © F. P. of N. Y., Inc.

"The new Ford Car has exceptional beauty of line and color. It is in every respect, a new and modern car"—statement of Ford Motor Company....Mr. Ford realizes that this is not 1918, nor even 1927—it is 1928. He has designed his new car to meet new conditions.

Now the new 1928 Fandango Auto Slip Covers are offered to meet the conditions of this year and day. You, the car owner, demand exceptional beauty and service, even at a moderate price. Your car serves you for business and pleasure.

You pile into it household articles to carry home—golf bags, picnic lunches, crowds in bathing suits. You drive it far, and hard and fast. And you wear clean clothes in it, not the "dusters" of bygone days.

Fandangos keep your car fresh, new and clean in these two vital ways:

(1) They cover car upholstery, and preserve it until you are ready to sell the car—thus keeping its re-sale value higher.

(2) Because of our patented Snap-On Fasteners, obtainable only with Fandangos, these covers are as quickly removed as galoshes with "zippers", so that they can be cleansed when soiled, and then replaced.

Fandangos brighten and revivify old cars. Not even paint creates quite such a feeling, such an impression of newness.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

"Freckles—" he said.

At the sound of his voice I got up on trembling legs, still weak from fright. But I knew him. He was the Honourable John Ross of Virginia, youngest son to my Lord Cardross of Port Royal.

"What are you doing here at Topsail Inlet?" said I. "Are you come a-pirating again?"

"I came to see Nancy Topsfield."

"Have a care what you say, sir!" said I in a low voice, and glancing fearfully about me. "If you discover what I am to Tom Cocklyn, God only knows what treatment might be mine."

"Do you think I would serve you such a trick, who have saved my life—and honour?"

At that I looked at him very hard.

"Yes," he said. "I came here one night in April last, a ruined man, to meet Captain Death. And to sign his shameful articles and go aboard him to sail with him under a black flag or a bloody one, and take all nations."

He came nearer. His smile surprised with its candour. I had not before seen this young man smile.

"Freckles," said he, "they shot Captain Death and, I think, Francis Farrington Sprigg. And would have taken or slain me also, had you not saved me—and shamed me back to manhood."

"Then you are not come here a-pirating, sir?"

"I am aboard Sir George Sayles—"

"What!" I cried joyfully.

"—And command the Moth, sloop tender to the Sea-Hawk. . . . To take no flag, only if it be a black or a bloody one. Will you be friends with me now, Freckles?"

"Sir," said I faintly, "I praise God that I drew you in the door when the muskets fired upon Captain Death."

"For that reason," said he, "I come again to thank you, Freckles. And never again shall be tempted to so base a design as was mine that April night."

He took a purse from his pocket—a very lean one—and offered it to me.

"I have drawn a month's pay in advance," said he, with his candid smile; "—not much—but one day, please God, I shall reward you suitably."

"If," said I, "I would not sell a known pirate for blood money, shall I take pay for kindness done a friend?"

"I wish it! Lord," says he, "you are in rags, poor child—"

"I will not have a groat of you, if I must run naked!"

After a silence he took off his laced hat, took my hand in his, kissed it.

"Then—thank you," said he gravely. And put away his purse.

"You are welcome, sir," said I, laughing of a sudden—not knowing why I laughed at all.

"And one matter I must make clear for you," said I. "Captain Death shammed death—and presently got himself to the pine woods, and has never been retaken. And Francis Farrington Sprigg was neither wounded nor taken."

IN the dull red light of sunset I saw him knit his brows.

"That's bad," said he.

"Have a care, sir, that neither of these fierce men ever take you."

He smiled. "My only care," said he, "is that I shall take them—"

His smile faded; he said bluntly: "What would they do to *you?*"

I shuddered. "How came you into Topsail Inlet, sir?" I asked.

"The Moth lies below—to the east of the wooded point yonder. My shallop is beached below. I walked hither."

I said nothing. I began to feel confused. He seemed all at once, to me, so grand a man—tall and handsome—and so mighty a gentleman—who once had called himself Jack Ross, bent on the vilest purpose ever man might hatch and entertain. And now, suddenly, he had become as beautiful to me as a vision.

There was nothing more, however, than this which could concern him and me—nothing further to say. Besides, I would have liked to go back and consider these matters all alone in my attic chamber.

But, as I turned toward the tavern, I felt my limp and calloused fingers taken into his hand; and I blushed violently; and, looking up, saw his eyes fixed on the sea as he walked beside me with my thin hand hot in his. Presently he looked down at me.

"Once more," said he mischievously, "you shall draw me a jack of malt brew, Freckles."

One of the men showed me a great, bright-eyed rat in our cage-trap.

"Tom Cocklyn is at home," said I; "so have a care, my lord."

"What of it?"

"Nothing, sir. . . . Only, he has never heard of Jack Ross from me."

"I understand. . . . Go you in advance, then; and in half an hour I shall drift in, as it were, on this flood tide out o' nowhere."

WE walked on through the gathering dusk. I don't know why it was so, but, somehow, I did not wish Mr. Ross to come into the tavern—perhaps because I desired to be alone; for my heart was very full and somewhat violent. I feared something, too, for him, in this dark tavern.

Now, as the woods ended, we stopped. He retained my hand a little in starlit darkness, then released it; and I clapped wings to my heels and flew to outstrip the swarming thoughts that whirled like a fiery cloud o' bees to frighten me.

I had run nearly half a mile, and was climbing the dark dune through sweet-bay and sea-grape scrub, when I saw a green light at the water's edge near to where Tom Cocklyn's boats were beached. This amazed me, for we set a green lantern at Topsail Inlet only to signal to Sir George Sayles in his station ship, the Sea-Hawk. And why Tom Cocklyn had done this I could not guess.

So I ran down across the dunes toward the beach. And when I came very near to the green light I heard a man groaning. And then, in the green glow of the lantern, I saw a man's head—only his head, with both ears cut off—sticking out of the sand.

I stared at it in horror; and, as I stared, the head groaned; and I saw it was Tom Cocklyn's head, there on the beach, as though severed from his body.

Then up out o' the shadow of a beached boat rose two men, and seized me by either arm.

I fought, twisted, writhed, kicked, bit—all in utter silence. But they began to run across the sands toward the tavern, dragging me between them. And, coming to the open door, pulled me inside, through the back parlour, and the hallway, and flung me headlong into the taproom, which was ablaze with candles and noisy with shouting men.

I had fallen on both knees, but was on my feet as swift as a cat—

And found myself facing a man with spindle legs and a great, bloated belly, and the pallid, caved-in features of a skin-stretched skull.

The man was Captain Death.

"Why, damn my gizzard," says he in his hoarse and crummy voice, "here," says he, "is the starveling, girl-faced boy who betrayed me! Why, damn my lights and liver—"

Noisy voices were stilled. His sea-rogues, in their soiled silks and gaudy sashes stuck thick with knives and pistols, came from the rifled till, from bar and pantry, to gather around me where I stood terrified.

Captain Death's voice became a hoarse and windy roar—for he had been shouting curses at me all the time—

"You knock-kneed swipe! You mewling lickspit!" he yelled. "You lit a green light for the Sea-Hawk's men to take me; and when they were come, you let me out the door into a blaze of musketry!"

With that he pulled a brass horse pistol out of his silken sash and laid it on the table, and sat down, trembling all over, belly and limb, and showing me his crooked teeth.

"You treacherous young rogue!" says he, in such a rage he could scarce speak. "Tom Cocklyn, buried to the chin and both ears cut off, waits for the mounting tide to send his soul to hell! But, dammy, that's too tedious to suit me before I make an end of you—"

With an oath, he seized his pistol in ungovernable fury, and fired at me; and the ball clipped a curl of yellow hair over my right ear.

Through the swimming, choking smoke, I saw him get to his legs and tug at his hanger to pull it from the scabbard. But his sea-wolves were yelling and pushing close around me now, and clamouring to make sport with me before they slew me.

"Very well," he said hoarsely. "Tie him to the table top, and fetch that big trapped rat in the cage-trap from the pantry! And fetch from the kitchen a small iron pot!"

Some of the men began to laugh, and seemed to know what was to be done to me.

Struggling helplessly, I was carried to the table and roped flat to the top of it, so that I could not stir a finger.

One of the men crowding around me put a small iron pot, upside down, on my stomach. Another showed me a great, bright-eyed rat in our cage-trap, which I myself had set in the pantry that very morning. Then they lifted the iron pot a little, and let out the rat to scramble from the trap and hide under the pot.

"Fetch a pan o' hot coals from the kitchen fire!" roared Captain Death.

I had not uttered a sound; and now my tongue froze stiff with horror as I felt the rat under the iron pot, running heavy over my belly and beginning to scratch at my skin.

"Dump the fire on top o' the pot!" cried a voice. "When the rat feels the heat he'll burrow into his bowels—"

THEN I screamed! And at the instant such a crashing blast of musketry blazed through the open window that it stunned me for a moment. There came a trampling rush of cursing men, bellowing men. The table overturned, carrying me with it. And I fainted.

When I came again to my senses, I lay deep in Tom Cocklyn's great chair, my hair and face all wetted with chilly water, and my fingers tight hold of Mr. Ross, clutching his strong hand with both of mine.

"Cheerily," said he, seeing my eyes open. "All is well with you, Freckles."

After a little while I whispered: "Yes, my lord."

Then I saw Tom Cocklyn, his head in a bloody bandage. He stood near his robbed till, drinking with some men-o'-war's men, and cursing and damning, and voicing a ferocious joy that Captain Death and his sea-rogues, at last, lay dead or taken, every one.

She was young, beautiful, soft-hearted—and a pirate! Read about her in the third gorgeously adventurous story of this series, in next week's issue. It's entitled: Mary Read.

Sadie *and the* Censor

Gloria Swanson's Version of Rain Puts One Over On Mr. Hays' Formula

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Sadie the repentant (Gloria Swanson), heeding the admonitions of Alfred Atkinson (Lionel Barrymore) in a scene from the film Sadie Thompson.

(Reading time: 4 minutes.)

EVERY now and then the photoplay climbs out of its perambulator and leers at its nurse, Will Hays. Gloria Swanson's newest film, Sadie Thompson, is probably the most robust leer Mr. Hays has encountered since he has had the infant art out for an airing.

Possibly you have not heard of Will Hays' formula. Will and his formula have been as inseparable as *Mary* and her lamb. When the Hays organization was created, a formula was devised by which the movies were to be "censored at their source." By this formula, such indifferent and excellent plays and novels as Rain, The Green Hat, The Shanghai Gesture, They Knew What They Wanted (made by Pola Negri, but now reposing on a Famous Players shelf), The American Tragedy, Revelry, The Trial of Mary Dugan, The Constant Nymph, and The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox got no further toward the screen than the easy chairs of Hays' office.

True, the formula worked oddly. It bucked at Rain, but it approved Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, which, as the always militant Upton Sinclair points out, is, after all, the cheery story of an international harlot.

Be that as it may, Rain was barred. Then along came Gloria Swanson with an announcement that she intended to produce a film based upon the Maugham short story from which the highly successful Rain was dramatized. This had every appearance of *lèse-majesté*. The Hays organization went into executive session.

Meanwhile, Miss Swanson moved along with her screen panorama of the brazen gal of Pago-Pago. The problem became a reality. Mr. Hays' formula swallowed hard—and seems to have approved of the film. There is irritation among screen producers who have lived by the formula. Too, there is whispered rebellion—and more banned stories on the immediate horizon.

You will find the film Sadie Thompson to be a surprisingly faithful retelling of the stage play and of the Maugham story. The bedraggled hussy from Frisco has barely landed at Pago-Pago when she catches the eyes of resident marines and of the reformer, *Alfred Atkinson*. (The film thus makes the Rev. Mr. Davidson a mere fanatical layman.)

The marines can hardly be said to have the situation well in hand before the self-appointed reformer takes it upon himself to save *Sadie's* soul. Torn between threats of shipment back to a Frisco prison and the hypnotism of militant religion, *Sadie* becomes limp, repentant, and helpless. The ways of the righteous are too much for her.

Sadie the flippant, bandying sallies with Sergeant Tim O'Hara (Raoul Walsh).

But the salvation of *Sadie* gives way to something far more earthly on the part of *Atkinson*, and next morning they find the reformer a suicide on the Pago-Pago beach. The shock sends the redisillusioned *Sadie* back to her lip stick and the arms of a husky and admiring marine, who wants to marry her and take her away to Sydney.

The story is told concisely enough, with a far-above-the-average slant into the real characters. If the plot seems jumpy, it is because censors have to be considered. The atmosphere isn't caught very expertly, either. The maddening, everlasting lashing of the rain on the iron roof of *Joe Horn's* house, the clammy damp of the tropics, somehow fall short.

Many of the subtitles are terrible. Consider, for instance, this gem: "It was too hot in Pago-Pago to need bedclothes—but the rain came down in sheets!" The Hollywood film sultans must have their fun.

To me the acting honors of Sadie Thompson go to Lionel Barrymore. Here he gives a brilliant characterization of the psalm-singing fanatic, *Alfred Atkinson*.

WHILE Miss Swanson gives a performance of astonishing qualities for a Hollywood star who was once just a clotheshorse, her *Sadie Thompson* is far less compelling than Jeanne Eagels' footlight portrayal. Still, Miss Swanson balks at nothing in making the bad girl from Frisco of the earth, earthy.

Raoul Walsh is both the director of Sadie Thompson and the belligerent leatherneck, *Handsome O'Hara*, inserted to give the story a pleasant film dénouement. Walsh has not acted since, as *John Wilkes Booth*, he killed *Lincoln* in Griffith's Birth of a Nation. He has been directing ever since.

This film has certain of the rough earmarks which seem to characterize all Walsh's efforts. Recall his What Price Glory and his Loves of Carmen (now nicknamed in Hollywood The Legs of Carmen)?

If you are observing when you see Sadie Thompson, you may catch a glimpse of Mr. Hays' formula, limp and damp, dodging about uneasily in the tropics. If Sadie Thompson does nothing else, it practically has ruined this bar to picture progress.

Do you know that—

Reginald Denny is going to England? . . . He wants to get the film rights to Shaw's Cashel Byron's Profession? . . . Jetta Goudal is suing the Cecil De Mille Pictures Corporation for $42,250, alleging breach of contract? . . . James Cruze is no longer a director for Cecil De Mille?

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Cutting Sex Out of Politics

Ruth Hanna McCormick Scorns "Woman's" Campaign in Race for Congress

An Article by

GRACE ROBINSON

(Reading time: 19 minutes 32 seconds.)

MEN often speak patronizingly of the "special" rôle in politics for which women are fitted. There was a time —and still is, to a large and lamentable extent —when women in public life felt themselves called exclusively to "uplift" work. They might censor movies, investigate child welfare, fume and fuss about better working hours for their sex, and worry over parks and playgrounds.

They were to accomplish reforms in their suitable "field" of public endeavor, sitting high on a cloud of goodness and cleanness and not mixing in the "mire" of men's politics at all.

It was the old-fashioned pedestal idea carted along into the era of equal franchise for men and women.

To Ruth Hanna McCormick, that slim, shrewd woman who learned politics at her father's knee, this notion of a special ladies' brand that shall be all sweetness and light is unutterably silly. That is not the way her famous parent, Mark Hanna, elected William McKinley President of the United States. It is not the way she has seen legislation shoved through Congress. It is not the way she has noted any political project being accomplished.

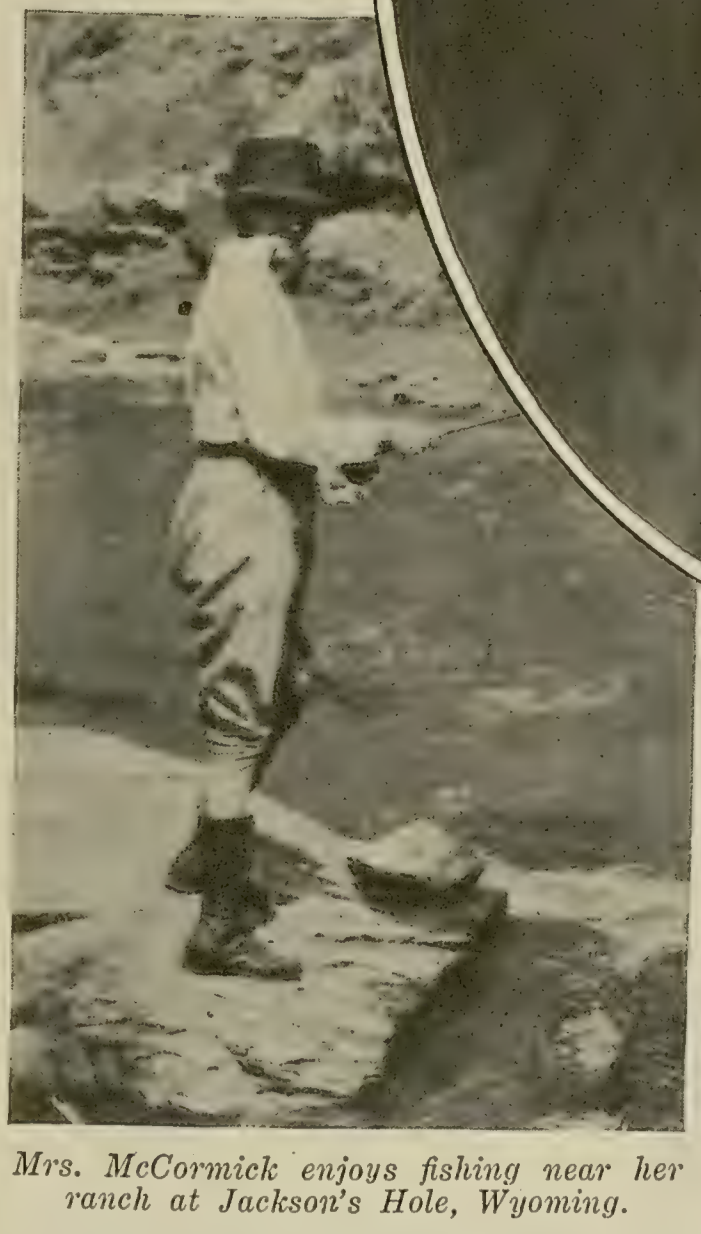
As candidate for Congressman-at-large from Illinois, the daughter of the outstanding politician of the McKinley-Roosevelt era does not hesitate to reveal the utterly practical trend of her mind.

"Women should play politics like men do," she declares. "They should go into their precinct organizations. They should serve their party before they ask for public office. That is practical politics.

"I've been legging around, working for other candidates, for years. I've helped elect many. An enormous number of candidates are indebted to me. If they support me now, it is merely turn about—an entirely legitimate procedure."

Mrs. McCormick believes politics offers a fascinating field for a practical career for women. There is nothing to prevent them from going into the game and competing with men, she holds, just as they now engage in newspaper work, law, medicine, and other branches formerly allotted to the bearded sex.

There is probably no woman in the United States better fitted to cope with men politicians in their own way than Mrs. McCormick. In the battle at the primaries, where she seeks nomination on the Republican ticket, she will need all the electric energy of mind and body that she inherited from her father.



Mrs. McCormick enjoys fishing near her ranch at Jackson's Hole, Wyoming.

Illinois politics is fierce politics. Women there don't win office because they happen to be the widow of a local political idol.

The two Illinois Congressmen-at-large, one of whom Mrs. McCormick must unseat, are strongly intrenched.

Richard Yates, former Governor of the State and now an old man, is serving his fifth term in Congress. At his last election he was virtually unopposed.

Henry R. Rathbone, the other incumbent, is the son of a man who saw Lincoln shot, and with much Lincoln propaganda he has made for himself a comfortable nest in the hearts of the voters. He is serving his second term.

Mrs. McCormick's bid for office has nothing to do with sex. It is practical and businesslike.

Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, widow of Senator Medill McCormick, who is candidate for Congressman-at-large from Illinois.

Arnold Genthe photo

"I'm running because I've had the kind of training which qualifies me to serve in Congress. I've spent twenty years in politics. I confess I'm different from most other candidates. I'm not 'drafted.' Nobody has 'entreated' me to run. I'm not making a 'sacrifice.' I ask for the office because I want it, and because I believe I can fill it creditably."

Could anything be less emotional, more hard-headed, than that?

Vice President Dawes has publicly indorsed Mrs. McCormick. Other wise men in the craft have allied themselves with her campaign.

MRS. McCORMICK started life and a political career with the utmost sagacity—by selecting for her dad that extraordinary political genius, Marcus Alonzo Hanna.

She looks at life steadily through brown eyes that are Hanna eyes. She is tall and lithe, with a dark complexion, and hair that is still brown, with little threads of gray creeping reluctantly through. There is about her a calm restlessness.

"Fifty years ago," Mrs. McCormick says, "women did not go to college, so they banded together all over the United States for what they called 'culture.' These groups now constitute the General Federation of Women's Clubs—a marvelous institution.

"At first the women had musical and literary departments. Then they developed civic departments—began looking after the lighting of the town and the cleaning of the streets.

"They began to take an interest in politics.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Arnold Genthe photo

Mrs. McCormick at home with her three children. Left to right: Medill (nicknamed Johnny), Ruth Elizabeth (Bazzy), Mrs. McCormick, and Katherine Augusta, called Katrina.

[CUTTING SEX OUT OF POLITICS
Continued from Page Twenty-three]

But they had no vote, so they were nonpartisan. They appointed committees who made it their business to find out how legislating was done. These reported back to the club members. As a result, these groups of women now are better informed about their state and nation than the corresponding group of men.

"The man has inherited his political faith. His wife votes for what she calls the 'best man.' And she knows who the best man is, too. Hasn't her club's committee on candidates investigated all the office seekers until the membership knows every convolution in their brains by heart?

"THE woman's club, however, has always been nonpartisan. The difficulty now is to make woman a partisan, in order to accomplish reforms.

"When they learn technique, women will be better politicians than men. Women are more deliberate—slower to rush into projects than men. They are more conscientious. Under the terrific physical strain of a campaign, women are more intelligent at conserving their strength.

"I've often worked across the continent in the hectic rush of an election battle, and when I got through at night I went to bed. The men didn't. They went to a hotel, to 'gas' and smoke and fritter away their precious sleeping hours.

"As public speakers, women will hold their own with men as soon as they've had a chance to learn the manner of making a political address. They put more substance and less rhetoric into a talk than men do. And they are notably persuasive.

"I see no reason why, eventually, we shouldn't produce a woman to be President of the United States. I know women now who are competent to fill places in the Cabinet. At least, men should see that faithful women workers get their share of the plums just as loyal male rooters do."

Harris & Ewing photo

Mr. and Mrs. Medill McCormick when the late Senator was Representative-at-large from Illinois and was running to succeed James Hamilton Lewis in the Upper House.

That the mind of a political tactician should reside in this flamelike woman, who has always had money enough to cater to the costliest feminine vanities, will not seem surprising when we recall the exploits of her father.

MARK HANNA was a wealthy operator in iron ore and he owned a street railway in Cleveland. He was not a national political personage at first. But, as Chauncey Depew says of him, he learned through experience that politics is most important to the business man; that the factor of legislation was beyond his control; and that the future of himself and his family depended on the acts of Presidents and Congresses. So he began audaciously to capture the Presidency. In William McKinley, his friend of years' standing, he saw a suitable candidate.

Hanna knew the value of publicity and promotion—media for reaching the public mind that were not so specialized and well known as they are today. Having decided to put McKinley in the White House, Hanna started campaigning on a titanic scale.

Colporteurs were shot out into the country roads in every county of every State in the Union. Through Hanna's organization, campaign literature was distributed by the ton. Thousands of orators preached McKinley and Republican doctrines in thousands of schoolhouses.

These were the stirring days of the 1896 campaign.

Bryan, the "Boy Orator of the Platte," was then in the pristine glory of his radiance as a political luminary. It was the "cross of gold" era, when, for some reason now forgotten by the public mind, the eternal destinies of millions of Americans seemed to hinge on the color of the currency.

YOUNG Bryan, as opposing candidate for the Presidency, was seen enshrined with a halo by the Democratic party. Hanna was a "Beast of Greed," according to the Bryan cohorts.

The country was in a ferment; but when the votes were counted the necessity for Hanna's colossal effort was seen. Despite the tremendous Republican campaign, McKinley's popular plurality was only 567,692 in a total of 13,776,789.

And Hanna, who in June, 1895, had been only a business figure known in local politics and in the confines of his personal financial ventures, was now the most powerful man in the United States. Says Roy Floyd Dibble in Strenuous Americans:

> Chance and expediency have after all been the chief factors in the making of most of our Presidents, but it was not chance nor expediency that accomplished the election of McKinley; it was the indomitable purpose and resourcefulness, in short the genius, of one man. . . . He had the greatest of all gifts: the gift of being all things to all men.

Hanna had made a President in little more than a year, it appeared to the country. In the same brief period he had captured the public imagination, striding into American history as one of the most colorful figures in its myriad pages.

Ruth Hanna McCormick, now forty-seven, was in her teens when the "President-maker" was doing the major portion of his astounding job. She was in the thick of it. She attended the Republican Convention that nominated her father's candidate at St. Louis. She has attended every Republican convention since, and most of the Democratic ones.

Even her life's great love—her very engagement to the late Senator Medill McCormick—was inextricably bound up with politics, and indeed was a romantic and unintended result of Hanna's fight to boost McKinley into office.

"My father went to Thomasville, Georgia," Mrs. McCormick recalls, "to start Southern sentiment for McKinley. Joe Medill, owner of the Chicago *Tribune*, was there. His grandson, young Medill McCormick, was with him, the boy having caught a severe cold at school in Groton, Massachusetts, and having come South to recuperate.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

PERFORMANCE ENTIRELY UNIQUE

DRIVE Dodge Brothers Victory Six, and you'll not be content to drive your present car another month.

Fifteen minutes at the wheel of this new and *different* Six will show you how Dodge Brothers have given new meaning to the word *modern* as applied to motor cars.

You will marvel first at the steering ease. The Victory makes "finger-tip steering" a literal fact. 10 to 45 miles per hour in 15 seconds. Acceleration and speed wholly unexpected in a car at The Victory price—yet readily understood when you consider that The Victory has more power per pound of weight than any car of comparable price.

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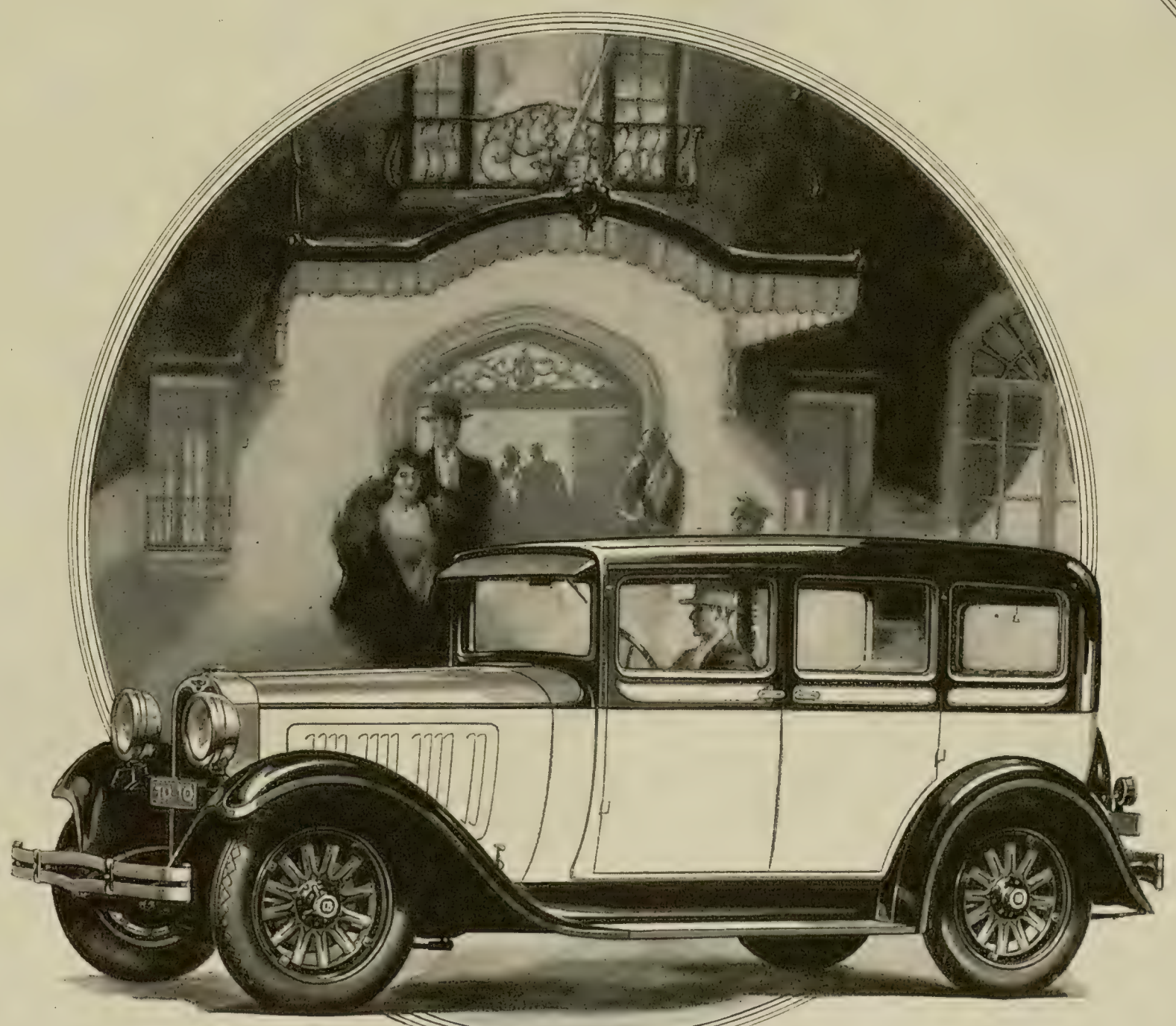
And Victory fuel economy sets new standards for six-cylinder engines of equal power—21 miles per gallon at 25 miles per hour!

The Victory is the one car you can't compare, for it's *the only car of its kind in the world.*

There is no *parallel* to Victory performance.



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4-DOOR SEDAN F.O.B DETROIT

The VICTORY SIX

BY DODGE BROTHERS

[CUTTING SEX OUT OF POLITICS
Continued from Page Twenty-four]

"My father was anxious to gain the support of the *Tribune* for McKinley. Our families sat in the same dining room. Mr. Medill and my father fought, bled, and died over their political differences every day.

"Medill and I went horseback riding in the balmy Georgia mornings while our respective forebears carried on their feud. We became secretly engaged. I was fourteen. He was three years older. We remained engaged—continued our love and friendship without cessation—until I grew up. I was twenty-three when we were married. And McKinley was nominated despite all the hard work of Medill's grandfather."

Hanna went to the Senate after McKinley was safely in the White House. And when Ruth was out of school she went to the Senate, too, as her father's personal secretary.

AT that time feminine absorption in politics, especially in one so young, was a novelty in Washington. Imagine the Senator's secretary as she was—with a pompadour on top of her head, and her hat, secured by long pins, riding high on the pompadour. She wore high-topped shoes and a shirt waist that, to be neat, "must be drawn tightly between the shoulder blades from the bottom of the stiff white linen collar, to disappear under a belt worn at an anatomical waistline."

Ruth affected a "short" skirt for business wear—one that daringly cleared the ground. Hips and bust were in good standing in those days, but Ruth did not boast the ideal fashionable figure, being extremely slender.

"My job," she recalls, "was to digest bills for my father. I knew what he was interested in. If a committee of which he was not a member was to meet, I sat in, and reported later to him. I listened to debate in the Senate, and if I thought he should take the floor I got him at once. He was the personal representative of McKinley in the Senate. I was present at many conferences between my father and the President. I often carried messages to the Executive Mansion.

"I felt horribly abused because I couldn't lie abed mornings. I had to be up at eight. I adored horseback riding, and more than once I worked until 2 A. M. of a Friday night so I could hunt on Saturday afternoon. Occasionally I went to a dance, but always felt so sleepy next day that work was more of a drudgery than ever."

These were the days of Mark Hanna's famous Sunday-morning political breakfasts. McKinley, Roosevelt, and other notables often assembled in the old-fashioned yellow-brick house in Washington that still looks through its gleaming windowpanes at the Executive Mansion showing white through the trees. There, problems of state and of party were settled over the excellent corned-beef hash prepared by Maggie Maloney, the Hanna cook, who became celebrated for her part in easing the general political mind by administering comfort to Republican stomachs. Ruth Hanna was invariably present, often presiding as hostess.

Even her wedding, on June 10, 1903, was turned into a political powwow. President Roosevelt went out to Cleveland for it, ostensibly to see Mark Hanna's daughter and Joseph Medill's grandson joined in holy matrimony, but really to smoke out Hanna's reported intentions to run for President at the next election.

John D. Rockefeller was there, having been brought by one of the McCormicks, to whom the oil king was related through his own daughter's marriage. Never did hostess go through more acute mental torture than poor Mrs. Mark Hanna at this wedding breakfast. She sat between President Roosevelt, ubiquitous "trust buster," and Rockefeller, whose fat and growing Standard Oil Company was already quivering under the blows of the "big stick." Alice Roosevelt sat next the bride.

When the bridal couple left by an elaborately devised route of secrecy, nobody missed them for several minutes, so engrossed were the guests in a political argument.

THE young McCormicks started housekeeping in Chicago and both plunged into the profession they loved—politics. Mrs. McCormick worked for woman suffrage, and since she was a more astute politician than millions of men that held the franchise, the average hard-shelled male "anti" seemed quite ineffectual telling this woman she had no right to vote.

Mr. McCormick served two terms in the Illinois Legislature, and then went to Washington as Congressman-at-large from his native State. After that he went into the Senate.

The capital was Mrs. McCormick's familiar playground. But she was not content with a cut-and-dried official rôle. Nobody had expected she would be. She inaugurated the McCormick Saturday-night suppers—unique affairs in Washington life. She startled the old political guard by bringing artists, newspaper correspondents, Ambassadors, and Senators together in gatherings where ceremony—arbiter of the capital's social life—was tossed out the window.

Mrs. McCormick put small tables all over the house, thus eliminating precedence in seating. There were no servants in evidence. The guests waited on themselves, cafeteria fashion, the men toting corned-beef hash, salads, apple pie, and cheese to the tables where their ladies sat, and afterward removing the dirty dishes. A new and untarnished Italian Ambassador once resented this shocking deviation from custom, and protested. Where was precedence? Where was dignity?

"I'm an Ambassador," he reminded his hostess.

"Oh, no; you're just plain Mr. A," smiled Mrs. McCormick. "Find yourself a charming lady and do like the others." And he did.

The oddly assorted guests and the random

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

(Left) The spacious McCormick home at Rock River Farms, near Byron, Illinois, and (right) the stables.

International photo

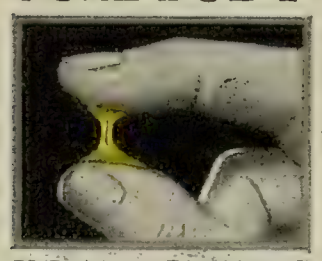
Mrs. McCormick and one of her blooded cows, Aaggie Naconda. Stock breeding is her hobby.

E. J. Hall photo

The Illinois Congressional candidate on her favorite horse, Cespie.

Instinctively
. . they demand the best

FULL BODY



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Their chauffeurs are the smartest; their motors, the finest. Experience . . . the world they live in . . . has taught them to demand the best . . . instinctively.

It is significant that at almost every favored resort there has developed an overwhelming preference for Texaco Motor Oil.

But this tendency, however marked, is not surprising. It merely serves to indicate a growing realization that no engine, regardless of price, is ever superior to its motor oil; that no motor oil is really fine unless it can insure constant, trouble-free service. *And this golden Texaco can, and does.*

For Texaco is free of tars, paraffin wax and cylinder stock . . . substances present in many motor oils which tend to dull fine engine performance.

Whatever car you drive . . . whatever its type of engine . . . there is a grade of Texaco Golden Motor Oil authorized for it, at the sign of the Texaco Red Star and Green T.

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MEN WITH PRIDE

in their jobs say: "Whizits must have been designed for Us!"

Why?

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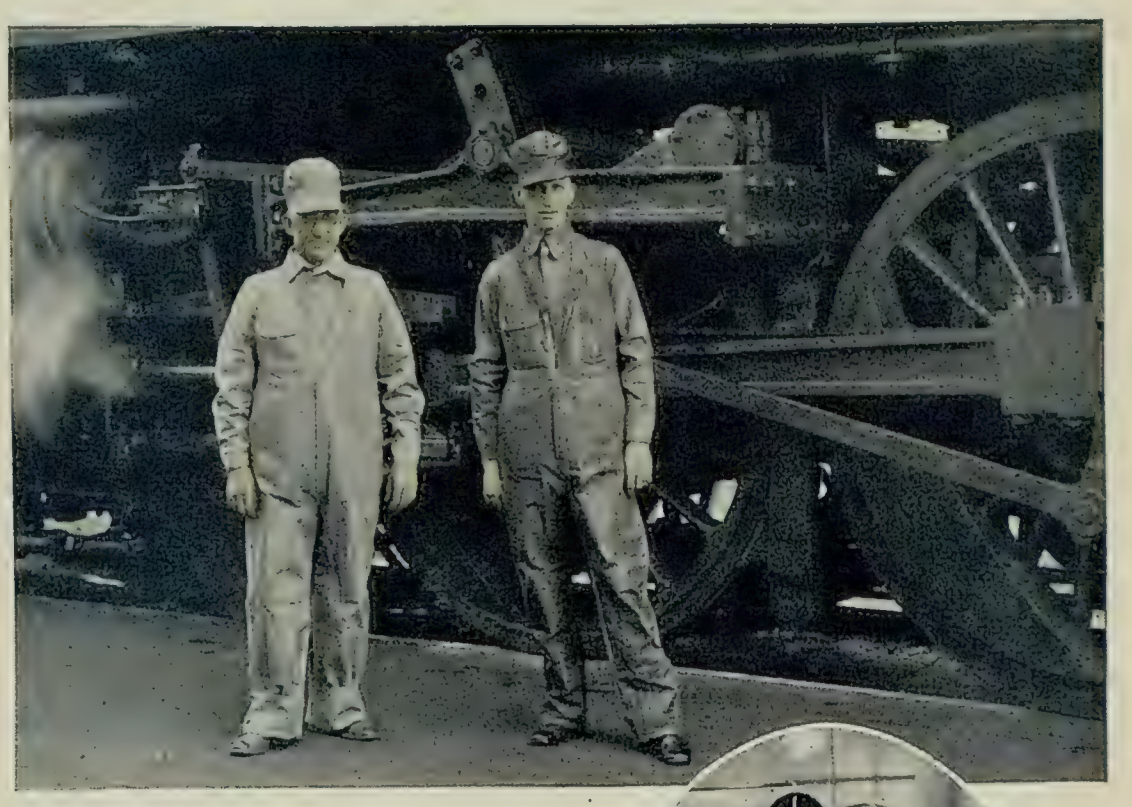
LOOK around you—note the men who wear the famous Lee Whizit Union-Alls or Overalls. You'll find them in responsible positions—where alertness and efficiency are constant watchwords.

These men say they feel dressed up in the Lee Whizits—and they are men with pride in their jobs—men who have forged ahead!

Whizit, exclusively Lee, means no buttons to bother—to come off—to sew on.

Richard F. Karman, Chief Mechanic, B F Mahoney Air Craft Corp. Builder of Lindbergh's Spirit of St. Louis. He wears Whizits.

Then too, *Lee* fabrics are distinctly different. They are stronger, with a superior weave. They wash more easily, better, cleaner, holding shape and color through extra months of hard service—and are therefore less expensive.



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Each Lee Whizit, Union-All or Overall, is a *real man's* worksuit—clean cut, neat, handy.

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Frank Graves, Sub. 4 Engineering Dept., Universal Pictures, Universal City, Calif. Mr. Graves wears Whizits.

Genuine Hookless Fastener. Will not jam, rust or break. Launders with perfect safety. Absolutely Guaranteed.

THIS GUARANTEE WITH EVERY GARMENT

If you do not find this to be the most satisfactory and best value-giving work garment you have ever worn, you can get a new one free or your money back.

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UNION MADE

WHIZIT

Union-Alls~Overalls~Play Suits

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

seating arrangements looked like the most casual thing in the world, but in reality all was planned to a nicety by the astute brain of the gracious hostess-diplomat. Who can trace the effect in world affairs of a piece of apple pie consumed with a charming subject of a rival nation?

Although Mrs. McCormick mostly lives the life of a glorified farmer on her 2,000-acre estate near Byron, Illinois, she makes frequent trips to Washington, where her three children are in school.

At Byron she operates a huge dairy farm, producing a fine grade of certified milk and breeding patrician cows of Holstein-Friesian lineage. This establishment, Rock River Farms, is highly profitable, and is a model of high-powered organization and cow hygiene.

These blooded bovines bear long silky hair that the average bossy would mistake for the pelt of a Persian cat. They live in a kind of aseptic heaven for milk-giving quadrupeds, with closely shaven, physically perfect attendants in white sterilized suits to anticipate their every whim.

Mrs. McCormick glories in the fact that her cows' bacteria average never exceeds 5,000 per centimeter, although the strict health requirement in this respect allows as much as 10,000. Her average for 1926 was only 1,800.

Twelve years ago this energetic woman set herself the goal of success in this most difficult branch of the farming business. Beset by problem after problem in the matter of cattle diseases, sterilization, competent help, bacteria ratings, butter-fat standards, and marketing, she has reduced the endless details of this enterprise to a smoothly functioning routine.

She may be campaigning in southern Illinois or lobbying in Washington. But always, along with her coffee and muffins in the morning, she gets printed slips from her automatic recording thermometer at Byron, which assure her that back on the farm the milk is being kept at a safe forty-eight degrees and that the giant sterilizer is toiling away at its cleansing job with germ-destroying clouds of live steam.

Her dwelling on the farm is a rambling old English affair of whitewashed brick. It is utterly homelike and comfortable, and looks down on the splendid sweeping curves of the Rock River, tumbling along at the base of a sheer cliff 150 feet below.

The stables are an important adjunct. Horseback riding is Mrs. McCormick's sole athletic passion, and she rides over her broad acres like any hearty gentleman farmer when she makes a tour of inspection.

DESPITE the masculine grasp of state and national affairs and the astounding legislative experience which has won her support from leading politicians, Mrs. McCormick lacks none of the gentler qualities which constitute the age-old charm of women.

Hardly any experience, it would seem, has been denied her. But the one which tore most cruelly at the tough fiber of her mind and soul was the death, in 1925, of her husband, Senator Medill McCormick. They had been married twenty-two years.

It was "extraordinary," this life together. Mrs. McCormick still marvels at it, and can't accustom herself to the idea that "he isn't coming back or isn't going to turn up."

Temperamentally, they were perfect mates. He was visionary, dreamy; she was intense, practical.

"He never knew what time it was or what day it was or where he was going," Mrs. McCormick recalls. "He hated to pack a bag, and he loathed money matters. I attended to all the practical details of our life—even finances.

"There was no one I liked to talk to as much as Medill. Our friends often made fun of us at small dinners because suddenly we'd be forgetting the rest and talking across the table to each other.

"He was one of the best students I ever knew. We often sat up until three or four in the morning, threshing out legislation we were interested in. In Chicago we breakfasted together, walked to the office together, and home together at night. Often we lunched together, and we adored riding horseback together.

"I owe all my development to Medill. Except for him I wouldn't have had the interest or tenacity of purpose to go on in my profession."

The great god Politicus, whom Mrs. McCormick has always served, had brought them together in the tender love of their youth. The same deity, turned cruel and implacable, it would seem, was responsible for their being separated at the time of Mr. McCormick's death.

Senator McCormick had been virtually appointed Ambassador to Germany. He had made all preparations for sailing. Obliged to hurry to Washington, he left Mrs. McCormick in Chicago recuperating from an attack of grippe.

She visited Mrs. Alice Longworth in the hospital (the celebrated infant, Paulina, had just entered the world), and returning home found Washington had called her on the telephone.

Husband and wife had a "bad habit" of telephoning each other every day.

Mrs. McCormick got her husband on the wire. He sounded tired, but not ill. He told her not to call him next morning. He had attended an all-night session of the Senate, was worn out, and wanted to sleep late.

Next morning Mrs. McCormick wakened at ten minutes to eight. That was ten minutes to nine in Washington. She noticed she had her hands clutched tightly around her throat. She felt strangely disturbed.

The telephone rang. It was Washington. She heard the familiar tones of William Hard, political writer and intimate friend of the McCormicks.

"I know what you're going to tell me!" cried the Senator's wife, in frightened tones. "You're going to tell me Medill is dead."

Her terrible premonition proved correct.

Later, on checking up with Mr. Hard, it developed that he had gone to Mr. McCormick's hotel to see him, and had been told he was not up, but the chambermaid had heard him running the water in the bathroom.

Mr. Hard went to breakfast, planning to give his friend time to finish dressing. When he returned to the room and knocked, there was no answer. Breaking in the door, he found Mr. McCormick dead.

The nameless fear that had seized Mrs. McCormick in Chicago had smitten her at the moment when her husband met his lonely end in a Washington hotel.

Although she disdains to make her campaign on sentimental grounds, she admits, when you press her: "Medill was always interested in my work. He would want me to do what I am doing."

MRS. McCORMICK'S children adore her. "I have no time to nag them," she says, "When we're together we're enjoying each other. It isn't necessary to give up family and friends in politics if you organize your life properly."

When I saw her at Byron, the press of campaign business did not prevent her from wading into a wilderness of paper and paste to help Johnny, eleven, build his new airplane. And she always had time to read to "Bazy," six, the hair-raising exploits of the *Cockyollybird*. Her oldest daughter, Katrina, is fourteen.

In making her campaign in the 102 counties that compose Illinois, Mrs. McCormick has not pledged herself to support or oppose any particular measure.

"No one should go to Congress with strings tied to him," she insists. "How can I tell what the issues will be when I am seated, or what form legislation based on present issues may take?"

When she makes a political speech Mrs. McCormick talks simply and earnestly in a voice so clear, yet so modulated in tone, that the jumpiest nerves can listen without irritation.

She reminds her auditors of her life with miners in Pennsylvania and in the Minnesota ore country, when her father sent her to find out how his employees were really living.

She states her platform simply and briefly. She considers farm relief urgently necessary. She believes in preparedness. She feels that any modification of the Volstead act would please neither the wets nor the drys.

"But if the country is dissatisfied with the law," she asserts, "it should face the question squarely and consider repealing the dry amendment. Either repeal the amendment or enforce the law. Personally, I am a dry."

THE END

Brown Bros. photo

Bryan's first campaign photograph in 1896.

Mark Hanna, McKinley's sponsor.

P. & A. photo

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William McKinley as he looked in the '96 campaign.

International photo

Earl Carroll just after his conviction.

ONE of the most remarkable articles we have ever printed comes to you in our next issue. As a youth, the author lived by his wits at sea and in the gaudy ports of the Orient. He became a famous Broadway showman. Then he went to prison.

Now, for the first time, he tells the whole story—himself. Watch for

Stars and Bars

By Earl Carroll

In Next Week's Issue of Liberty

ANNOUNCING

winners of the great $50,000 competition for 300-word letters on "Why the Laundry should do my Washing"

THE following cash prizes have been awarded to ten persons in each state, District of Columbia and Canada: First, $225; second, $125; third, $100; fourth, $50; fifth, $35; sixth, $25; seventh, $20 eight, $10; ninth, $5; tenth, $5.

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Mrs. Clyde Watt, P. O. Box 34, Midwest, Wyoming.

THIRD, $2,000
Mrs. Mervyn Dunnagan, 657 East 31st St., North, Portland, Ore.

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Mrs. Mary E. Hole, 1533 Keeler Ave., Bartlesville, Okla.

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Wm. T. Gray, 201 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIXTH, $700
Mrs. C. M. Davis, Box 216, Deaver, Wyoming.

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Mrs. Mary M. Allen, 168 Delavan Ave., Newark, N. Jer.

EIGHTH, $400
Mrs. Victoria Gruener, 254 N.W. 54th St., Miami, Florida.

NINTH, $250
Mrs. P. J. Mulrooney, 59 Spruce Court Apts., Spruce St. at Sumach, Toronto, 2, Ontario, Canada.

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The National Judges certify the above selections.

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1—Mrs. Preston Lindley, Cedar Falls; 2—Hermie L. Stookey, Cedar Rapids; 3—Dorothy Williamson, Prescott; 4—Mrs. Mary A. Withercll, Clarion; 5—Mrs. Edgar Mackey, Boone; 6—Hans C. Pfund, Des Moines; 7—Mrs. T. J. Miller, Lohrville; 8—Coriene Mathews Post, Iowa City; 9—Mrs. A. T. Madsen, West Branch; 10—K. A. Minert. Ames.

KANSAS
1—J. Burnette Hamilton, Ottawa; 2—Janet L. Wiek, Topeka; 3—Mrs. Alice M. Hume, Kansas City; 4—Mrs. W. E. Ketterman, Topeka; 5—Mrs. H. W. Peart, Topeka; 6—Mrs. Ira Stockebrand, Iola; 7—Ruth Mitchell, Hutchinson; 8—Mrs. E. Flanders, Salina; 9—Mrs. Ray Farmer, Parsona; 10—Griffith Bonner, Topeka.

KENTUCKY
1—Mrs. T. H. Byrd, Shelbyville; 2—Albert G. Stone, Berry; 3—Mrs. Stephen E. Barnwell, Crestwood; 4—J. E. Beck, Henderson; 5—Margaret E. Hallman, Ashland; 6—Robert Clore, Covington; 7—Mary Etta Ford Jones, Paducah; 8—Miss Lillian R. Allbright, Louisville; 9—Miss Catherine Lawrence, Campbellsburg; 10—Mrs. R. L. Woodard, Hopkinsville.

LOUISIANA
1—Mrs. Hary Shaw, New Orleans; 2—Mrs. S. W. Bowen, Shreveport, 3—Miss Lillian C. Bourgeois, Convent; 4—Mrs. Richard S. Brumfield, New Orleans; 5—Mrs. Alan Basye, Shreveport; 6—Mrs. Pierce Thomas Murphy, New Orleans; 7—Hal Walters Moseley, New Orleans; 8—Mrs. I. H. Granath, New Orleans; 9—Miss Bertha Dreman, New Orleans; 10—Mrs. John H. Abrahams, Lake Charles.

MAINE
1—Lilla Elizabeth McLeod, Brewer; 2—Mrs. Della E. Judkins, Oldtown; 3—Irene Davenport, Winthrop; 4—Clarence M. Minott, Bangor; 5—Mrs. Arthur B. Johnson, Topsham; 6—Mrs. Fred O Watkins, Old Orchard; 7—Mrs. Marietta Simmons, Round Pond; 8—Mrs. Helen L. Bruce, Portland; 9—Elizabeth Pulsifer, Portland; 10—Rev. A. T. June, Sebago Lake.

MARYLAND
1—Mrs. Wm. J. Malstrom, Baltimore; 2—Miss M. A. Doheny, Riderwood; 3—Mrs. Nellie S. Monagan, Baltimore; 4—Mrs. Henry Schuck, Baltimore; 5—Eleanor C. Warfield, Cumberland; 6—Mrs. Anna Hansen, Takoma Park; 7—Miss Dorothy Wilson Brown, Long Green; 8—Mary E. Armiger, Baltimore; 9—Mrs. Geary Eppley, Colege Park; 10—Mrs. Regina C. Griffith, Baltimore.

MASSACHUSETTS
1—Mrs. H. Kenneth Lockwood, Springfield; 2—David A. Edgar, Medford Hillside; 3—Mary O. Rose; Roxbury; 4—Mrs. R. G. Whittey, Springfield; 5—Mrs. Rudolf Gerling, Holyoke; 6—Ruth M. Gilman, Arlington; 7—Mrs. Bertha W. Dodge, Cambridge; 8—Mrs. Luther R. Putney, Roslindale, Boston; 9—Mrs. Agnes O. Shea, Northhampton; 10—Anna Bradford Hubbard, So. Braintree.

MICHIGAN
1—Mrs. Geo. H. Whitworth, Grand Rapids; 2—Mrs. J. Stanley Bien, Lansing; 3—Mrs. Wm. R. Vis, Grand Rapids; 4—Chas. A. Peterson, Alabaster; 5—Mrs. K. S. Hart, Lansing; 6—Mrs. Mary Miller, Grand Rapids; 7—Mrs. P. H. Powers, Detroit; 8—Mrs. F. C. Gilner, Grand Rapids; 9—Mrs. David P. Murray, Lansing; 10—Mrs. W. L. Card, Armada.

MINNESOTA
1—Mrs. C. A. Nickoloff, Hibbing; 2—Mrs. L. D. Friel, Minneapolis; 3—Mrs. Isabella Atherton, Newport; 4—Lura Ritchie, Winnebago; 5—Mrs. Louis E. Hodson, St. Paul; 6—Mrs. Edw. Brown, Rochester; 7—Mrs. Ernest Heere, St. Paul; 8—Mrs. Chas. H. Shalet, Moorhead; 9—Mrs. Paul McCarty, Ely; 10—Mrs. F. C. Bemis, Rochester.

MISSISSIPPI
1—Mrs. H. F. Tatum, Meridian; 2—Miss Bertha E. Roark, Water Valley; 3—Mrs. J. M. Massey, Meridian; 4—Mrs. Florence S. Ogden, Rosedale; 5—Mrs. J. M. Menger, Vicksburg; 6—Mrs. W. H. Allen, Belzoni; 7—C. Smith, Meridian; 8—Mrs. Miles Campbell, Horne Lake; 9—Miss Angelima Lavecahia, Vicksburg; 10—Miss Lucille Watts, Meridian.

MISSOURI
1—Mame Allen, Kansas City; 2—Mrs. G. A. Whitsett, Kansas City; 3—Mrs. Neta M. Proffer, Unionville; 4—Mrs. Frank W. Humes, Kansas City; 5—Mrs. Fred P. Hanes, Macon; 6—Mrs. O. R. Coile, St. Louis; 7—Mrs. C. C. Westover, St. Louis; 8—Mrs. Alta Whiteside, Hannibal; 9—Mrs. Matt Bennett, St. Joseph; 10—Mrs. John C. Woods, Webster Groves.

MONTANA
1—Mrs. H. D. Myrick, Square Butte; 4—Mrs. I. K. Huntsberger, Great Falls; 3—Katherine Willis, Lewistown; 4—Mrs. C. H. Scherf, Lewistown; 5—Mrs. L. E. Merrick, Billings; 6—Mary F. Costello, Great Falls; 7—Mrs. H. W. Weston, Missoula; 8—Mrs. Wm. I Scott, Fort Benton; 9—Mrs. Wm. Clinton McKenzie, Missoula; 10—Mrs. W. N. Russell, Missoula.

NEBRASKA
1—Mrs. A. J. Horton, Wymore; 2—Mrs. Clara H. Johnson, Omaha; 3—Miss Hilma M. Benson, Omaha; 4—Anna H. Johansen, Omaha; 5—Mrs. Clarence H. Allyn, Omaha; 6—Mrs. J. B. Bessire, Laurel; 7—Mrs. Stanley Street, Omaha; 8—Mrs. Lee Smith, Omaha; 9—Lee A. Richmond, Hastings; 10—Ethel Graham, Lincoln.

NEVADA
1—Mrs. A. C. Lewis, Ruth; 2—Mrs. E. A. Honrath, LaVegas; 3—Mrs. H. I. Thorley Kimberly; 4—Mrs. N. C Whitaker, Fallon; 5—Mrs. Mary Hutchins Erb. Midas; 6—Mrs. John E. Wilson, Reno; 7—Mrs. G. A. Ballard, Virginia City; 8—Grace E. Clawson, Midas; 9—Ruby J. Olson, Gardnersville; 10—Freda Inman, Goldfield.

NEW HAMPSHIRE
1—Mrs. Charles Hull; Canoan; 2—Mrs. Ella Jane Kenney, Penacook; 3—Agnes H. Collins, So. Danville; 4—Mrs. Florinda L. Harvey, Hanover; 5—Lucy W. Boswell, Exeter; 6—Mrs. Thomas B. Griffin, New London; 7—Susan V. Morton, Lancaster; 8—Mrs. Myrtle R. Stacy, Rochester; 9—Mrs. Aline Newgebauer, Manchester; 10—Hazel R. Henderson, Colinbrook.

NEW JERSEY
1—Mrs. Ella Bickerton Prassas, Trenton: 2—Mrs. Jennie M. Roger, Bridgeton; 3—Mrs. Ruth Geventer, Atlantic City; 4—Chrstine Katherine Potter, Englewood; 5—Miss Vara A. Ogden; East Orange; 6—Mrs. J. J. Feury, Atlantic City; 7—Mrs Mary M Allen, Newark; 8—Mrs. Stanley B. Scott, Westmount; 9—Edith W. Smith, Pennington; 10—Mrs. J. W Van Loan, Newark.

NEW MEXICO
1—Mrs. Estelle Pearl Dannel, Albuquerque; 2—Mrs. Ethel Brown, Albuquerque; 3—Mrs. P. M. Ruleau, Sante Fe; 4—Mrs. Kate Wilson Jacobson, Roswell; 5—Wm. Grimshaw, Albuquerque; 6—Mrs. Hazel M. Anderson, Albuquerque; 7—Mrs. Ruth Bower, Roswell; 8—Mrs. A. T. Floyd, Roswell; 9—Mrs. J. R. Hagy, Albuquerque; 10—Mrs. Jay Moseley Smith, Albuquerque.

NEW YORK
1—Wm. T. Gray, Brooklyn; 2—Marguerite Williams, Utica; 3—Margaret Borland McFadden, Peekskill; 4—Mrs. Leon Parker, Catskill; 5—Leo Anthony Green, Bellerose, L. I.; 6—Mrs. Grace B. Carpenter, Mamareneck; 7—Mrs. G. Snyder, Mechanicsville; 8—Mrs. H. S. Brown, Brooklyn; 9—Mrs Harold E. Rowe, New York City; 10—Harriet L. Troan, Rochester.

NORTH CAROLINA
1—Mrs. R. E Whitehurst, New Bein; 2—Mrs. F. B. Rayburn. Asheville; 3—Dr. Geo. Pinckney Reid, Forest City; 4—Mrs. Geo. M. Bowman, Elk Park; 5—Mrs. G. S. Vought, Spring Hope; 6—Mrs. L. L. Powers, Asheville; 7—Alfred S. Jones, Greensboro; 8—Mrs. J. A. Wooddell, Black Mountain; 9—Mrs. E. J. Grimsley, Freeman; 10—Mrs. H. P. Barret, Charlotte.

NORTH DAKOTA
1—Mrs. Florence Bertsch, Dickinson; 2—Mrs. Louise Johnson, Jamestown; 3—Mrs. George M. Olson, Fargo; 4—Mrs. H. H. Vowles, Fargo; 5—Arthur E. Prior, Hettinger; 6—J. H. Fitch, Napoleon; 7—Vera Kelsey, Grank Forks; 8—Walter Carlson, Fargo; 9—Mrs. Henry Peterson, Binford; 10—A. Sid Granger, Valley City.

OHIO
1—Katherine L. McNamee, Sandusky; 2—Mrs. L. Heiman, Cincinnati; 3—Miss Naomi Morrow, Zanesville; 4—Mrs. Charles Hunter, Cleveland; 5—Miss Anna M. Fowler, Xenia; 6—Mrs. Mary W. Strain, Cleveland; 7—Mrs. Donald N. Lloyd, Youngstown; 8—Mrs. Augusta M. Becker, Cleveland; 9—Laura Cotse, Carthage; 10—Mrs. Walter A. Smith, Dayton.

OKLAHOMA
1—Susie D. Whitaker, Norman; 2—Mrs. Horace Council, Ponca City; 3—Winifred Robertson Marrs, Oklahoma City; 4—Mrs. Mary E. Hole, Bartlesville; 5—Mrs. E. W. Pollock, Tulsa; 6—Elizabeth M. Fitzgerald, Cushing; 7—Mrs. Grace E. Gibbens, Oklahoma City; 8—Helen Peine, Blackwell; 9—Mrs. J Palmer Camm, Watonga; 10—Mrs. C. P. Francis, McAlester.

OREGON
1—Mrs. Mervyn Dunnagan, Portland; 2—Mrs. Effie Drummond, Klamath Falls; 3—Mrs. Mattie Lamb, Portland; 4—Carl D. Shoemaker, Cascade Falls; 5—Eve Emery Dye, Oregon City; 6—Mrs. Dora M. James, Roseburg; 7—Edw. F. Foley, Portland; 8—Elma L. Eakin, Astoria Ave.; Mrs. Charles Childs, Albany; 10—Mrs. J. H. Heidegger, Freewater.

PENNSYLVANIA
1—Mary I. Thompson, Connellsville; 2—Eleanor M. Wilson, Bellevue; 3—Mrs. R. C. Severance, Sewickley; 4—Grace A. Butler, Connellsville, 5—Ruth E. Dugan, Philadelphia; 6—Mrs. Mary A. Fear, West Pittston; 7—Mrs. A. J. Rogers, Pittsburgh; 8—Mrs. Irene Noah, Altoona; 9—Mrs. Carrie B. Walters, Stonehurst Hills, 10—Edgar K. Zimmerman, Jeanette.

RHODE ISLAND
1—Theodore Arthur Cornell, Edgewood; 2—Mrs. Leah H. Fitzpatrick, Providence; 3—Mrs. Wm. A. Munroe, Cranston, 4—Anne McBurnie, Providence; 5—Mrs. Oakah L. Jones, Pawtucket, 6—George S. Baxter, Jr., Westerly; 7—Mrs. James H. McCallion, Providence; 8—Miss Ernestine F. Darby, Providence; 9—Mrs. Mariana M. Tallman, North Scituate; 10—Helen Slater, Saylesville.

SOUTH CAROLINA
1—Mrs. May H. McCord, Orangeburg, 2—Mrs. Elijah F. Farmer, Anderson; 3—Walter Dobbins, Aiken; 4—Mrs. David Sanders, Spartanburg; 5—Mrs. C. P. Becker, Columbia, 6—Miss Lizzette Douglas, Inman; 7—Mrs. T P Carson, Greenville; 8—Mrs. Lillian T. Ham, Columbia; 9—Mabel Brown Sherard, Belton, 10—G. N. Foy, Laurens.

SOUTH DAKOTA
1—Mrs. Wm. Roy Ronald, Mitchell; 2—Mrs. Harold Naper, Gregory; 3—Robert A. Perkins, Sioux Falls; 4—Mrs. Clara Goddard, Hot Springs; 5—Mrs. W. H. Schumacher, Pierre; 6—Cora M. Conner, Belle Fourche; 7—Huldah Fromke, Revillo; 8—Orville McCoun, Brookings; 9—Hildegarde Rother, Huron, 10—C. M. Barnard, Aberdeen.

TENNESSEE
1—Mrs. Richard L. Ownbey, Nashville, 2—A. R. Jessup, Nashville; 3—Mrs. W D. Jemison, Memphis; 4—Francis Terry Evans, Chattanooga; 5—Mrs. Emmett Reed, Memphis; 6—Mrs. R. H. Bean, Knoxville; 7—Mrs. Tom D. Haley, Jr., Nashville; 8—Inda Melson, Memphis; 9—Mrs. R. E. Dodge, Memphis, 10—Sadye Strausman, Nashville.

TEXAS
1—Peggy O'Neal, Fort Worth; 2—B. R. Kent, Fort Worth; 3—L. Virginia Lancaster, Dallas; 4—Phoebe Ray Adams, Beaumont, 5—Mrs. R. D. Fullerton, Corpus Christe, 6—George F. Terry, Amarilleo; 7—George T Rawlins, Fort Worth, 8—Mrs. Louis B. Witt, Harwood; 9—L. G. Andrews, Navasota, 10—Mrs. Roger B. Roberdeau, Austin.

UTAH
1—Miss Eva Gillam, Salt Lake City, 2—Mrs. Geo. A. Schultz, Latuda; 3—Mrs. Mary M. Wright, Ogden; 4—Mrs. Perley Clark, Salt Lake City; 5—Mrs. H. D. Helst, Salt Lake City; 6—Mrs. Tracey Dean Pninney, Ogden, 7—Mrs. Rhodan Lee Arbon, Midvale, 8—Mrs. Julia B. Jensen, Provo; 9—Mrs. E. E. Clark, Bringham City; 10—Bessie Alston, Salt Lake City

VERMONT
1—Mrs. Clara S. Robison, Burlington, 2—M Elizabeth Bagg, Brattleboro; 3—Kenneth Allen, Plainfield; 4—Mrs. Emma L. Votey, Burlington; 5—Mae B. Roddy, Fairfax; 6—Mrs. Marion Wright Vogler, Burlington, 7—Frank R. Fleming, Bennington; 8—Mrs. S. U. Gallant, Burlington; 9—Mrs. Inez M. Stone, Middlebury; 10—Mrs. Arthur J. Cayo, Burlington.

VIRGINIA
1—E. C. Chalkley, Big Stone-Gap, 2—Mrs. Emma D. Pool, Roanoke; 3—Ella N. Dillard, Lynchburg; 4—Mrs. H. G. Parker, Virginia Beach; 5—Mrs. Lily R. Hunt, Ballston; 6—Mrs. Mary Louise Harwood, Richmond; 7—Mrs. Mary H. Driskill, Lynchburg, 8—Mrs. S. E. Adams, Lynchburg; 9—Mrs. Wm. Dills, Pearishburg; 10—Ina Clarke Hodges, Roanoke.

WASHINGTON
1—Mrs. Anne C. Rafter, Seattle; 2—Betsy P. Stenberg, Bellingham; 3—Kathleene Hallahan, Spokane; 4—Mrs. John R. Owen, Seattle; 5—Mrs. Sheldon F. Kiser, Spokane; 6—Mrs. A. J. Draper, Spokane; 7—Alice Parmela Savage, Bellevue; 8—Mrs. L. O. Grow, Spokane; 9—Mrs. E. C. Frazier, Opportunity; 10—Mrs. Chas. B. Roger, Tacoma.

WEST VIRGINIA
1—Mrs. Alma Boice Holland, Parkersburg; 2—Mrs. Ruth C. Williams, Charleston; 3—Harold V. Streeter, Charleston; 4—I. O. Ash, Shepherdstown; 5—Mrs. E. E. Stephen, Charleston; 6—George Beentolt, Williamson; 7—Mrs. Ella McLean, Salem; 8—Gladys Cornwell, Charleston; 9—Mrs. H. A. Rice, Grafton; 10—Miss Bertha Browning, Logan.

WISCONSIN
1—Mrs. Jacob Gempeler, Jr., Monroe; 2—Minnie Hagen, Racine; 3—Catherine M. Bruns, Milwaukee; 4—Mrs. H. A. Unke, Milwaukee; 5—Mrs. Margaret N. Lison, Green Bay; 6—W. S. Stewart, LaCrosse; 7—Mrs. A. W. Thomas, West Allis; 8—Mrs. Wilhelmine Zimmerman, Wausau; 9—Marie Heyde-Bethke, Milwaukee; 10—Henrietta V. Olson, Beaver Dam.

WYOMING
1—Mrs. Edna Osborn, Casper; 2—Mrs. Nelse Holmberg, Riverton; 3—Mrs. C. T. Henry, Midwest; 4—Mrs. Clyde Watt, Midwest; 5—Marie C. Mayer, Greybull; 6—Edith A. McKinney, Riverton; 7—Corrinne, Randall, Casper; 8—Mrs. Ruth Moyer, Laramie; 9—Mrs. C. M. Davis, Deaver; 10—Mrs. Arthur Foster, Point of Rooks.

More than Million Letters Received

Letters from every civilized country on the globe totalling 1,044,272 were received and considered in this contest

THE twelve thousand writers of letters who have merited Honorable Mention and have been given one of the Laundry Service Awards are not listed on this page. Notification of their awards with certificates were mailed on March 20 . . . . Simultaneous announcement of the awards of contest are being made by individual laundry-owners in newspapers in United States and Canada.

W. F. Worcester
CHAIRMAN

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W. F. Johnson
COMMITTEE

THIS COMPETITION WAS SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF UNITED STATES AND CANADA

GRAPHIC SECTION

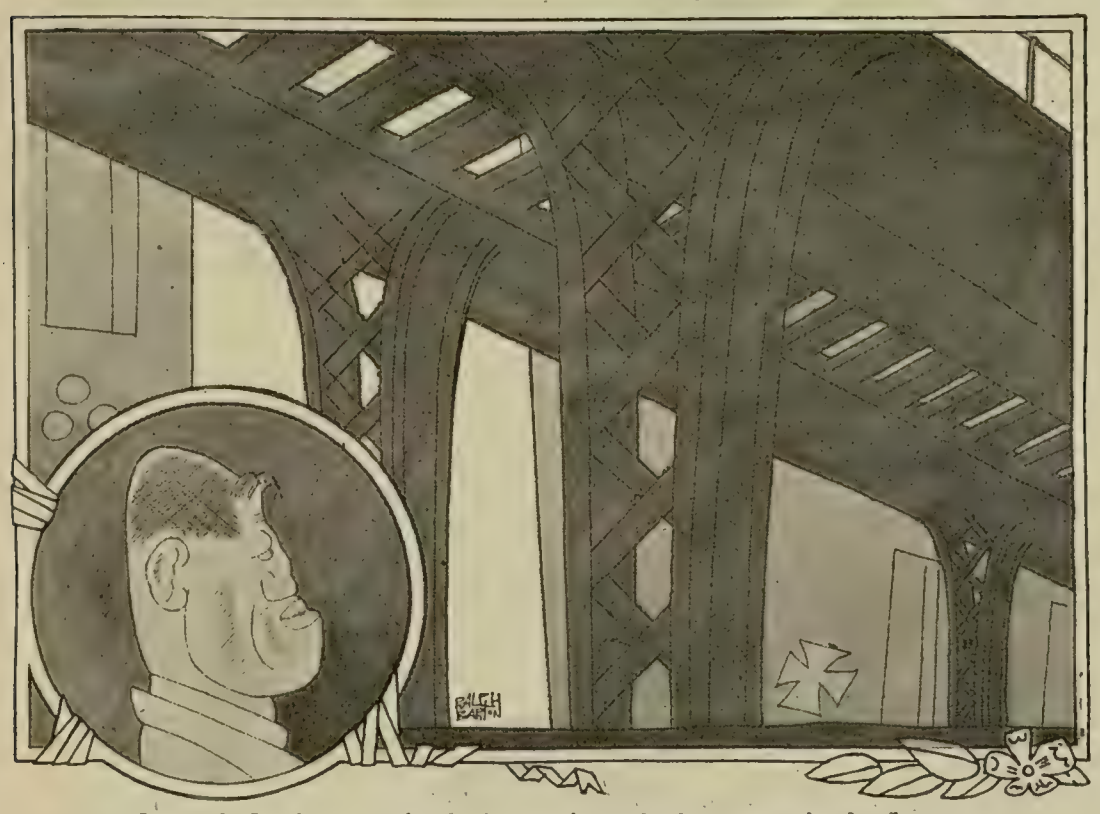
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

THE WEEK'S NEW MURDERS

By BUGLES McFAMMER

FIRST AVENUE STAGES EXCITING DRAMA



One of the impressionistic settings in last evening's drama. In circle: Gas-House Charlie.

A Gunman.....Gas-House Charlie
His Girl.....Kitty Blatz
A Wealthy Clubman.....John Mitt Tenik
A Policeman.....Timothy Ravioli
Townspeople, Loiterers, etc.

LAST evening it was my good fortune to witness the *première* of one of the most vivid, scintillating, and altogether delightful murders of the current season. Appropriately staged between the memory-laden walls of old First Avenue, this new drama afforded an almost ideal vehicle for that sterling young bandit, Gas-House Charlie. Always a reliable performer, he surpassed himself last night and proved that he well merits the laurels that have been heaped upon him by an admiring public. It is my guess that this night's work will see Gas-House Charlie promoted from the ranks of the merely featured gunmen to the dizzy heights of stardom.

Bugles McFammer.

The rest of the cast, while thoroughly adequate, was less brilliant. John Mitt Tenik's interpretation of the rôle of the victim was an able bit of characterization, and it must be admitted that his cries for help in the struggle scene were decidedly convincing; but he was inclined to "mug" too much and he took his fall most amateurishly. Had he lived, Mr. Tenik would have done well to study the limp, natural fall that John Barrymore uses to such great effect.

Timothy Ravioli, as the policeman, was competent. He made a late entrance at one point, when Mr. Tenik was obliged to repeat the cue, "Help! Help!" several times; but these slips are due to the confusion of a first night and insufficient rehearsal, and must be pardoned.

The plot of the murder is a fairly hackneyed one. Gas-House Charlie, a gunman, is in love with Kitty Blatz. Kitty, while housebreaking, meets and falls in love with John Mitt Tenik, wealthy clubman. Charlie, in a jealous rage, seeks out

(Continued on page eighteen)

$25,000 GEM THEFT

Bold Holdup in Shopping District

THIEVES entered the jewelry store of A. Blut, 746½ Fifth Avenue, at 9:14 A. M., Eastern Standard time, and stole $25,367 worth of garnets. Mr. Blut broadcast frantic cries to the police for help, but his voice faded excessively and the police reported faulty reception.

ALL SET FOR BIG HOP

Seven to Attempt Atlantic Flights

"Arresting, alluring, amazing, audacious!"—*Times.*

"Reckless, foolhardy, publicity-seeking."—*Post.*

THE LONE EAGLE

By MAUDE VAN BALLENTINE

ABLE direction, thoughtful casting, and excellent acting combine to make the latest episode of the Charles Lindbergh serial a real thriller. There are no forced moments, no sluggish passages, and the plot is fraught with amusing incidents and a double strain of suspense. The story progresses naturally and smoothly and even the ludicrous parts seem entirely credible. "Lindy," as he is universally known to the fans, is seen as a lone aviator in an amazing array of stunts. (I should like to take this opportunity of assuring "Kittens" of Tulsa, Okla., that Lindy positively does not use a double.)

Maude Van Ballentine.

In this story, he is in love with a spirit. General Ataboy, a wicked War Department stuffed-shirt, is also in love with the spirit, and, in order to get rid of the "Lone Eagle" (as Lindy is universally known to the fans), sends him on a dangerous mission to Central America. "Lucky," as the Lone Eagle is universally known to the fans, flies over a gang of bandits, fights an enraged bull, stops a revolution single-handed, hunts down a celebrated robber chief, saves a company of marines, and

Senator Heflin, off-stage.

wins the hearts of all the Latin-American Presidents and their lovely daughters. However, the "Ambassador of the Air," as Lucky is universally known to the fans, remains true to the spirit and elopes with her to his home in St. Louis.

MERCURY DOWN TO 6

Relief Tonight Unlikely

"An icy, piquant, naughty gale briskly swept capacity city. Will undoubtedly be blowing down Broadway this time next year."—*Eve. Star.*

CONGRESS

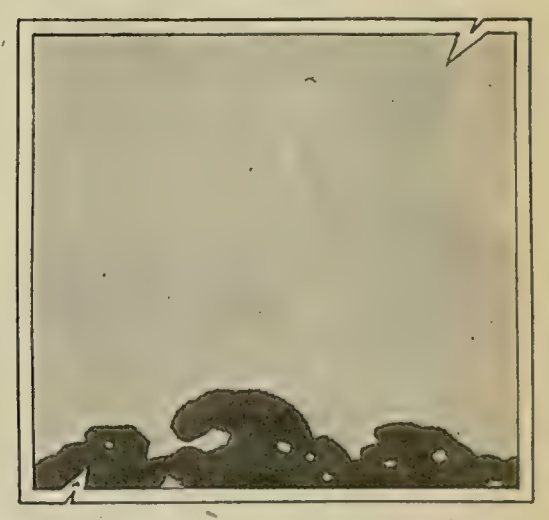
By MADGE COOTSON QUOTT

ELOQUENT of voice, graceful in gesture and movement, and appealing in his youthful and stately beauty, Senator Heflin today delivered one of the most satisfying speeches heard here in many a season. Though marred slightly in the dramatic climaxes by shrillness and faulty intonation, the Senator's performance was notable for its general high level of excellence. The Senate Chamber is far better suited to the achievement of the "intimate" atmosphere than the more Wagnerian House of Representatives.

Madge Cootson Quott.

Senator Heflin, aware of this, exhibited a noble restraint in his treatment of the lovely aria, Roaming to Rome.

Senator Borah, also in splendid voice, rendered the beautiful reci-



Lindy flying over Costa Rica.

tative, Wetterdrei? with fine feeling.

Senator Reed, perhaps our best basso, intoned his part in English, his famed enunciation being heard at its best.

The performance of the chorus was rather perfunctory. In these national productions it is of paramount importance that the chorus be able to act as well as sing, and it should be well distributed on the stage.

One wonders, indeed, why a really able director, such as Mr. Gatti-Casazza, is not engaged by the government to put on these productions.

At the final curtain, enthusiastic bravos and plaudits crashed forth from the gallery and the five Senators who remained on the floor. Tomorrow we are promised

(Continued on page twenty)

With the inside pages of our newspapers almost completely given over to critics—dramatic critics, art critics, music critics, movie critics, radio critics and literary critics—it is only a question of time until the front pages are given over to news critics.

The Wrong Side of the Bed

GRUNTS. Scowls. Mutterings.
What's it all about?

Oh, nothing much — just the way the Joneses start the day — about four days out of seven.

Don't they like each other?

Oh, yes — but they probably won't very long, if they keep on this way.

How would it be if Mr. Jones got up just beaming — acting as though he'd just been promoted to the presidency — and feeling as though he were ten years younger?

Mrs. Jones says it would be impossible — but she prays for it.

How would it be if Mrs. Jones woke up all smiles and cheerfulness, talking about strawberries for breakfast, instead of about how late he was last night?

Mr. Jones says it would be just great.

Very well, then — *what's wrong with the Joneses?* Probably something that isn't usually mentioned in polite society: Intestinal sluggishness.

You know how intestinal sluggishness ruins the sweetest disposition, how it saps energy, invites disease. Yet you probably share the distrust of most intelligent people for ordinary laxatives.

Now, in a deliciously cool, mint-flavored tablet — Feen-a-mint — modern Science has answered this most perplexing problem of modern life!

FOR Feen-a-mint is different. You don't swallow it hastily — you *chew* it, exactly as you would a delicious bit of chewing gum. And as you chew, its tasteless yet almost magically effective laxative principle begins to mix with the mouth fluids and actually becomes a part of the digestive process!

So, instead of striking the body a blow without warning, as it were, Feen-a-mint gently *helps the system to help itself!*

Results are amazing. A new vitality and a sense of fitness — a fresh, clear-eyed, up-in-the-morning-early feeling, as hundreds of thousands of men and women know. You will find this wonderful laxative at your druggist's now. Take a Feen-a-mint tablet at any time, confident of feeling a different person in six to eight hours.

A FAMOUS Austrian scientist — a thoughtful American physician: from the work of these two was perfected Feen-a-mint, one of the most remarkable triumphs of the modern laboratory:

A few minutes' *chewing* of a little white tablet . . . instantly the tasteless yet almost magically effective laxative principle it contains begins to be absorbed by the mouth fluids — becomes a part of the digestive process — and so *helps the system to cleanse itself.*

FREE: If you have never tried Feen-a-mint, we shall be glad to send you samples free — together with "The Mysterious 35 Feet", an authoritative new book on constipation, its causes and its cure:

HEALTH PRODUCTS CORP.,
Dept. 5B, Newark, N. J.

Send me free samples of Feen-a-mint — also a free copy of "The Mysterious 35 Feet, or 85% of America."

Name_____

Address_____

EASY Street— No *Parking*

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

HE picked up a plate and sent it crashing into a Venetian mirror.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

A Farce by
ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS
and
GUS TRAVIS

(Reading time: 18 minutes 34 seconds.)

"THE lady, Mr. Derson, will be waiting for you at the information desk in the Pennsylvania Station at one o'clock. Don't be late."

Mr. Whalen, president of the National Wholesalers' Supply Company, paused and surveyed the handsome countenance of his new employee. With a smile of approval he reached into his desk drawer and extracted a package of bank notes.

"Here is a thousand dollars, Mr. Derson," he continued, as he handed him the money. "I hope this will enable you to succeed better as a social entertainer than the gentleman we were just forced to discharge. He was a good spender and was a regular moth around the White Lights, but he was under the impression that we employed him to spend our money on himself instead of on our customers. I trust you are better informed in regard to your duties.

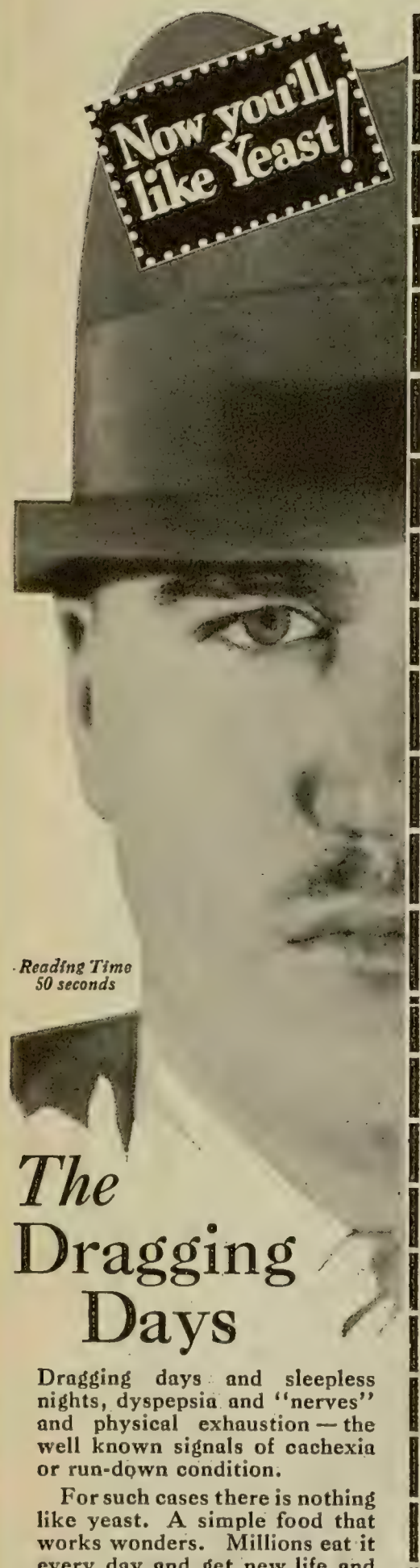
"I am giving you enough to put over this job nicely. It is a large amount to spend on one customer, but it is penny wise to make your customers pound foolish. We have found out that by lavishly entertaining these buyers from the nightshirt belt we loosen their purse strings and are rewarded with extravagant orders. It is bread cast upon the waters. Corn bread will come back the same way.

"And we know that the ladies like to forget the cows and chickens for a few days in the city, just as much as their errant husbands. That's where you justify our pay roll. You shall dip them in the waters of Lethe. The lady I have arranged for you to meet is the buyer for the Dixie Furnishing Company of Atlanta. She is also the daughter of the president and is well known in Atlanta society. She is immensely wealthy and has the reputation of knowing the ropes like a hangman, so you will have to set a fast pace to impress her.

"I told her you were a member of the firm and were to meet her to show her some model frocks at the uptown showrooms. But that's just a maneuver to get her in range. Show her everything in New York but frocks. Blow in the whole thousand! Make a big display. And see that she doesn't spend one cent of her own.

"I don't want you to come back here with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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At drug stores everywhere

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

[EASY STREET—NO PARKING
Continued from Page Thirty-three]

anything but your hands in your pockets. When you strike the bottom of your wallet, rush her here to the office and I'll do the rest. She has argued for months with us over a two-per-cent discount, and I want you to get her mind off her income tax. I want her to come into my parlor with her heart open to generous impulses and I will see that we get our thousand back with usury. Remember that it is spring and let your conscience be your guide. I told her you'd carry a bouquet of roses for identification."

At a quarter before 1 o'clock Mr. Percy Derson, social entertainer and erstwhile adventurer, dismissed his taxi in front of a florist's shop a few blocks from the Pennsylvania Station. He entered the shop and purchased a big bouquet of white roses and selected one of them for the lapel of his neatly tailored coat.

He sauntered out leisurely, flapped his gray suède gloves, twirled his cane, and proceeded toward his destination. Having ten minutes yet to spare, he began to act his part.

The air of prosperity fitted him like the tail on a peacock, and he assumed the bored expression of a wealthy clubman out for a midday stroll.

He regarded the common herd with a supercilious air, and occasionally, as he passed a mirror in a shop window, he would pause to admire his reflection. With a twist of his dapper waxed mustache, a glance at his pearl-gray spats, and a nonchalant shrug of his square shoulders, he would resume his journey.

HIS gestures and blasé carriage were born of various and sundry encounters on the highroad of romance. His face now, as of yore, was his fortune. It had clothed him, fed him, and enabled him to partake of the fleshpots of Egypt. It had been his passport in strange lands and his return-trip ticket from far places. It had proved a lawn mower to many a grass widow's alimony, and a detour for more than one foolish virgin's bank trips.

It could not fail him now, he was sure. It simply could not—for this was his first chance to eat regularly in months, and it was also the softest spot he had yet found in the lap of luxury.

Social entertainer for the National Wholesalers' Supply Company! What a sinecure! Drawing a salary for throwing parties. And who could do so more lavishly? Actually paid to spend money! Well, who could empty the till more gracefully?

He was born with two-way pockets. Good-by Forever was the only tune his cash register could play. What a break, after the last lean year he had just survived! Of course he'd make good. If winning his spurs with Mr. Whalen meant spending $1,000 and banana-oiling a buyer from Atlanta—then wrap up the spurs, please.

He patted the package of bills in his pocket affectionately and smiled as he thought of the job at hand. A big display, eh? Well, where was the man who could put on more dog per capital? Women? They were his *lares* and *penates*. He knew them from high brows to high heels.

Women? He was a Pied Piper to pie-eyed pippins.

Women? Yes, indeed! and this one a Southerner! The most susceptible of them all. A little flattery, a lingering glance, and they softened like a sponge cake when the melted butter was poured over it. The wealthier they were, the more romance they craved. The harder their banking, the softer their hearts.

PERCY recalled a dear little girl with a charming lisp in Montgomery. Such a trusting maiden—too bad she had developed serious views on matrimony that had hastened his departure. Mr. Derson always operated within the law. He signed nothing and was very quiet before witnesses. He had always avoided matrimony. He was afraid he would be too kind-hearted to desert a wife, and they were not always so loving when they had the law on their side.

To him a clinging vine was nothing but poison ivy. Variety was the spice of wife. So he had fled Montgomery in horror.

True, his technique had not been so good lately. The failure to confine his attentions to one Park Avenue matron at a time had cost him his amateur standing and dragged him down to the indignity of paying checks. Even though he was not spending his own money, it was no longer a sporting proposition.

He was seriously considering taking the Limited for Chicago, to try his luck on the Gold Coast with Mr. Whalen's thousand invested in a new wardrobe, when someone touched his arm.

He broke from his reverie to find himself in the foyer of the station—and then the station seemed to melt away as he beheld

his path blocked by a vision of sparkling eyes and red lips.

He saw a pair of dimpled cheeks and dimpled knees, and noticed that a clever modiste had left a suggestion of dimples all the way between.

Whew! They'd raised the blinds of Peachtree Street. No wonder they built monuments to the boll weevil down there. Why raise cotton when you can buy silk, as Marie Antoinette remarked to Eli Whitney, as the mouse ran up the clock. For if you can raise the gin, why wait on a mouse to—

"I beg your pardon," apologized the owner of the scenic phenomena, "but are you the gentleman Mr. Whalen said I was to meet? He told me you'd wear a rose."

For a moment Mr. Derson's eyes remained at salute, then gradually receded into their sockets. He almost smacked his lips over this tempting morsel, but recalled suddenly that he was not to play Æneas to her Dido, but Solomon to her Sheba. He assumed his most successful introductory smile, adjusted his tie, inflated his chest, and exclaimed:

"I am delighted to claim that privilege. And a deucedly lucky man I am, too."

"Oh, it's so nice of you to say so!" cried the girl, giving a tiny feminine touch to the rose in his lapel, a maneuver which to the practiced eye of Mr. Derson clearly meant gates ajar. He recovered himself sufficiently to present his corsage. He was thanked generously.

"That was certainly an improvement on Mr. Whalen's suggestion," she told him. "I'm so glad you came in when you did. I was just about to go up and speak to a crabby-looking old man just because he had a rose in his buttonhole. I was afraid Mr. Whalen might have dumped off an old prune on me who would want to talk business all the time. I'm sure you won't insist on talking business. And I know we'll just have a wonderful time! Of course Mr. Whalen told you my name is Florence Aiken."

"Of course, of course, Miss Aiken," lied Mr. Derson with relief. He had forgotten to ask Mr. Whalen her name, but that wasn't necessary. "And mine's Percy Derson. No—not Pierce—Derson. You got it wrong." Then, remembering that he was to sweep the lady off her feet and into the order department, he put his best foot forward in a seven-league boot. "And I know just what you want first—a coca-cola! Atlanta's old stand-by! Delicious and refreshing!"

Miss Aiken favored him with a look which chased away the dimples and pulled down the corners of her mouth.

"All right," she pouted. "Let's go! What'll we have for a chaser—malted milk?"

MR. DERSON reined in his horses. He was trying to jump a hurdle that wasn't even on the track. He was at parade rest and the flag was already down. Here was a toy he didn't have to wind up. It wasn't written that way in his book, but he was willing to study her primer. One swallow wouldn't make a summer, but it had often made a scandal in Atlanta.

He took another look at Miss Aiken: he noted the baby-blue eyes with their eager beam. Then he understood perfectly — innocence abroad!

One of these unsophisticated little country girls who had read all about the gay life of the city and wanted to see the world go round so she could go back home and tell her friends how dizzy it made her.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

Please Get Your Copy Early!

Cover Design by Helen Dryden

DELINEATOR—at the new 10 cent price—was literally swept off the newsstands last month. It wasn't our fault—really—how could we guess that even the greatly increased March edition would prove not nearly big enough? We ask forgiveness of the many, many new friends that unavoidably were delayed or disappointed—and we urge you—please—to get your April copy early!

Be sure you do not miss

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A series of romantic stories of life and love.

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[EASY STREET—NO PARKING Continued from Page Thirty-four]

What would happen if she tackled a brace of Toni's bacardis? They ought to make the world go round fast enough for Atlanta. He would certainly give her some glad tidings to take back to the girls at the Riding and Driving Club. Here was a note he could play on his piccolo, and he lost no time in tuning up to B sharp.

"Well," he smiled at Miss Aiken, "if you prefer something with a kick in it—"

Miss Aiken did. But his piccolo was a little off key, for she had apparently been weaned on White Mule, and by the middle of the afternoon he was covered with hoofprints. It looked as if he was going to play B flat.

MR. DERSON excused himself to call Mr. Whalen for further instructions.

"Say," Mr. Derson expostulated, "what do you do in a case like this? I met the girl all right and we've got more red paint than the Fire Department. But you couldn't dazzle this girl with a diamond-studded searchlight — she must own a gold mine. She won't let me spend a dime. She thinks I've got Confederate money. We just left the third low-voice, and when I wasn't looking she paid the check for forty-seven dollars. And she got the other two before I knew it.

"I haven't paid for anything yet but the privilege of washing my hands. She was also the early bird with the check at Sherry's for lunch. She says this party is hers—she's giving it. She drinks with both hands but can still talk grammar. If you didn't smell her breath you'd think butter would melt in her mouth—instead of explode. She raises a howl if I even reach for my money. After this assignment I want to be transferred to the Atlanta office. The boys down there need help. You said for me to kill this thousand, but she won't let me. What'll I do?"

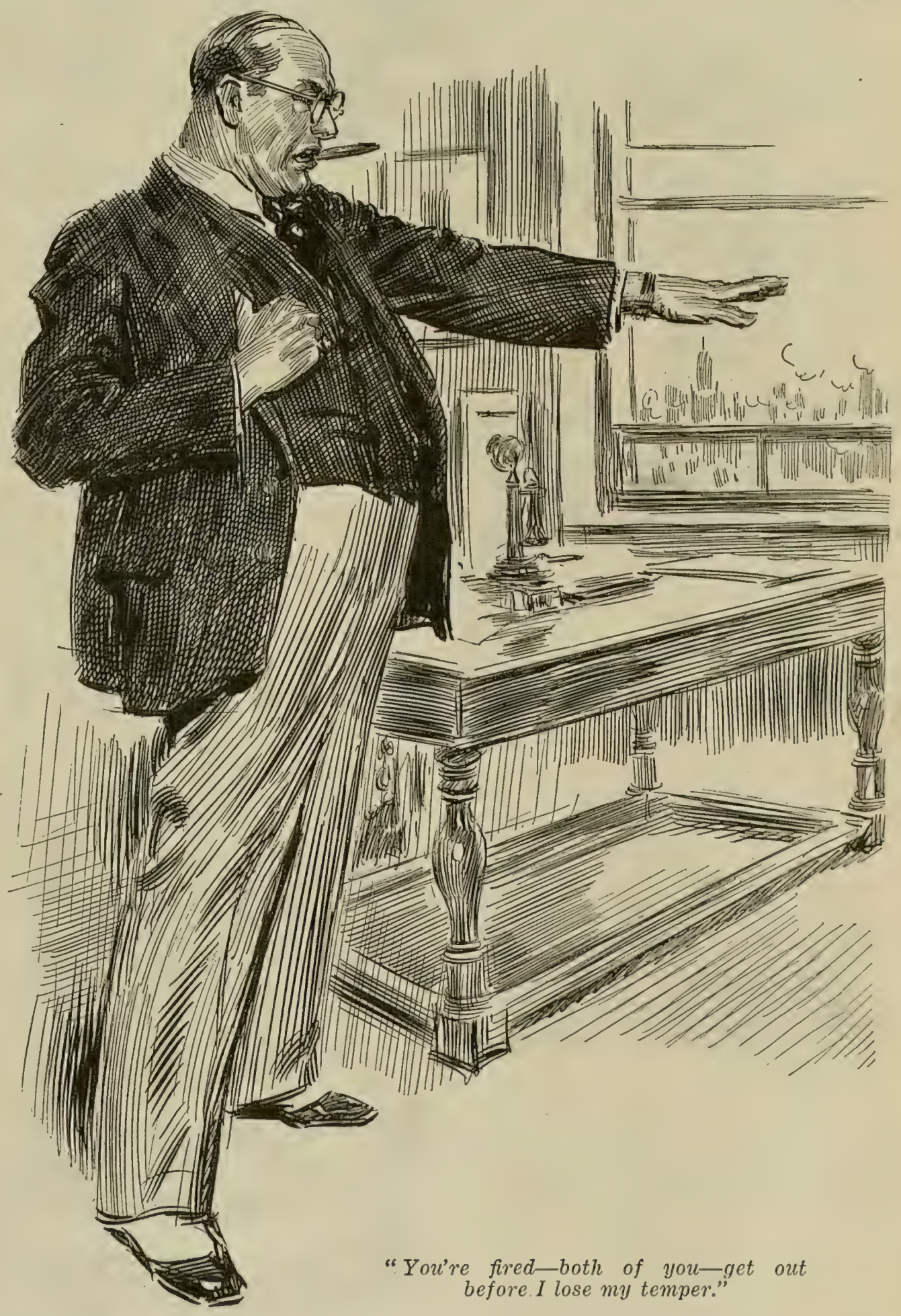
"Kill that thousand—kill it!" shouted Mr. Whalen into the mouthpiece. "Put her under obligations to you! Spend the last cent of that wad. We've got to get that order, d'ye hear? It'll run into six figures. You either spend that thousand on her or check out with this company. Blow it all. Dazzle her like I said. Hire a Rolls for the evening. Get a box at the Follies. Order orchids and champagne. The sky's the limit. Get that for once and all."

Mr. Derson got it. For once and for all. But to little avail. He found it as hard to break a twenty-dollar bill as it had been heretofore to make one. Always Miss Aiken paid the piper—and anybody else who was in line. She tipped everybody but her escort and seemed willing enough to try that. After dinner at the Ritz, a box at the Follies, two speakeasies, and three cabarets, Mr. Derson found his bank roll still intact. His companion had beaten him to the check every time. He either had to let her pay or cause a scene.

It was a new experience for him and he was fast bowing his head in defeat. The girl was crazy. She simply had too much money—and she could hold too much likker. They certainly got a thorough training down in Atlanta! The sign of aristocracy was a thin ankle and a hollow leg. He had long since begun pouring out his drinks when she wasn't looking. But soon her glass would be empty too and she would order more.

HE hated to resort to trickery to defend his capacity against a woman, but if he didn't he felt he was sure to break his record and spend an evening under a table alone. Her eyes were still in focus, but he was at the stage where he was constantly dropping things. That is, everything but his pocketbook, and Miss Aiken wouldn't even let him get that out.

"Look here, Miss Aiken," he exploded, as they entered a night club, "you see this bulge in my pocket? Well, you may think I'm Scotch by the way I fumble checks, but that knot there isn't a decoy. It's a thousand iron men. That roll has galloping consumption. It's got to be put out of its misery.



"You're fired—both of you—get out before I lose my temper."

From now on you've just got to padlock that purse of yours. I'm throwing this party! No more yellowbacks to the orchestra—I'll take care of them."

"Oh, forget it," she smiled, giving his arm a tiny squeeze. "I know you have Wall Street by the pin feathers, but this party is mine. And, besides, I like you. Keep your money for a rainy afternoon. I'm footing the bills—and that's that!"

And foot them she did. In spite of Mr. Derson's most emphatic protests, she was always one jump ahead of him when the waiter finished multiplying the score. She beat him to everything that called for a dollar. She chided him if he even attempted to forestall her. She paid for everything and even paid him an imposing array of compliments to boot. But, though he was flattered, he was too worried to strike when she lowered her guard.

He had a thousand dollars and instructions to spend it, and he couldn't. What a nightmare! For the first time in his life, Mr. Derson found it impossible to dissipate cash. Mr. Whalen's ultimatum hung over him like a sword. That thousand had to go. Somewhere. Somehow.

IT was at the Garter Snake that the mixture of varnish remover and liniment made him desperate. He picked up a plate and sent it crashing into a Venetian mirror. Guests leaped to their feet, waiters jumped to one side in alarm, and the manager and his cohorts mobilized for a charge. But Mr. Derson had a pleasant smile on his face. At last he had solved his problem.

"I guess I'll pay for that!" he laughed, as the manager confronted him with a scowl. "What's the cost? A case note—two hundred—what ho, my good man?"

Mr. Derson reached in his pocket and pulled out his money. But the manager suddenly ignored him

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Eau de Quinine

Copr., 1928, Pinaud, Inc.

[EASY STREET—NO PARKING
Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

completely. He was in the act of pocketing a yellow bill that Miss Aiken had quickly thrust into his hand.

"Perfectly satisfactory, madame," assured the manager, with an understanding nod. "How about three more plates for twenty-five and the range on that chandelier over there?"

"Oh, great!" giggled Miss Aiken, pulling out another large bill. "Then how about a couple of shots at that pretty side window for an even hundred?"

But Mr. Derson had lost his peculiar whim. That mirror had brought him no luck. "You must think I'm drunk," he said, as he called for the check.

But Miss Aiken wasn't thinking—she was busy paying it.

THE curfew sounded outside a speak-easy on Central Park West. It was 5:15, and Mr. Derson was not bearing up too well under the heavy load of fuel oil and sheep dip. He viewed his companion with a mixture of resignation and admiration.

She was still able to pass muster, though she must have consumed enough high-powered hooch to kill three of the best drinkers that ever looked a pink hyena in the face. He still had $1,000 in his pocket, a red nose, and a heart that beat with a Georgia cadence.

The Rolls was apparently lost, so they took a taxi.

"Listen, dear," declared Mr. Derson, as they settled comfortably in their seats, "you certainly do control the mints—gold and julep. But that doesn't have a thing to do with my going democratic over you. Pardon my frankness, but—"

Mr. Derson's words were smothered by two warm lips, and two soft arms were clasped around his neck. It was as sudden as it was pleasant.

"You're just the onliest big, big boy in the world for little me," cooed Miss Aiken, climbing up on his lap and settling down. It was sudden, but it was final. Mr. Derson gave up gracefully. That was that!

When he regained his senses, the taximeter looked like the interest on the French War Debt.

"Say, sweet one, we can't ride all night," he told her, tilting back her chin to plant another kiss. "Where're you stopping?"

Miss Aiken declined to uncoil herself. "Little Goldilocks hasn't any home tonight," she told him.

"W-what?"

"I said little Goldilocks hasn't any home tonight."

MR. DERSON almost got out of the taxi so that he could have room to kick himself. Wasn't he the prize dub! He had been trying to solve this cross-word puzzle and the only word he needed was "Gimme." Mr. Whalen had told him to put her under obligations to him. Money was useless, so there was only one way to do it. Mr. Whalen could not possibly object if he compromised her in the process. He suggested the matter to Miss Aiken. She was agreeable—even enthusiastic. Mr. Derson felt another overwhelming desire to kick himself.

The truth was just beginning to bear down upon him. Miss Aiken had fallen in love with him! Well, why shouldn't she fall in love with him? When he was a private at Camp Devens he had snatched a Governor's cousin from under the nose of a staff major who played polo.

"I'm so glad you came in when you did. I know we'll just have a wonderful time."

He considered every angle of the matter carefully. She did not know he was a paid entertainer. She thought he was a member of the firm. She certainly had done everything possible to make a conquest. Never had any girl thrown herself at his head with more abandon.

Now he could understand why she wouldn't let him pay for anything. She had the maternal instinct. She was expressing it. She wanted to show him that he was hers. Why shouldn't she want to claim him? Women had fought over him. He recalled a week in the hoosegow in Havana when he learned a new game called stab-the-rival.

He was a handsome man. That was all there was to it: she had the cash—he had the dash. Well, she was no Gorgon and had a sex appeal like the undertow. It was a good bargain. He had combed the earth for just such an opportunity as this and it had sneaked up and hit him with the knocker.

At last he could earn his daily bread with his eyes open. Wealth, luxury, ease were his at last. What a fool he had been to waste so much time! Here was the moment to renounce his policy of avoiding entangling alliances and become son-in-law to the Dixie Furnishing Company. He might be unable to dispose of his expense account, but he could always use his slush fund.

His mind made up, Mr. Derson played his trump card. He would put a punch mark on his meal ticket right then.

"Miss Aiken—Florence, will you marry me?"

"Mr. Derson—Percy, why not? Tell the driver to page us a minister and get a doughnut for a ring. I'd just as soon it would be legal."

"And we'll give Mr. Whalen a lot of orders for bringing us together, won't we?" he suggested.

"You bet we will," she agreed. "After this he gets all the orders."

TWO days later Mr. Whalen received a telephone call from Mr. Derson. The latter gentleman was bursting with pardonable pride.

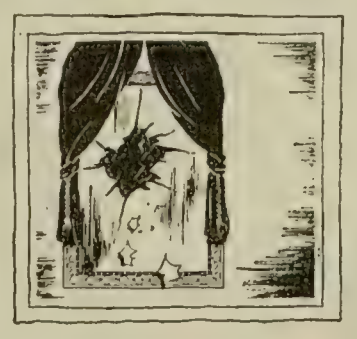
"Hello, Whalen," he began. "Derson speaking. Yes, Derson.

"Oh, I've been too busy to report. Never mind that. You couldn't have found me with a search warrant. Yes, sure, I got her under obligations to me. You bet! What's that? Well, I'll tell you about that when we get down to the office. I'll bring her along.

"Listen, this girl can make the Treasury look like the county home. And, say—that was the easiest job I ever had. She eats out of my hand—she's as innocent as

a newborn babe. 'S fact. How'd I get her that way? Oh, I just married the girl. Yeah. My future address is Easy Street. And you'll get all the business you want from now on. Hereafter the Dixie Company buys everything from you. Yeah, thanks.

"She's a funny girl. Wouldn't let me spend a cent until we got married. Then she treated that roll just like it was her own—massaged it with vanishing cream. It's all gone now—wilted this morning. We've been spending a short honeymoon at the Ritz. And a honeymoon at the Ritz will make anything wilt. Here she comes now. We'll be down later. Good-by."



MR. WHALEN looked up from his desk as the bride and groom were ushered in slightly red of eye and wabbly of knee. It was quite evident that Nemesis had overtaken them and they were both nursing regulation-size hangovers.

"Well, I see you two have met each other," he smiled at them. "And I'm glad you showed up at last. I was beginning to get worried about you. You ought to have an order for Brooklyn Bridge by this time. How is it? Is everything satisfactory?"

"Satisfactory!" boomed Mr. Derson. "Hell! It's nothing short of splendid! You get the order, Whalen—but I'm resigning right now. We're leaving for Paris to finish our honeymoon."

He turned to his bride. "Aren't we, dear?"

Mr. Whalen leaped to his feet as his face went bolshevik by turning a violent red.

"Order? Paris? Honeymoon?" shouted Mr. Whalen in dismay. "Why, you poor dumb-bell, that's Miss Aiken, our other social entertainer. I sent her down to the station to meet a big buyer from Detroit just after you left. He telephoned he'd wear a rose in his lapel so she could recognize him. Ye gods! I gave her fifteen hundred dollars to spend on him! And she wastes it on you!

"YOU picked her for an innocent little Georgia girl, did you? Why, she cut her wisdom teeth when Grant was a cadet. She's the girl that kissed Hobson. And now you're going to Paris on your honeymoon, eh? Why, you poor simp, that gold digger hasn't had a bank account since garters were underwear.

"And you, Miss Aiken, thought this fathead was the king of Detroit! Sweet spirits of niter! I had to advance him a month's salary so he could get that sartorial disguise. He was born C. O. D. and baptized in bankruptcy. Thanks to you two treasure hunters, I've lost my two biggest orders for the season and twenty-five hundred dollars besides. All because you each thought you were stealing a march on me and landing on Easy Street by marrying millions.

"Well, you're married, anyway. That's punishment enough for you. Hell has no fury left for you. You're fired—both of you—get out before I lose my temper—"

But the blushing bride, who had been staring groggily at the happy bridegroom, now turned an ashen white and draped herself upon his manly bosom.

THE END

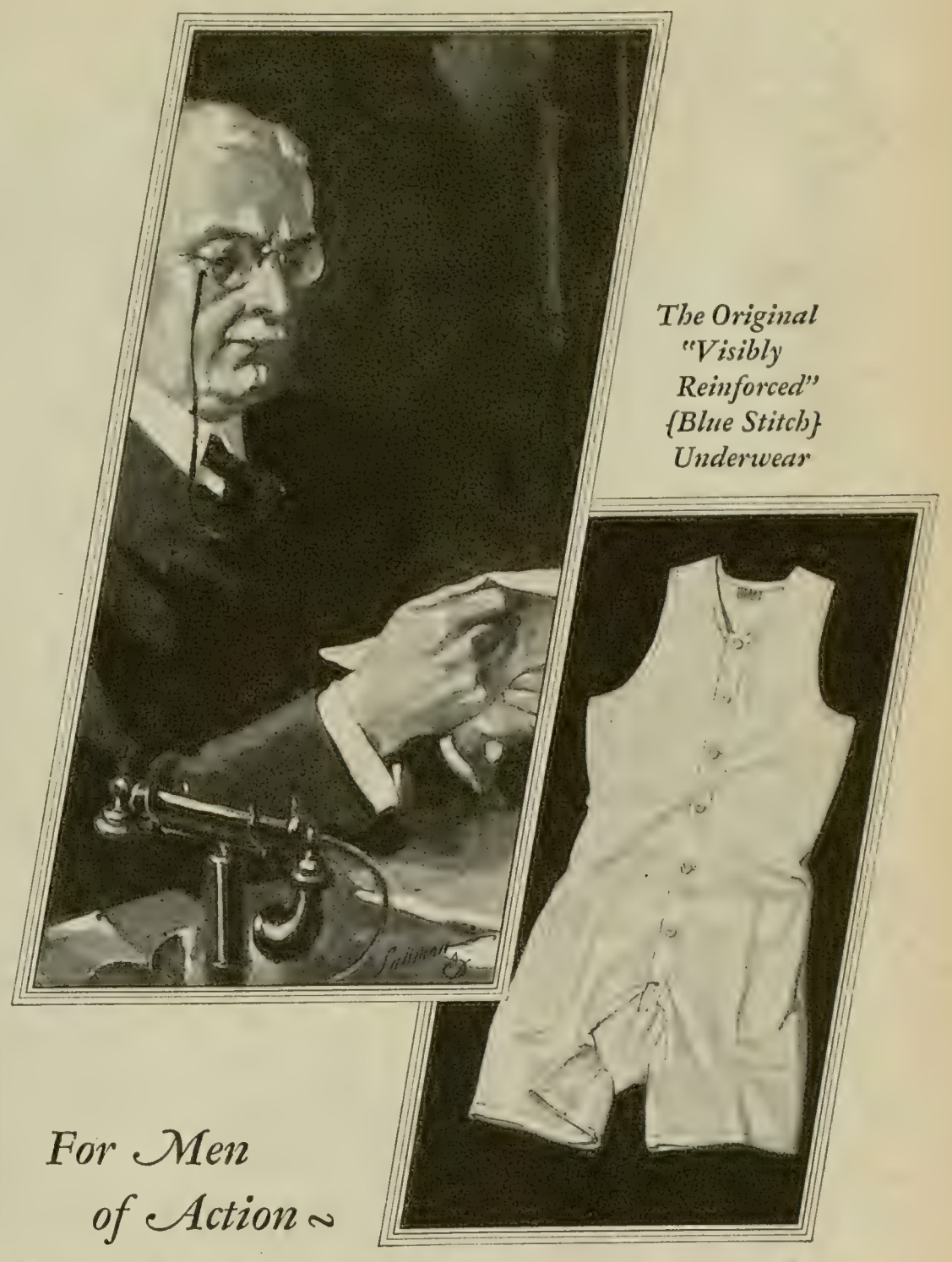
Poems You Ought to Know

Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel

By LEIGH HUNT

[James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784-1859) was poet, essayist, critic, editor of a Liberal newspaper, and the friend of Byron, Shelley, and Keats, whose work he published. In 1813, for an article calling the Prince Regent "a fat Adonis," he was imprisoned. The Story of Rimini, published the year after his release, is probably his finest poem.]

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.



The Original "Visibly Reinforced" {Blue Stitch} Underwear

For Men of Action

Underwear *Guaranteed Not to Rip* Anywhere

You have the feeling of being *completely* well-dressed and perfectly at ease when you wear No-Rip Athletic Underwear. It is cut for comfort, with plenty of room where room is needed. And it is made strong where the strain comes.

No-Rip is carried in *your* style, *your* size, whether you're slim or stout, short or tall. It is tailored to fit comfortably all over.

Marshall Field & Company's resources and production economies give you all this extra quality —true "Field Quality"—in No-Rip Athletic Underwear for $1 per garment.

Points of Superiority

Back, armholes and crotch rip-proofed with blue stitching.
Elastic webbing *doubled* at points of greatest strain.
Crotch curve-cut like well tailored trousers.
Comfortable U-shaped neck.
Horizontal button holes —always hold.
Models for "Regulars," "Stouts" and "Longs."

GUARANTEE—
"A new suit Free *if it rips anywhere"*

No-Rip
BLUE STITCH
ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR
Made of a finer woven, more durable fabric
$1.00

A Friendly Warning
No-Rip has been so successful that it is widely imitated with inferior products. *Be sure to look for the No-Rip Blue Label.*

Buy it at your local Men's Wear or Department Stores

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

CHICAGO *Manufacturers and Wholesale Distributers* NEW YORK

Love Letters of an INTERIOR Decorator

You should see the bride and gloom thats in my car. Shes takin him out on their funnymoon.

(Reading time: 11 minutes 6 seconds.)

A Travelogue on the Twentieth Century

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

On 20th Sentury,
On Root to Hollywood.

DEER MARG:

You wood have heard from me sooner but I had the potomain poisonin. I thought I was goin to be tooned out.

I went to a swell night club the other night and they slipped me a lobster that must have died from the rabbies. My deer, the thing was no bargain. I certainly drew a Fox Pass.

And to think that I was fathead enough to go sixtyfive washers on the line for it burns me up. Those night clubs would pull a Hickman on you and make you like it. Oh was I sick. I was on a low wave length. I could see Salt Peter unlockin the poily gates. Sweet oil of Juniper it was turrible.

Heres how it happened Marg. The guy what prints my labels asked me if I would take his girl out for a good time. He said his wife had just come back from Florida unexpectedly and that he wouldnt look so good in the parlor layin in a bunch of lillies. So of course me bein a good pal of his I had to take the eyebrow jerker out.

Now dont think for a minit Marg that she meant anythin to me. I wouldnt even split a headache with her. Your boy friend wouldn't fool you. Im *Gone* over you, and *you alone*. I suppose Im an awful sap, but thats me. Every time I think of my chillblanes and go through those french post cards I burn up thinkin about you Marg.

That girl didnt mean any more to me than the Follies do to Flow Zegfield.

Talk about your checks appeal. SHE HAD PLENTY. $he was $o $weet. And EAT. She could pack more dry groceries under her slip than they had in a chain store. She would make the American Expeeditionary forces look hungry.

And DRINK. Heavens above how that frail could hoist em. She was the heaviest elbow bender Ive met in a long time and I dont mean MAYBE.

She drank eight glasses of Mule Sweat one after the other and held em. She never batted an optic. And did she run up the swindle sheet? I ask you. She made the bank roll look like it had been run over by a truck. She was brutal.

If you think she made a hit with me youre crazy. I dont mean to say nothin about her Marg, but even if she was good I wouldnt like her.

Do you remember me writin you about meetin Mr. Throckmorton on the Levynathan comin back from Paris? Do you remember me tellin you that he said I was a picture of manhood and how he would put me in the pictures for $2,500? After I gave him the money he promised to give me the leadin part in LOVES PASSIONS.

Well, your boy friends on the way to Hollywood to go in the MOVIES. Im on the 20th Sentury. Thats the name of the train. Im writin to you on it.

Gee, its grand Marg. Can you imagine me in pitchers? Just wait till I get started. I'll panik em. When I get out there, John Barrymore, Richard Dix, and Ricoro Cortes will tear up their contracts. Its a good thing they dont know Im comin.

I got a letter from Mr. Throckmorton to his head director tellin him to star me. Thats tough aint it Marg? I was an awful umpchay to get in with Mr. Throckmorton on the ship. It just shows what licker will do. It gets you in with big shots. If it wasnt for the fact that I was in the giggle soup business Id never met the head of the movies.

I'll bet your bath salts brother will be steamed up when he heers it. He gives me a pain in the knee cap. Hes a cash and carry if you ask me. All he needs is a pair of leather specks and hed be the bugs ear.

You know Marg, I was in hopes when I came back from Paris to go up to Mooch Chunk and see you. But how did I know that I was goin to meet Mr. Throckmorton and crash the movies? But youll forgive me when you see my name in lights awright.

Gosh, I get all fuller goose pimples when I think Im goin to become a motion pitcher actor. Gee, I'll bet all my pals in the laughin soup business will get a big kick when they see me frolickin on the screen. But it just shows that I come buy it naturally.

My father was a actor once; he was in Custers Last Fight but he got beat up so bad that he hadder quit. He uster be in another show called They Learned About Wimin From Him. But he got thrown out because he was so fuller nonsence. But that was him alover.

Speakin of actors I met a fello on the train by the name of John Munk Saunders. Hes the bird what wrote that movie called WINGS. He was tellin me a story about an actor what lost his mother. He says the actor ran into a friend of his and he said to him he said, Gee, you certainly went big at your mothers funeral the way you acted. And the actor said, Where did

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

57

flavor

©H J.H CO.'28

If you've baked beans yourself, you know that it takes real baking to get that real "baked bean" flavor.

We bake our beans just as you would bake them—in the dry heat of ovens . . . It's the *only* way we know to have them mealy, tender and golden brown in color, with that real nut-like taste without which "baked beans" are not *baked beans*. And remember only beans that *are* baked can be labeled "baked."

Of course, we select the beans carefully. And pick them over twice—by hand.

Then developing our own seed for tomatoes for the sauce makes a difference. The tomatoes must be plump and juicy and ripe, you know, and uniform in flavor and used while they still have all their wonderful garden-freshness . . . Uniformity and precision at every step.

Then there is one more important ingredient in every Heinz product—the fifty-nine years of experience Heinz has had in making good things to eat. For it is this ingredient that has made the Heinz name mean Flavor • • *H. J. HEINZ CO.*

flavor

That golden baked-brown look of Heinz Baked Beans! That warm, tempting aroma! Every blessed bean ready to burst with the old-time baking it's been having. Over them all—and through and through every one—luscious tomato sauce . . . Welcome always this steaming plate of just-out-of-the-oven flavor.

HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS

FORE AND AFT CO

Give your new car its finishing touch of color, front and rear—the look of added wheelbase and speed—that only Balcrank can add!

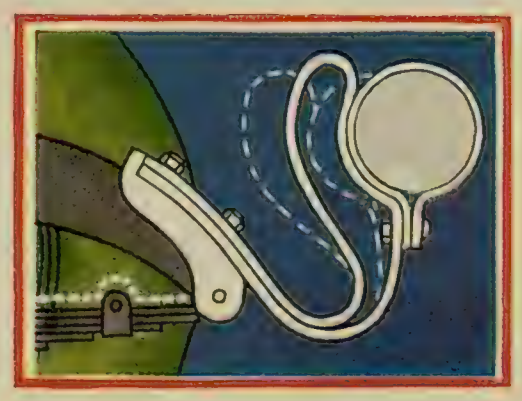
Give it, too, in Balcrank, the fullest protection. For Balcrank keeps the new car new, protecting fenders and body from wrinkles and scars.

Swung out, fore and aft, Balcrank rides ready to take the shocks of careless traffic—to "soak up" each bump in its deep-throated spring mountings of tempered steel. That done, Balcrank deflects any jar that may remain, *downward*, to spend itself in the car's own springs.

No other bumper of any type does or can do this. It is Balcrank's exclusive contribution to your motoring safety—the answer of

U. S. Pat. and Pats. Pending

The double Balcrank springs partly absorb collision shock. Any excess shock is deflected downward, *to be "soaked up" by the car springs. This is an exclusive Balcrank principle*



BAL

Trade Mark Registered

© 1928, The Cincinnati Ball Crank Company

—OR'S THE THING

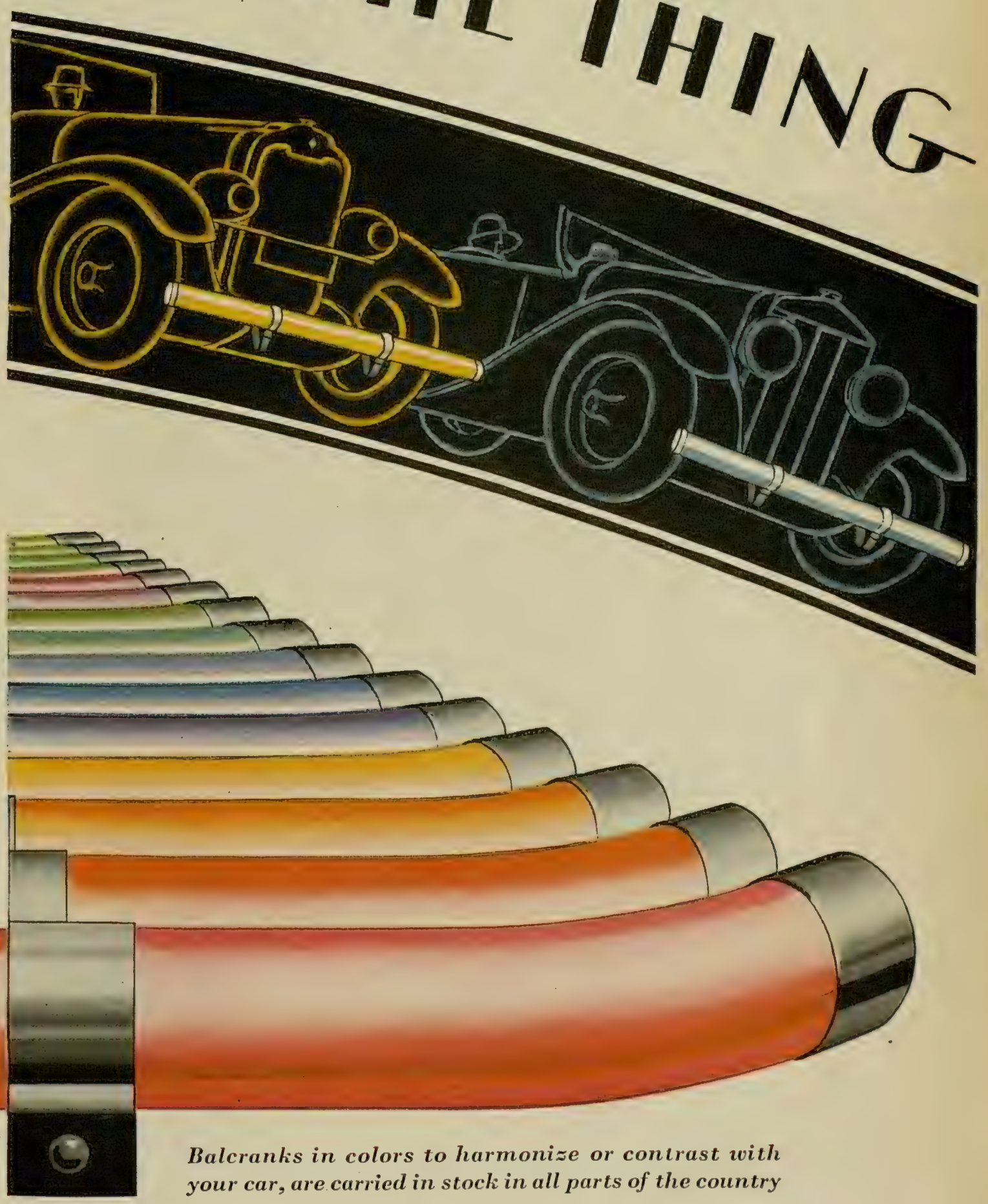
modern engineering to today's helter-skelter traffic—a "collision-absorber."

You'll see Balcranks on the finest cars that grace the boulevard—because they belong there. And you'll be glad to know it's a simple matter to have Balcranks on your car.

The factory price of cars *seldom* includes bumpers. Your dealer will be glad to deliver your car Balcrank-equipped in your own choice of many smart colors, lacquered and baked on by a process that prevents chipping and scaling off.

Of course Balcranks are imitated. The quality product bears the name Balcrank.

THE CINCINNATI BALL CRANK COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

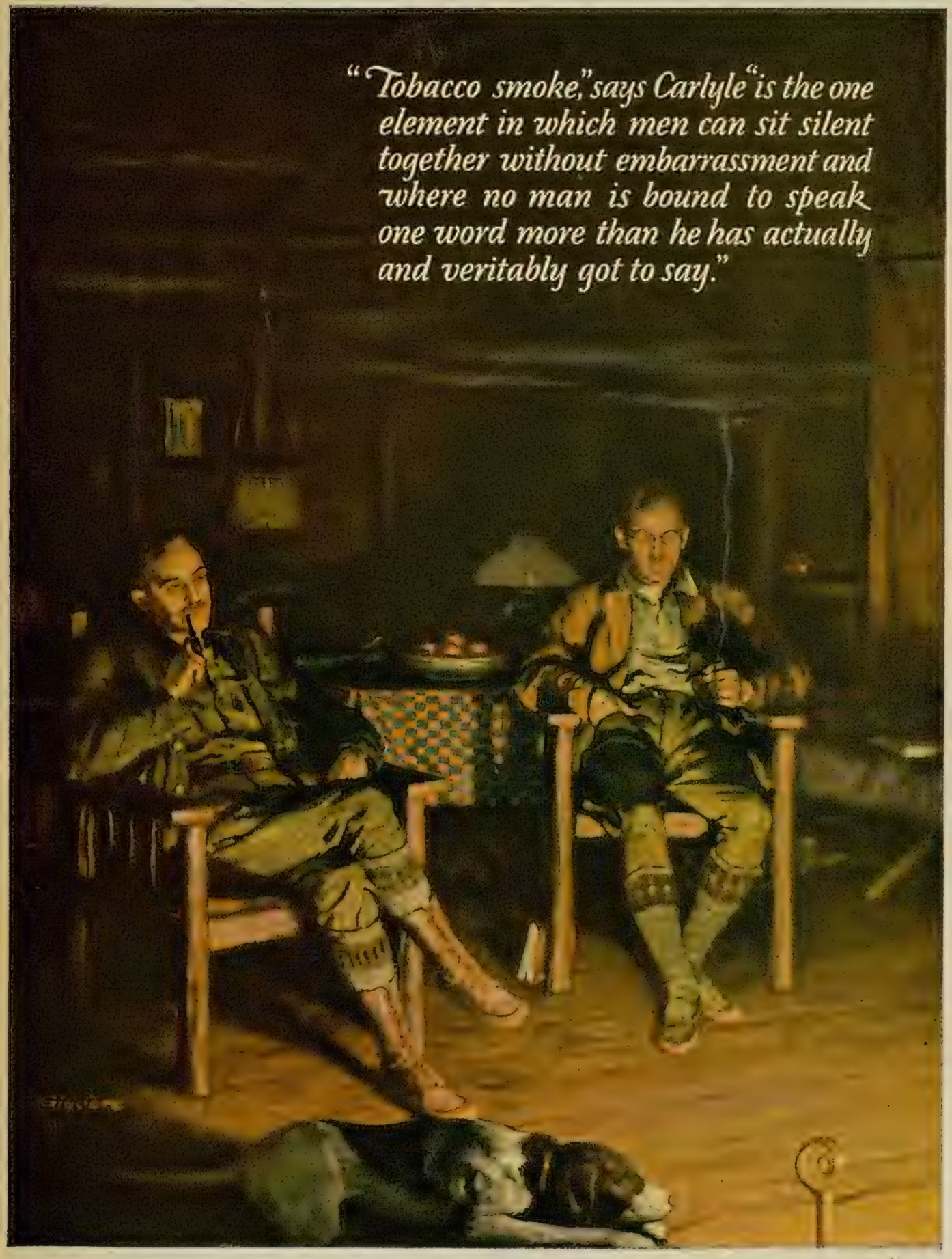


Balcranks in colors to harmonize or contrast with your car, are carried in stock in all parts of the country

CRANK BUMPERS

Pipe smokers:

Here, gentlemen, is tobacco that like an old friend, wears exceedingly well!



WITH some tobaccos, as with some people, you always feel completely at ease. Just so with Granger Rough Cut.

Here, gentlemen, is one downright comfortable pipe tobacco. Pack up your pipe with Granger and you're at peace with the world. Granger gives just that kind of smoking satisfaction.

Not too "stout" but full of character, Granger has that full-bodied richness that marks a truly fine tobacco. Rough cut for coolness and carefully mellowed according to an old tobacco secret, it's the smoothest smoke that ever floated out from your old pet pipe.

What's more, Granger is not a temperamental tobacco. You'll like it as much a year from now as you do the very first puff.

NOTE—GRANGER is packed in heavy foil instead of costly tin and is priced accordingly, at ten cents the package. Do not let this modest price mislead you, but judge GRANGER solely on its good taste and fine smoking qualities.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

A TOBACCO MADE AND CUT FOR PIPES . . . 10 CENTS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

you see me? And the other guy says, I saw you at the house. And the actor said, Hell, that was nothin, you should have caught me at the grave yard.

Its supposed to be a good story Marg, but its over my head. I know just how he feels. I lost my watch once. You think because Ive been peddlin tonsil syrup that I havent any heart. But believe me I have. Its yellow and hard and Im fuller sediment.

You should see the bride and gloom thats in my car. My God what an awful glutton for punishment he must be. Shes takin him out on their funnymoon to see the Grand Canyun. He certainly must a bin a tired business man to grab a fritter like her. She must a been a warbler in somebodys road show. Shes a blond with a heart like a front axle. When she grabbed him he forgot to duck.

I MET a tough guy on the observation car what I think comes from Chicago because he has a coupla holes in his hat.

The way hes goin for the Tiffinys and cakes slays me. It burns me up Marg to see a patsy like him goin for the rap. Im not trying to put her in the grease Marg, but shes an awful punk. Even your girl friend with the crockery glim is a queen alongside of this wart. Shes got a patten leather hair comb with a boyish bob and my dear the mud guards stick out.

And can she punish the giggle soup, I ask you. She takes a half a dozen snappy nips every hour and never bats an eyelash. When it comes to drinkin she does a Ruth Elder in it. She could make a Scotchman buy out a gift shop.

But I should sit in the twilight and age about her.

Did you ever ride in a Pullman Marg? Well you aint missin much. At night the porter comes in with a tire iron and begins pullin stuff out and makin up the beds. First he pulls out a bunch of pipe fittins and then a couple of boards and a flock of dry goods and the first thing you know there's a couple of flops all made up. Then he hangs green carpets on em.

Oh its a riot. You have to get a ladder to go to bed. The porter hoists you in. When you get in the thing you have to fold up like a soldier crab to get your things off.

Holy smoke Marg did you ever try to take your pants off in a Pullman? Well, I can see now where Houdini got his start. I could get out of a packin case if it was built by Scotland Yard after this trip. I tried to get in the hammock like I was in the army, but you cant get in them little things.

IN the middle of the night when I was right in the middle of a good sleep the engineer got playful like and slammed on the brakes. The next thing I knew my feet were folded around my neck in the pillar.

The porter told me the next mornin that a friend of the engineers had given him a drink at the last station and when he rounded a sharp curve he saw the moon comin up. He thought it was the headlight of another engine comin at him and he slammed on the brakes. Can you imagin that? The engineer must a bin drinkin leopard sweat.

All the customers quit snorin and poked their heads out of the green carpets to see what was up. They thought we hit a freight train I guess. I spent all mornin tryin to get the kinks out of my neck.

But you should see the brides boy friend. When the motorman put on the brakes the gloom went out on his pan right down the isle in his nightie. And did he squark when he lit on his kisser? You could have heard him on the great Lakes. The bride thought the meal ticket had gone to the glue works. She had visions of goin back to work in the chorus. She wasnt goin to lose a patsy like him so soon, she hadnt had time to chisel him for dough.

If you ask me I think shes goin to give him the run out powder when she gets to Hollywood. Shes got a mean mind for the fillums. He may be a good salesman or whatever, but when it comes to wimin she'll take him like Grant took licker. Shes nobodys imbercile, she *Loves* the boys AND WHAT I MEAN.

Well Marg, when you wake up in the mornin in these Pullmans you drag yourself down to the end of the car for the wash up. Thats the berries. You have about as much privacy as a mazda lamp. The place is filled with guys shavin and such.

A great big punk was tryin to shave with an old fashioned razor next to me while the speedometer in the engine was clockin about sixtyfive flat. Just when hes workin around his left ear the train hits a right hand twist and he does a back flip on the floor.

On the level you couldnt tell whether he was hit with an aeroplane propellar or fell out of a lions cage. His left ear was hangin on a string. Talk about a masserker—the world war had nothin on him.

After youre all washed up you walk about two miles thru the train to the dinin car and order the dry groceries. The trouble is you never can tell whose plate youre eating offer.

Just as we were reaching South Bend, Indiana, the fat broad alongside me reached for her potatoe and speared the two sardines on my plate. I coulder poked her in the eye, the big walrus. Of course, if she had been a knock out every thing would have been hotsy totsy.

Well, after the meal is over you do another marathon thru the rattler until you reach the observation car. It has a porch on the back and everybody sits out there and watches the telegraph poles go by. After youve been there about an hour your friends cant tell you from Al Jolson.

Then you hafta go back in the wash room and do the black bottom again while youre washin up. Oh its fuller charm this travellin business.

A feller in the smokin room was tellin me that he just read where the United $tates had only 3,000,000 gallons of whiskey in storage. Can you beat that? It just shows you Love Lips that a couple of good healthy rattle snakes could tie the country in a knot.

It was only last week that I got a letter from my partner the revenoo agent. He said that Canada had run out of licker and was sendin down to Long Island to borrow some. Dont you love it?

It seems to me Marg that prohibishun is gettin worse all the time. Everybody seems to be drinkin. It was only last week that I was out to a swell house in Westchester, and right in the middle of the party the mother called up to her daughter, age eight, she yells, Helen, if you dont stop usin your grandmothers lip stick and rouge, Im goin to put you to bed without any GIN.

I COULD get out of a packin case if it was built by Scotland Yard after this trip.

Wouldnt that panik you? Its only a question of time before youll be hearin, Mother, the baby wants another highball!

I met a tough guy on the observation car what I think comes from Chicago because he has a coupla holes in his hat. Every time he spits he breaks a board. For two bits hed bump you off. Emil Jannings looks like Adolph Menju compared to him. He tried to sell me some foney oil stock, but Ive met them paper hangers before. The only way I got rid of him was I told him I just got out of Sing Sing and he laid off.

WELL, Beautiful, Im on another train pennin this epistol to you. Its the Santa Fa. I stopped off in Chicago for a while to look the place over. Everybody wears an iron vest there because the boys are always doin a bit of gun practise. You hafta walk in the middle of Michigan Boolevard at night if you dont want to go to the creamatory in the morning.

I dropped in to see Mayor Thompson, but he was busy packin up some books to send back to Conan Doyle. He said he could understand those English fellos if he knew what key they spoke in.

I also went out to see two of my pals what are cartoonists. Sidney Smith what draws the Gumps and Frank Willard what draws Moon Mullins.

You should see Sids place out in Lake Geneva Marg. Oh what a mean hut. He took me for a ride on his big steam yacht and we did a bit of boxing and he nearly closed my eye. He has a full sized ring on his place and a statue of Gump stands on the lawn about twentyfive feet high all bronze and everything. Hes a great guy.

And did he drive me back to the train in one of them land-goin airplanes of his. My dear, the alarm clock on the dash board was pointing at ninty miles per. The telegraph poles looked like teeth in a fine comb. I thought we would either take off or crack up. It took us eight miles to slow down. When I arrived at the station I shivvered out my upper set.

Well Love Lips I got to quit now and get some shut eye as Im tired out. I wish you would tell your old man to quit writin me for more of them french post cards. Your mother wrote me she hasnt been able to live with him ever since he got em. It must be hell for her livin with a crackpot like him.

Im goin to stop off on my way to Hollywood and visit the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico and also see the Grand Canyun.

Watch out for my next letter what will tell you all about it and about Hollywood. I'll give you the low down on them screen stars and how they behave. By this time next week I'll be starring in LOVES PASSIONS.

I just got a wire from my partner the revenoo agent in New York.

It says:

Mike Shea on root
Santa Fa, New Mex

GRAB PAULA NEGRIS' SOUP CONTRACT WHILE IN HOLLYWOOD IT WILL KEEP YOU IN SPORT CARS BARRET MC CORMACK

Remember me to your mother and the junk man. Yours without end,

MIKE SHEA.

Wonder what Mike's going to think of Hollywood? It won't be long now!

She Who Sleeps

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

Barry and His Father Enter the Tomb of the Buried Princess

A Serial by

SAX ROHMER

(Reading time: 22 minutes 15 seconds.)

BARRY CUMBERLAND fell in love with a girl he had never spoken to. Shortly after this he joined an expedition which left for Egypt with an incredible purpose—strangely linked with the unknown girl.

Barry's father, John Cumberland, wealthy New Yorker, collected Egyptian antiquities. Danbazzar, a dealer, sold him an amazing illustrated papyrus and a formula. The papyrus gave an account of the entombment, thousands of years before, of a sleeping princess. Not only her body but her life itself was to be held intact within a mummy case. The formula listed the ingredients of the draft which could restore her from time to time.

The name of this Princess—whom John Cumberland determined to revive—was Zalithea. Miraculously her picture bore a striking likeness to the girl Barry loved!

He had seen her first by the glare of a flash of lightning. Driving his car before a storm at dusk, he had lost his way. A house loomed before him. The flash came—and a vision. High above him on a balcony stood a beautiful girl in the robes of an Egyptian princess: cloudy robes, held by a jeweled girdle. Thrilled, Barry lost control of the wheel. There was a smash—unconsciousness—a hospital bed.

Recovered, he went again to the house of the balcony. It proved to be the property of one John Brown with a virago of a caretaker as sole occupant. But later Barry saw—in maddening glimpses only—the face that haunted him.

And now, in a desert camp near Luxor, together with his father, his father's friend, Professor Blackwell, Danbazzar, and his assistant, Hassan es-Sugra, he was waiting secretly to enter a tomb.

But a certain Mr. Tawwab, inspired by the spirit of blackmail and backed by a train of Arabs, seemed determined to block the game.

PART FIVE

A BEAM of light shining out across the bottom of the *wadi* and the unmistakable rattle of poker chips signified that John Cumberland and the Professor were still at their game. The appearance of Danbazzar—with Barry—however, broke it up, and, eagerly listened to by the party, he gave a detailed account of his visit to Luxor.

"I can't imagine any reason for the Arabs coming in this direction," said John Cumberland, when Mr. Tawwab's warning had been repeated to the party.

Danbazzar tensed his lips in a grim manner, reaching across for the bottle of Martell Three

Danbazzar escorted Mr. Tawwab to where a servant waited with two horses.

Stars, his favorite beverage in moments of reflection.

"Of course," Professor Blackwell remarked, "they may assume that we have large sums of money in our possession."

"They would assume rightly!" Barry remarked. "Can you count on the men, Danbazzar?"

"On the excavators?" the latter inquired, pouring out a drink and turning his eyes toward the speaker. "On every man of them."

"We haven't arms enough to go round," John Cumberland murmured. "Oh, it's unthinkable, anyway!"

"All the same," said Barry, "I suggest we mount guard in future—here as well as at the tomb. And as it's too late to make any other arrangements tonight, I think we ought to take watches ourselves."

Professor Blackwell raised his gaunt form, ducking his head to avoid contact with the sloping roof of the tent.

"I appoint myself first guard," he announced. "I'll take the Lee-Enfield."

WITH the heel of his riding boot Danbazzar pushed a long wooden chest in the Professor's direction. It contained a moderately extensive collection of arms. Blackwell opened it and selected a rifle of the British service pattern. Having charged the magazine with care, he lighted a fresh cigar, and, nodding to the others, strolled outside the tent. His footsteps might be heard receding along the *wadi*.

"For many reasons, I hope we break through in the next three days," Danbazzar went on, ending a short, uncomfortable silence.

He nodded his massive head in the direction of his own tent, which lay to the south.

"It took me years to collect the ingredients mentioned in the formula. Some of them are perishable. One oil I got from Persia six months ago is already changing color under the influence of climate. Besides, if these things

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Before Shaving
HINDS CREAM

Want to smile
Back at yourself
In the mirror
Each morning
As you shave?
Then try
This simple trick
Before you lather.
Cuts shaving
Time in half
And man! how
Smooth and easy!
The pictures here
Tell the story.
Try it tomorrow.

Before you lather, rub in Hinds Cream vigorously for two or three seconds. You'll be surprised how it softens the beard!

Then lather right over the Hinds Cream while it is still wet. Boy! what a clean, smooth, easy shave!

After shaving, rub in a little more Hinds Cream until your fingers cling. Your skin will feel soft and relaxed all day.

After Shaving
HINDS CREAM

© L. & F. INC., 1928

LEHN & FINK, INC.
Sole Distributors
Dept. 1488
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, so I can enjoy a smooth shave for once.

Name.....

Address.....

(This coupon not good after March, 1929)

Shave your face but save your skin

[SHE WHO SLEEPS
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

were destroyed, God knows when I'd assemble them again."

"But you have the case well hidden," said John Cumberland.

"It's buried in the sand under the floor of my tent, but I don't feel too happy about it, all the same."

"The papyrus!" cried Barry eagerly. "You have that with you?"

"Not on your life!" Danbazzar returned. "No, sir. I have a photograph of it, and one of the formula as well. The originals are in the vault of my New York bank.

"And now," he said, standing up, "I'm going along to look at the work. If that second portcullis is broken, there's no reason why we shouldn't be down to the mummy chamber tomorrow. It would be better if you both remained in camp till I return. We shall have to follow some rule of this kind for the present."

HE took a small repeater from his pocket and dropped it in the arms chest, taking in its place a heavy revolver. When he had gone, John Cumberland looked at his son rather blankly.

"I hope and believe, Barry," said he, "that this thing is a big bluff. If it isn't, I shall feel inclined to withdraw. If we definitely came to blows with these Arabs, the whole plan would be exposed. I can't afford to take that risk, even if Danbazzar can. Imagine the disgrace if we were arrested! No. If it comes to shooting, this party must break up."

In short, Mr. Tawwab's conversation with Danbazzar had created an unpleasant feeling of tension.

"I'll take the next watch, Dad," said Barry. "You might as well turn in."

HE dreamed he was in the tomb of Zalithea, beside a hinged sarcophagus which was slowly, slowly, very slowly opening!

John Cumberland hesitated for a moment, and then stood up.

"I will," he agreed. "Good night!"

"Good night, Dad."

A FEW minutes afterward Barry lighted a cigarette and helped himself to a nightcap, reflecting that he might as well have two or three hours' sleep.

He turned in fully dressed, and lay down on his bed. Somewhere in the distance a jackal howled—a regiment of jackals. Then silence fell. Once he heard a distant voice. Finally he fell asleep. . . .

He dreamed he was in the tomb of Zalithea, beside a hinged sarcophagus which was slowly, slowly, very slowly opening! A light shone out from its interior. Then a hand appeared—a gaunt, long-fingered hand.

Barry sat suddenly upright. A sharp sound had awakened him. And as he leaped from his bed he knew it was the crack of a rifle!

PROFESSOR BLACKWELL was holding the tent flap aside. Outlined against reflected moonlight, he bent, looking in. Barry heard dim voices.

"What is it?" he demanded hoarsely, as he came out.

"There's a party of Arabs up on the caravan road!" said Professor Blackwell in a low, urgent voice.

"Where is my father?" Barry whispered.

"Here I am, Barry!"

Barry groped his way in the direction of the speaker.

Danbazzar appeared and spoke in a harsh whisper: "Who fired that shot?"

"I don't know," Professor Blackwell returned. "It came from high up in the mountains. It must have been one of the Arabs."

"I wonder!" murmured John Cumberland. "I make the time half after two. The second shift comes on at four, so that no one is likely to have been moving—un-

less one of the watchmen may have seen something—"

"*Sssh-ssh!*" came a warning. "*Look!*"

High on the ridge above them the figure of a horseman appeared, a magnificent silhouette against the deepening blue of the sky! A moment he remained there. Then —no sound reaching their ears— he disappeared magically, as he had come!

"I want someone to go up to the excavation." It was Danbazzar speaking in a suppressed undertone.

"I'll go!" Barry volunteered promptly.

"It's just possible," Danbazzar went on, "that something may have gone wrong there. It is also possible they mayn't know the Arabs are here. Order everybody to stay under cover except the guards. All work to be suspended till further instructions. Got it clear?"

"All set," Barry replied promptly.

"Be careful, my boy," said John Cumberland.

"Here" — said Danbazzar — "take this."

BARRY found a service revolver thrust into his hand. Thereupon he set off. He slunk in the shadows, ever conscious, when the dangerous ridge was in sight, of the possibility of being seen, or—worse—of being shot.

Having heard no sound to indicate the presence of any living thing on the plateau above, he came to that midnight gully which opened out immediately above the tomb.

Peering from the end of it, he clapped his hands very softly.

An answering signal came from the top of the slope. He surmised that the guard at the lower end was out of hearing. Mentally reviewing what he knew of the course of the caravan road, he determined that from no point upon it was this valley visible.

He surveyed the rocky face of the mountain before him, crossed and hurried to the trap, pausing a moment before he raised it.

Very softly he clapped his hands again. An answering signal came from beyond the canvas.

Gently he lifted the shallow box of sand, turned and groped with his foot for the first of the wooden steps below, ducked his head, and lowered the trap. He took three steps, walking backward, then turned, and stared up a little incline.

Above him a lantern was set upon a heap of débris in the yawning entrance to the tomb. And, where dim light shone upward upon his ascetic face, stood Hassan es-Sugra, smiling with gentle melancholy.

No sound came from the depths of the tunnel.

"Hassan," said Barry, "the Hawwarah Arabs are here!"

Hassan bowed gravely and extended his hand to help Barry up the slope.

"I know, sir," he replied. "We heard the shot, and I ordered everyone to be silent."

"Did they fire at one of the watchmen?" Barry asked, scrambling up beside the speaker.

"No," Hassan said. "I do not know why the shot was fired. But everything was stopped until news came from outside."

Squatting about amid the débris of the excavation in the curious artificial cave created by the screen, a group of workmen regarded Barry with glances in which only smiling curiosity could be read.

He stared down into the haunted depths of the shaft, and then back again to Hassan es-Sugra.

"It was written that we should succeed," said Hassan. "The second portcullis is broken. I cannot say how it was broken. But we have made a way through—"

"Well!" Barry cried. "What's below?"

"A small square chamber," Hassan replied, "without any decorations. On the right is a doorway. It has been closed with square blocks and cemented up. We have removed one of these blocks without great difficulty.

"When the warning came I had just shone the light of a torch through the opening, sir, which the workmen had made, and—"

"Yes!"

Barry grasped his arm hard.

"It is the burial chamber," Hassan went on calmly. "A great granite sarcophagus is there, untouched."

Almost too excited for speech, Barry pointed — and Hassan, gravely inclining his head, took from beneath his robe a pocket torch.

Stooping, he led the way down the shaft.

AT the side of the first portcullis was an irregular opening wide enough for a man to squeeze through. Hassan went first and then so directed the light of his torch as to assist Barry to follow.

"Now, sir," he said, as the latter joined him in the lower part of the tunnel, "be careful here. The roof has fallen. It is this, I think, that broke the second door."

Bending forward, and at one point going on all fours, the two pressed on, presently climbing through a gap not more than eighteen inches high, over a mass of broken granite.

Another twenty feet, and the descent ceased. They found themselves in a small square chamber hewn out of living rock, some three paces across and perhaps nine feet high.

At first glance the wall upon the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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15	2,361.00	1,574.00	787.00
16	2,325.00	1,550.00	775.00
17	2,274.00	1,516.00	758.00
18	2,238.00	1,492.00	746.00
19	2,190.00	1,460.00	730.00
20	2,157.00	1,438.00	719.00
21	2,112.00	1,408.00	704.00
22	2,070.00	1,380.00	690.00
23	2,028.00	1,352.00	676.00
24	1,986.00	1,324.00	662.00
25	1,935.00	1,290.00	645.00
26	1,899.00	1,266.00	633.00
27	1,851.00	1,234.00	617.00
28	1,806.00	1,204.00	602.00
29	1,764.00	1,176.00	588.00
30	1,713.00	1,142.00	571.00
31	1,677.00	1,118.00	559.00
32	1,629.00	1,086.00	543.00
33	1,578.00	1,052.00	526.00
34	1,530.00	1,020.00	510.00
35	1,485.00	990.00	495.00
36	1,443.00	962.00	481.00
37	1,395.00	930.00	465.00
38	1,350.00	900.00	450.00
39	1,305.00	870.00	435.00
40	1,260.00	840.00	420.00
41	1,221.00	814.00	407.00
42	1,173.00	782.00	391.00
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[SHE WHO SLEEPS
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

right resembled that in front and that upon the left; but the trained eye of Hassan es-Sugra had almost immediately detected the trick. It was plaster covering square blocks—in part at least. This plaster had been chipped away—it was several inches in thickness—over a space of a square yard or so. Beams of wood and all sorts of excavators' implements lay about the apartment. And, presumably by means of these, one of the blocks had been forced into the chamber beyond. The effect was that of a small square window in a very thick wall.

"Take the torch, please," said Hassan, "and shine it through, a little to the left."

Barry grasped the light and thrust it forward into the opening. A beam shone out before him upon a rose sandstone sarcophagus! The covering was accurately in place. Clearly no human hand had touched it for centuries.

He experienced a curious choking sensation. He turned the light slowly, so that the beam moved along the top of the sarcophagus lid and beyond, upon the wall of the chamber.

The wall was brilliantly and beautifully painted. Slightly to the right of the sarcophagus, the disk of white light came to rest upon a symbol in high relief, exquisitely colored. It was that which meant: "She Who Sleeps but Who Will Awaken."

II

"IN my opinion," said Professor Blackwell, "the whole thing might be described as a demonstration."

John Cumberland nodded.

"You are right," Danbazzar confirmed, "and we'll have proof of it in the next few hours."

"In what form?" Barry asked.

"A visit from Mr. Ahmed Tawwab!"

Danbazzar tensed his lips, looking fiercely from face to face. The anxious night was ended, and in the light of early morning this was a somewhat haggard company. Danbazzar with Hassan es-Sugra had been up on the crest, and had explored the Farshut caravan road for some five miles northwest of the camp, but had found no trace of the Arabs. It was possible that they were still somewhere in the vicinity, but Danbazzar considered this unlikely.

Mahmoud, grinning cheerfully, appeared with steaming coffee, and as the sun crept up into the sky the vapors of the night disappeared. Triumph was in sight. The discovery of the granite sarcophagus alone, in John Cumberland's opinion, justified the expedition.

"Even if it were empty," said he, "its existence confirms the authenticity of the papyrus."

"It won't be empty," Danbazzar asserted confidently. "That lid has never been moved since a Rameses reigned in these parts. When early tomb robbers have been at work, it's generally found smashed. Certainly they would never have taken the trouble to put it back again."

The figure of a horseman appeared, a magnificent silhouette against the sky.

"How long will it take to remove the other blocks?" Barry asked excitedly.

"We ought to be in tonight!" was the reply. "It's an easy job. That doorway was only temporarily walled up—as we might have expected."

"And what about lifting the lid?"

"We have a set of jacks for the purpose, Barry," his father replied. "They are in the cases that were shipped from Birmingham to Port Said. It is this sort of heavy gear that makes our position so dangerous. If Mr. Tawwab saw those jacks, for instance—"

DANBAZZAR had brought some mail across from Luxor, including a cable for Barry from Jim Sakers, which had infuriated the former to the very limit of endurance. It was conceived as follows:

> Called on Mr. Brown yesterday afternoon. Door was opened by Princess. Recognized description. Height five eight. Age fifty-two. Weight 192. She carried a rolling pin at beginning of interview and threw it at end of same. Congratulations. JIM.

There was also a letter from Aunt Micky touching briefly upon the principal causes of dysentery in hot climates and emphasizing the claims of Vichy water as a dentifrice.

Barry hurried back to the excavation, his father accompanying him. Danbazzar had a number of arrangements to make in regard to the transport of necessary implements to the tomb, and it was considered desirable that one representative of the party should remain in camp. Therefore Professor Blackwell remained.

LATE in the forenoon, while the Professor sat in the shade before his tent, studying through a magnifying glass a number of small bones from the arm of a mummy, a distant shot sounded from somewhere between the camp and Kurna.

Professor Blackwell placed the specimens inside the tent and, standing up, clapped his hands sharply. An Arab appeared from the kitchen and saluted the Professor.

"Danbazzar *effendi!*" said the latter, and pointed southwest.

The Arab saluted again and set off at a steady trot along the *wadi*.

About half an hour later, Danbazzar appeared, followed by the Arab messenger.

"You got the signal?" he asked abruptly.

Professor Blackwell nodded.

"Half an hour ago," he replied.

"Then we can expect him almost any time," said Danbazzar.

"Have you got everything ready to be moved up to the tomb?" the Professor asked.

"Yes," Danbazzar nodded. "I'm only waiting to get the measure of Tawwab. Then I'll shoot all along."

They were apparently deep in conversation and quite unaware of the presence of any stranger, when presently Ahmed Tawwab strolled into the *wadi*. He was smoking a cigarette and looking about him.

Danbazzar suddenly saw him, and:

"Why, Mr. Tawwab!" he exclaimed, and jumped up. "Look, Professor, who's here!"

"Surely, Mr. Tawwab?" the Professor murmured. "How fortunate you find us at home!"

COFFEE was prepared and a perfectly meaningless conversation began. After a long time:

"Mr. Cumberland and your other young friend will be returning shortly?" Mr. Tawwab inquired.

"Probably in an hour or so," Danbazzar assured him. "They are visiting one of the more interesting tombs."

"Ah! The tombs? Yes. I thought they might be shooting."

"Shooting?" Danbazzar echoed. "No, I don't think so; not this morning."

"I thought I heard a shot," Mr. Tawwab explained, "down on the edge of the swampy ground, to the left of the road. You know the spot I mean?"

"Quite!" murmured Professor Blackwell. "Quite! It might have been one of our fellows after quail."

"You are wise, however, in delaying your departure," said the Egyptian.

"How is that?" Professor Blackwell asked politely.

"Well"—Mr. Tawwab extended his palm apologetically—"it is not to our credit to say so, but the whole of the country west of the Nile, from here across to Farshut or even farther north, is in a somewhat disturbed condition. In fact"—he sighed reflectively—"the Mudir, I am sure, would feel more happy if you would return to Luxor."

"That would cheer him up, would it?" said Danbazzar. "I fear, however, that to return to Luxor would interfere with our plans."

"We should never forgive ourselves," Mr. Tawwab murmured, "if you were molested in any way. Even if you were not harmed personally, your property might be destroyed or stolen. I dislike to think of it."

"So do I," Professor Blackwell declared.

"We know rather more about the nature of the disturbance," Tawwab pursued evenly, "than when you called upon us. It is a matter concerning the collection of certain revenues; concessions demanded by the Sheik Ishmail we are not, as a matter of fact, prepared to grant. But, oddly enough, the negotiations have been left practically in my hands, as I know the Sheik Ishmail quite intimately."

"I rather thought you did," said Danbazzar, with a large, amiable smile.

He exchanged a significant glance with Professor Blackwell, and the latter, by a prearranged plan, stood up, glancing at his wrist watch.

"I have a few notes to make on the subject of those mummy bones," he murmured, "and there's only just time before lunch. Perhaps, Mr. Tawwab, you will excuse me for a few minutes?"

Mr. Tawwab also stood up and bowed most ceremoniously as the Professor departed to his own tent.

The interview between Danbazzar and Mr. Tawwab occupied an inordinately long time.

It was ultimately settled amicably, however, Mr. Tawwab expressing his profound regret that he could not wait for the return of Messrs. John and Barry Cumberland, but important official business demanded his speedy reappearance in Luxor.

Having escorted him to where a servant waited with two horses, Danbazzar threw the stump of a cigar upon the sand, and stood staring after the horsemen.

When presently he rejoined Professor Blackwell:

"How much?" the latter asked, standing up to greet him.

"Ten thousand piasters for the first week," Danbazzar replied calmly; "twenty thousand piasters for the second week; forty thousand piasters if we stay over into a third, and so on. In other words, five hundred dollars for the first week; a thousand dollars for the second; and two thousand dollars for the third, or any part of the third, during which we remain here."

"And suppose John Cumberland declines to submit to this extortion?"

Danbazzar dropped down upon a small packing case. "In the first place, we'd be raided tonight by some scurvy bunch of Arabs in the pay of Tawwab. If we came out smiling, from tomorrow onward we'd be watched so closely the game wouldn't be worth the candle. He would then threaten official interference.

"The real shape of our job in the valley shown up, Mr. Tawwab would next suggest, say, a hundred thousand piasters to let us go home to America. Alternative—send us to Cairo for trial!

Burton Holmes photo

"Professor"—he extended his palms in an extravagant imitation of Ahmed Tawwab's favorite gesture—"he has walked away with my check on the National Bank of Egypt for ten thousand piasters. We've got a clear week."

"Do you think he will stick to his bargain?"

"Certainly not!" roared Danbazzar. "If we were ready to move in three days, it would make no difference. He'd want at least another fifty thousand piasters to let us leave Luxor."

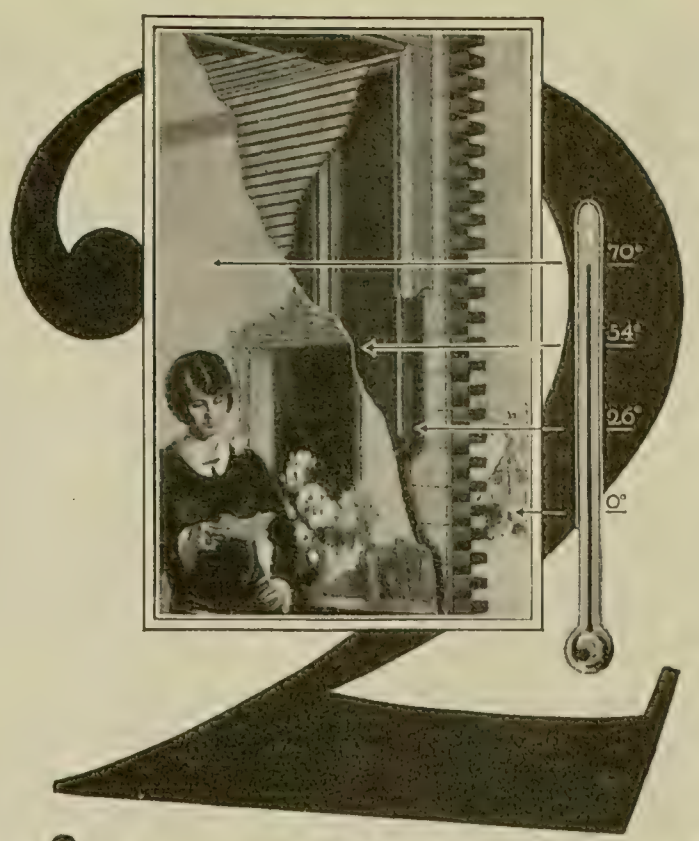
"Expensive," the Professor murmured.

"It *would* be," Danbazzar returned, "if we paid it."

III

THE sun was casting its last shafts of gold across the fringe of the Libyan Desert when Barry

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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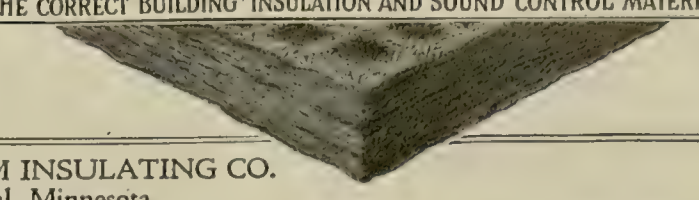

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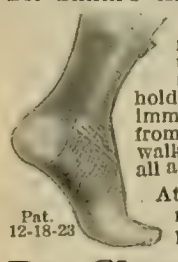

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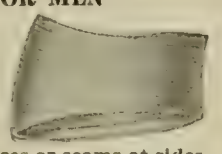

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[SHE WHO SLEEPS Continued from Page Fifty-one]

Cumberland stepped over the threshold and entered the tomb of Zalithea. Danbazzar and John Cumberland followed, Professor Blackwell hard upon their heels, and Hassan es-Sugra, smiling in gentle triumph, brought up the rear.

Sweat-grimed workmen crowded the outer chamber.

No inscription of any kind appeared upon the sides or lid of the great granite sarcophagus, but the walls were very beautifully painted. The atmosphere was so oppressive as to be almost insupportable.

Danbazzar was the first to break the silence.

"The name of Princess Zalithea," he said, his deep voice oddly hushed, "occurs, as you can see, in several places." He directed the ray of his torch from point to point.

BARRY, wholly absorbed in his own peculiar reflections, was passing around the sarcophagus, feeling its surface with his fingers, peering into the tiny crevices between the lid and the lip. Meanwhile, Danbazzar and John Cumberland were bending almost reverently over a strangely shaped, squat table on which were salvers, bowls, curious-looking phials, and a number of tall, slender lamps.

"Observe," said Danbazzar, a note of triumph in his deep voice: "*these* are not the usual funerary offerings!"

Professor Blackwell's long, bony fingers were extended toward one of the phials, but:

"No, no, Blackwell!" cried John Cumberland excitedly. "Don't touch it! Touch nothing! It may crumble!"

The Professor withdrew his greedy hand reluctantly.

"And I wonder what that casket contains?" he murmured.

The casket to which he referred, an exquisitely carved object, stood by itself upon a sort of pedestal, some little distance from the table and beside a long, low couch, the legs carved to represent the feet of a leopard. Danbazzar almost imperiously waved him to silence.

"The casket, gentlemen," he said—"as well as the bowls and bottles—contains the ingredients mentioned in the formula! I have seen enough already to tell me my preparations are complete."

"It is almost more than I can believe!" declared John Cumberland rapturously.

Barry, one hand resting upon the sarcophagus, faced him, and:

"Dad," he said, "it's *altogether* more than *I* can believe!"

"What?" Danbazzar demanded. "That here before us, perished but recognizable, lie the ingredients of the formula as they were prepared by the last priest to wake Zalithea, for the use of his successor?"

"No," Barry replied; "*that's* hard enough; but what I cannot believe is that the woman who is the center of this incredible story lies *here*, in this sarcophagus!"

"Personally, my mind is open!" Professor Blackwell asserted, glancing around him.

"We'll have the lid off in an hour!" Danbazzar declared. "But, before we start, there are quite a lot of precautions we have to take."

Two hours later the gear for lifting the great granite lid was brought from its hiding place, and everything was put in order for the operation.

Ever distrustful of Ahmed Tawwab, guards armed with rifles had been placed at selected spots northwest of the camp along the caravan road to Farshut, these re-enforcing the ordinary guards in the valley.

The wildest excitement prevailed among the party.

The day wore on. Hassan es-Sugra never left the tomb. It would have been impossible for

Burton Holmes photo

any workman to remove a grain of dust from it and escape the scrutiny of those gazelle-like eyes. Barry's enthusiasm was such that the tedious methods employed by Danbazzar for raising the lid of the sarcophagus tortured him to the border of frenzy. At one point:

"Why all these precautions?" he cried. "You are making a perfectly preposterous fuss about lifting that lid—as though it would matter very much if we dropped it!"

"I see!" Danbazzar spoke softly, regarding the younger man through half-closed eyes. "If you were lying in a stone chest next to hermetically sealed, and somebody dropped half a ton of granite on top of it"—his voice suddenly rose, booming around the inclosed chamber—"where in hell do you think you'd be?"

"Good Lord!" Barry was startled. "Of course! You are quite right!"

"You'd be dead of concussion!" Danbazzar shouted. "Thundering concussion! This is my business—and I'll do it in my own way!"

He was formidable in his sudden anger, and Barry realized that he had committed an unforgivable *faux pas*—that of criticizing an artist in the practice of his profession.

THE coming of dusk found the raising gear in place to Danbazzar's satisfaction, at which point he cleared the tomb, leaving Hassan es-Sugra on guard in the outer chamber.

"The eight-o'clock shift will start the lifting," he pronounced. "We all want dinner, so we'll all have it."

They returned to the camp in the *wadi*, taking turns in the portable bath supervised by the grinning Mahmoud.

"Tonight," said Danbazzar, when dinner was over, "the lid of the sarcophagus will be raised."

"What then?" cried Barry.

"There'll be an inner sarcophagus," was the reply, "probably of sycamore and elaborately painted. Our next task will be to raise that, which won't be difficult. Nor will the opening of the wooden lid; but"—he paused, carefully lighted his cigar, and rolled it between his fingers for a moment—"I'm going to give orders. The raising of the second lid will be easy. But it won't be raised until I say the word."

"Why?" cried Barry.

Danbazzar turned to him.

"The raising of that lid will be the first critical moment. We don't know what we shall find. But we have to suppose that there is a woman there—in what we might describe as a trance. Now"—he performed a slow, impressive gesture—"Princess Zalithea, if she's there and still living, last saw this world in the days of the Pharaohs!—according to my calculations, about the time of Rameses the Ninth. Let's put ourselves in her place. She will suddenly find herself surrounded by a group of wild-eyed devils—I include myself—wearing fantastic clothes and speaking a barbaric language! Now, this can't be."

"I follow you entirely," said Professor Blackwell. "Quite! Quite! And I see what you are about to propose."

"Good for you, Professor!" Danbazzar nodded appreciatively. "When we take that lid off, we have got to be dressed like ancient Egyptians—and we have got to be silent! Leave the talking to me. I have the outfit."

They did not linger long over their coffee, but hurried back to the excavation.

GUARDS were posted as on the previous night.

The 8-o'clock shift had returned to quarters and the 12-o'clock shift was near to its time of departure before the great lid was raised high enough to enable them to explore the interior of the granite coffin.

It contained a magnificent wooden sarcophagus, highly gilded and painted. The lid, which was in relief, represented the figure of the occupant—a girl, clad in a gauzy robe, her hands clasped upon her bosom and holding a lotus flower. The *ankh*—symbol of life—was at her head and her feet. The presentment was wonderful—uncanny.

Barry's mood changed. He felt suddenly sick. He believed that he was likely to swoon.

The eyes, the hair, the full lips, the slender, cloudily clad figure—This was madness! He stood upright, his hand raised to his brow. Perspiration was dripping into his eyes.

It was *she!* It was the girl of his dreams!

More, far more, than a coincidence: this was a miracle—or a delusion!

When the sarcophagus lay open, Professor Blackwell was overcome almost to the point of collapse. What happened to Barry at this crisis is told in next week's installment.

The Little Dinner Dress Idea

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THE idea of the "little dinner dress" gains in popularity every day. Of course we all know by this time what is meant by the term. It is a dress you slide on over your head very simply, and by this one gesture dress yourself for evening. No special suits of underwear are needed. No putting on of a separate slip only to find that its delicate flimsiness is torn or faded or soiled from a previous wearing and has to be changed.

It is just "a little dress" without sleeves and perhaps with a heavy string of flowers flung over one shoulder, and a low neck, sometimes a lot lower in the back than in the front, and then in other instances circling the neck in the back while dipping so low in front that it has to have a piece of pink chiffon pinned in a horizontal line across the bottom of the opening to disguise how low the décolletage is. This is just about all there is to the costume unless you wish to encourage some of the newer creations that are already undermining its stark simplicity with a growing elaborateness.

The dinner dress shown here is of the latter kind. The bodice ties up with the skirt in almost an ecclesiastical line down the front, and yet certain facts make the dress slightly elaborate. The finely plaited skirt, with its long, pointed front, is one of these, and the blouse in flowered material, instead of matching the lower part of the dress, is another. It is rather refreshing, by the way, to see the beautiful evenness of this hemline descending symmetrically into a point after so many jagged edges to skirts. The dress has a crushed girdle and a bow down the front.

This black velvet coat has ermine trimming for the cuffs and the tuxedo front.

A simple little dinner dress of black and white chiffon embroidered in gold.

With its narrow fur collar, this tweed coat features the slightly molded silhouette.

Printed chiffon of the new "sketchy" print makes this dress in beige and henna.

After all, the sort of preparation one must do for wearing a "little" evening dress is profounder than any of those mentioned above. This requires a continuous, everlasting, perpetual preparation, and not the mere incident of changing one's lingerie.

One must be ever so delicately coiffed and manicured and massaged to carry its bare simplicity. The hairline must be so very carefully clipped, and, if the hair is long, the knot must be drawn low on the back of the neck neatly. One must study to look unstudied, but one must give the impression of trim immaculateness.

The most important factor contributing to this idea is the flat, uncollared, unornamented neckline of the present. No style in recent years has been more popular in coats, which are almost uniformly without revers, in day dresses, and in those for evening too. As the artist says, "The custom of having no collar, and nothing standing up, is going on and on. People are taking enormously good care of themselves and are being perpetually well groomed in order to wear it."

This style in all of its flat-throated austerity appears in our "little" evening dress, even though in other details it inclines to elaborateness. The silhouette and the neckline keep it young and simple.

On some dresses very popular along the Riviera, great fluffy bows are pinned over the line on the left shoulder. Much of the plaiting used today is very tiny, giving to the garment the refinement of lingerie, as in the dress we have been discussing.

The black velvet coat with the tuxedo front outlined in ermine is ultrasmart to wear with it. This dress and coat, when worn together, are especially new in their punctiliously even hemlines which are exactly the same length, and they form a striking boundary for the point of the skirt to fall below.

A certain symmetry would appear to be crowding past the modes of this and previous seasons that emphasized the asymmetrical line. Time was when that bow which is now in the middle of the front would have been on one side, and the point would have come wherever its presence would have made the hemline seem most irregular; which would be somewhere on one side, of course. Perhaps this is a forerunner of symmetrical designs and a strictly even hemline for afternoon and other dresses, since the modes of evening nearly always come in advance of those for day.

MAYBE it might be just as well to get started on your printed dress for summer, since no warm season is complete without one. The accompanying model is in a smart and pretty style. It is of chiffon in what they call one of the new "sketchy" prints. The ruffles, going up the side of the skirt and in an exactly parallel line along the blouse, are extremely effective and pretty, I think.

An excellent hat to wear with this is a little toque of black silk or crêpe glued to the head, or at least tight enough so that it looks to be, and embroidered in little square pieces of straw.

This dress with a black coat like the tweed one at the extreme left, makes an excellent costume for so many places and weathers that to list them would be almost like getting up a spring and summer, town and country, warm weather and cool, traveling itinerary.

With such a coat and two or three such dresses of varying degrees of practicability, one is equipped for almost any fate—or fête. The coat shows the very popular nipped-in waistline.

VARIETY is the Spice of LINE

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, March 4.

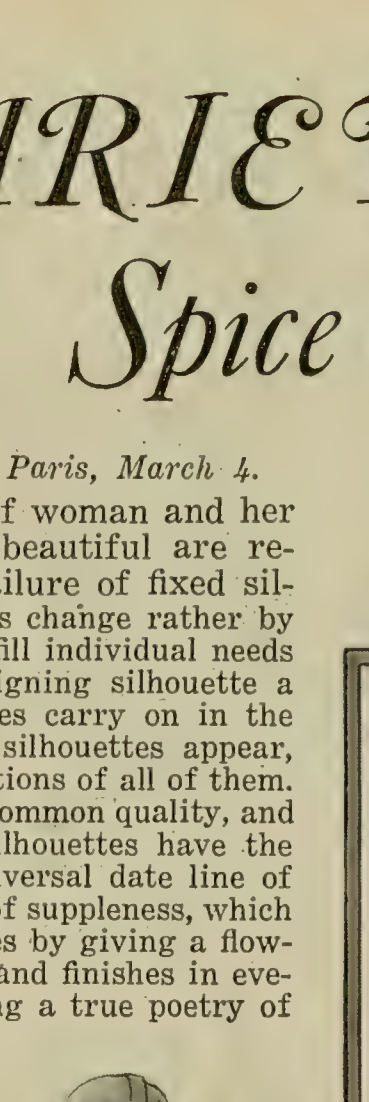
THE infinite variety of woman and her divine right to be beautiful are responsible for the failure of fixed silhouettes in fashion. Styles change rather by broadening their scope to fill individual needs than by giving us one reigning silhouette a season. Familiar silhouettes carry on in the new spring season. New silhouettes appear, and there are endless variations of all of them.

All silhouettes have one common quality, and that is youth. All *new* silhouettes have the girded hipline as their universal date line of chic. This and the quality of suppleness, which begins in daytime ensembles by giving a flowing line to coat and dress, and finishes in evening ensembles by achieving a true poetry of fluttering and floating draperies.

It is the fitted hipline which keeps all of this fluidity of outlines restricted to slenderness and youth. The beginning and the end of the fashionable line this spring—the neckline and the hemline—know no rules or regularity. They fit the individual garment so that they are important contributors to its cachet.

The waistline is higher, but it is not static. Its most important function is to play up the very important hipline. At last Paris has succeeded in incorporating the age-old beauty secret of the girded loins into fashions for all. To do this the couturiers have solved the problem of making all the other lines flow into these lines so that defects, if any, are concealed. Too much flare or too much fit are equally bad, and are therefore eliminated.

Stiff fabrics are too dangerous, so that, outside of a few taffetas, moirés, and satins, there are no rigid materials to be found in the mode as shown in Paris. Even woolens are supple and very loosely woven. There are a myriad of transparent woolens which encourage draped and flowing lines, and there are just as many silks and chiffons of the same type. Colors also are of every tint and hue.



THIS slender silhouette has a skirt which flares and a blouse of shantung.

For those women—and there are many—who are content to retain the simple slender-line silhouette, Paris offers thousands of designs from which to choose. I have selected one which is typical, and Fromenti has illustrated it. The model is from Drecoll, and coat and skirt are made of rose-beige basket-weave woolen.

The coat contains the smart characteristics of its class. They are: Straight lines and simple self-trimming of bands arranged in diagonal lines down the front and in herringbone lines under the arms. No fur. Straight sleeves.

The skirt is the fashionable substitute for the plaited skirt, and that is the skirt made of small flaring gores, hung from a yoke which *fits the hipline.* The simple jumper blouse of shantung also fits the hipline snugly, and is belted with a brown leather belt at the waistline. The narrow ties pass beneath a monogrammed motif.

VERY new is the evening jacket cut décolleté in back. Equally new is the cloth, woven of jet.

Our first sketch in the upper right-hand corner shows one of the new silhouettes for spring. It has the latest type of ensemble coat, which is three-quarter length and which flares from the shoulders. Lucien Lelong makes this model of supple black woolen crêpe, and the collar which frames the head and shoulders is one of the real novelties of fashion. So, too, is the scarf of self-material, which holds the collar against the neck in back.

The frock, which is also made of woolen crêpe, is very slender in line, but not really straight, because the waist blouses a trifle and the skirt has an accordion-plaited godet at the side-front and back. The girded hipline is emphasized by drooping and crossing bands of self-material, similar bands being placed on the looser waist above the narrow black leather belt. The effect of this ensemble is completely Parisian.

LELONG'S latest silhouette (above, left), with a shoulder collar, an uneven hemline, and a fitted hipline. (Right) Not a straight line anywhere. The coat is collared in fox.

The silhouette which will remain as the most significant for the period of spring and summer, 1928, is shown at the extreme upper right. It is the silhouette which will prevail for afternoon and evening. This is only to be successfully achieved with extremely soft materials.

The outstanding points are: The blouse which is not fitted, but which is so closely draped as to suggest the contours of the body. The wide fitted girdle, over which is twined a narrower girdle, that takes away any suggestion of rigidity. The very full, but not flaring, panels in the skirt, which droop and make the hemline uneven. The placing of a soft, illusory scarf around the asymmetrical neckline. The small Le Monnier hat which imitates the sculptured curls of a Greek god.

And finally the cloak, which is very simple, luxuriously trimmed with soft fur, and flowing in an unbroken line from shoulders to straight-around hem. Notice that there is not one hard, straight line in this silhouette and you have its keynote.

OUR central figure shows still another silhouette, and this time a new silhouette for evening. This model, from Lucien Lelong, is made in a novel material, a woven cloth made of jet, as soft as crêpe de Chine. The two-tier skirt—tiers hung from a yoke at the hips, the yoke descending to a point in back—is one which will flourish exceedingly in fashionable wardrobes this spring and summer. Its hemline, which rises in front and falls in a slightly circular point in back, is to be remembered.

Very new and equally smart is the short jacket of jet cloth with a deep décolletage in back, crossed by ties of self-material. The simple blouse of white chiffon has a rising girdle of silver bands crossed at the side-front, joining it to the skirt.

Cash Prizes *for* WORD GOLF

IF your original WORD GOLF problem appears in LIBERTY you will receive $5, but there are *no awards for solutions*. You are not limited as to the number of entries that you may submit, nor are you hedged about by an array of troublesome restrictions in the preparation of them.

Avoid obsolete and foreign-language words and, at each step, use only those that will be reasonably familiar to most solvers. Let them be difficult enough to capture interest and not so simple as to require too little effort.

If you are not of the initiated, the solutions of last week's WORD GOLF, printed below, will show how one word is turned into another in a given number of steps. At each stage of the transformation the word used differs from the one above it by just one letter and the positions of the other letters are not changed. What could be simpler?

LIBERTY cannot return unaccepted contributions, nor will it be possible to correspond on the subject of WORD GOLF, but, as has been said, any number of entries will be welcomed.

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Answers to Last Week's WORD GOLF

FILM	WHALE	TOAD	CURL	MONEY	PUSH
FIRM	SHALE	GOAD	CURE	HONEY	HUSH
FORM	SHARE	GLAD	PURE	HONES	HUSK
FOAM	SHORE	CLAD	PARE	HONKS	HULK
ROAM	SHORT	CLOD	PAVE	HANKS	HULL
ROAR	SHOUT	CLOG	WAVE	TANKS	PULL
SOAR	SPOUT	FLOG		TALKS	
STAR		FROG			

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on Page Seventy-six)

1—Who commanded the British forces at the Battle of Yorktown?
2—What is a pentagon?
3—What religious order was founded by Ignatius Loyola?
4—With what is the name Stradivarius identified?
5—What are the official names of the games called "rugger" and "soccer"?
6—Who is known as the "melancholy Dane"?
7—Did George Washington sign the Declaration of Independence?
8—What queen was called "Bloody Mary"?
9—Who composed the oratorio The Messiah?
10—What are the nicknames for Colorado?
11—What people originated the game of lacrosse?
12—What is a numismatist?
13—What acid is present in lemons and grapefruit?
14—Of what is water composed?
15—What river separates Oregon from Washington?
16—Is a barracuda a fish, a bird, or a reptile?
17—What President served as a Representative in Congress after his Presidential term?
18—What is the national flower of Scotland?
19—What is the capital of Finland?
20—Who composed the music and who wrote the words of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas?

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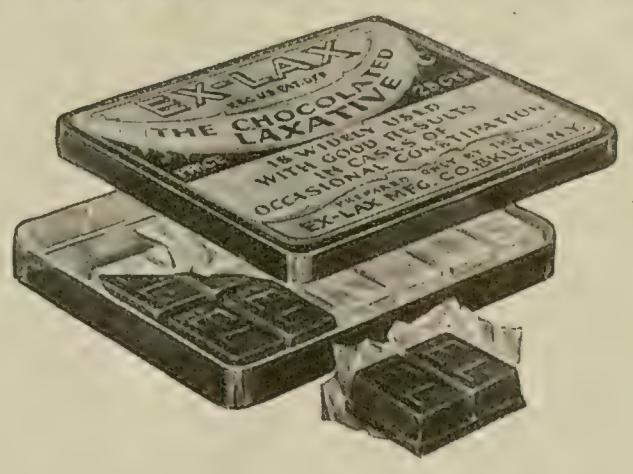

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BEAUTY and the GLANDS

By EILEEN BOURNE

Back to youth with a change of face.

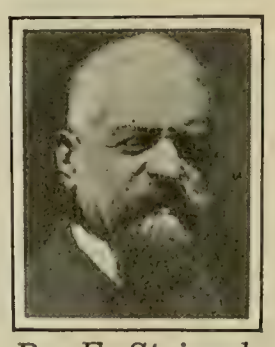
THERE'S a revolution going on in the beauty game. Things are happening which are likely to make radicals of us all. In a dozen years you're likely to hear someone say: "Yes, poor Mrs. Jones is just an old-fashioned woman. She will keep right on getting her face lifted." For by that time progressives will have abandoned all other means of looking young for one which is being initiated today. This method is rejuvenation of the ductless glands.

Several years ago a famous novel described a woman of more than middle age who suddenly became young and alluring again. She accomplished the feat through gland treatment. Over the author's misleading assurance of certain success for this method, scientists tore their hair. Yet, as a matter of fact, the burden of that sensational tale is the very message put forth in sober terms by many a scientist today. Gland treatment in some form is without doubt going to be the great weapon against old age and the great preserver of physical charm and strength.

Many scientists and noted physicians are convinced of this. Dr. Edmund L. Gros, the distinguished head of the American Hospital in Paris, said to me recently: "Without doubt, the great beauty specialists of the future will be those who understand glands best. If we learn their secrets we may be able to keep the body young as long as it is alive."

You see, age is not a matter of years at all, but of the activity of the endocrine gland system. If it flourishes we are young. If it degenerates we get old. To most of us this is all very mysterious. But we can understand a little about it. The ductless glands manufacture a substance called "hormone," which is distributed throughout the body. On this depend the quality of the blood and the nourishment of all the cells in skin and muscular tissue.

When, sometime after middle age, the endocrine factory or distributing center begins to work on half time or less, every part of the body feels a loss. The color of complexion and hair changes, poorly nourished flesh shrinks away and leaves wrinkles, pouches, and lines.



Dr. E. Steinach.

Now, here is the gist of the rejuvenation idea: If these glands can be stimulated to continue their work, or if hormone can be supplied from without, the body remains young. This is a fairly well established fact on which most scientists agree.

When it comes to the method of achieving this result, however, contention runs high. As yet nobody has come out victor. And it is for this reason that the above-mentioned popular novelist was many jumps ahead of reality.

The two most famous leaders, diametrically opposed to each other, are Steinach and Voronoff. The latter, who works in Paris, has afforded more material for wise cracks than any scientist who ever lived. For it is he who has experimented with the transplantation of monkey glands.

His idea is that a healthy young gland of a kind very similar to that of a human being, when grafted on the human gland, infuses into it new power. This activity is then translated into tissues and circulation. The tint comes back to withered cheeks and stringy necks grow round and firm once more.

Granted that the helpful ape comes of one of the very first families and is all he should be, the operation is neither particularly dangerous nor painful. Voronoff and his colleagues have had a tremendous number of successful cases, among whom are many American women.

And, prejudice aside, we might all be ready to take up these monkeyshines were it not for one disadvantage. Like face lifting, the result does not last. The grafted gland substance is entirely absorbed after a while and the subject begins to age again. I know of one woman who has the operation performed every few years. True, followers of Voronoff claim many more lasting successes. But for the average person this effect of gland grafting is not permanent.

QUITE different is the second method. E. Steinach, the Austrian physician and scientist, makes people young by operating on the gland directly. He, more than any other man—except the psychoanalyst Freud—has affected the prestige of Vienna among the ladies.

We used to dream of Vienna as the place of handsome young men in uniform, of Strauss waltzes, of *café mélange*. Now we think of it as the place where our complexes or our wrinkles disappear. Indeed, the American Embassy in that city is constantly deluged with letters from aging ladies inquiring whether Steinach would really restore to them the bloom of youth should they come and camp upon his doorstep.

The answer is, Perhaps. The success of this experimenter has been far greater in the case of men. Nevertheless, there are many records of women who have regained much of their youthfulness through this method. And what is it? Well, it is based on the knowledge that the endocrine glands divide their energies, some of which are devoted to reproduction and the rest to the general well-being of the body.

Steinach discovered that if he cut off by mechanical means the former outgo of energy, there would be a double amount for use in recreating the bodily organization. This stricture is accomplished by a slight operation. Then, he declares, in about three months the process of reconstruction affects the gland itself, which is renewed in power.

Because of the greater difficulties of achieving this operation for women, it is Steinach's second line of research which is likely to prove of more interest to them. This is the preparation of hormone substance for injection into the gland.

It is claimed that when this is done the substance is taken up and used by the physical organization exactly as if it had been generated by it. Youthful energy returns to the system, the flesh becomes firmer, the hair thicker, the eyes brighter, and indications of old age diminish.

Here indeed, in the opinion of many students of rejuvenation, is the probable line which will be developed from now on. For the average woman can take advantage of it. If in scientific laboratories there can be prepared the precious substance which will keep the body from aging, the problem will be solved. For no operation is so simple as injection. It requires no special technique as compared with delicate surgery. Any doctor could administer the dose. Therefore, if hormone were bottled and ready for use, every woman at the age of fifty or so could get a shot and proceed to set the clock backward.

Steinach himself says, "Since the hormone has been found now and can be produced in standardized form, . . . there is no further obstacle to combating . . . the symptoms of senility in women by way of hormone therapy."

If you're inclined to dismiss this possibility with a shrug, just remember what has been done in the case of the thyroid gland. If a person is deficient in thyroid he is no longer a helpless victim of that lack. For thyroid extract is prepared and is injected into the system of the person who needs it.

Still a fourth means of making our dreams of youth come true has only just now been made public. The development of a new technique for age prevention worked out by young Dr. Karl Doppler in Vienna was announced in that city a few weeks ago. Because of its novelty and because it requires no operation, the sensation created by the news of this method was tremendous. In our next article we shall present this important contribution to the subject of rejuvenation.

All this investigation signifies that we are nearing the Fountain of Youth. As to the practical question, Can these scientists make our wrinkles disappear? it is hard to get concrete advice. Voronoff, Steinach, and Doppler would, doubtless, give any of us much encouragement to try their methods. But they could hardly be expected to tell us of their failures.

If you consult the general medical profession you are met with that skepticism which it always offers any new idea until it is proved beyond unreasonable doubt.

WE'LL have to admit frankly, however, that all this work on glands is still in the experimental stage. Absolute success by any of these methods cannot be guaranteed. Yet even the most critical doctors say that the danger in trying them is not great. It's rather a matter of sympathy than of physical courage. It also depends on your purse. For monkey glands and hormone are still luxuries which few can afford.

If most of us, therefore, are doomed for some time to get our pep and youthfulness by the good old ways of exercise, diet, and daily care of the skin and hair, we may lose nothing except the chance to be first in the vanguard.

The better our condition when we reach the age of fifty, the better subjects we'll be for the new treatment. Moreover, the longer we wait, the greater will be the perfection of scientific rejuvenation and the more likely that it will be within our means.

So, as we wait, let us watch. Great discoveries are being made and we have every reason to hope that permanent youth may be just around the corner.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Pure as sunlight - *refresh yourself*

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

The proof of the purity is in the testing. Twenty-two scientific tests for purity, covering every step in its preparation, safeguard this pure drink of natural flavors. You can always count on that delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment when you ask for Coca-Cola.

The Best Served Drink in the World

A pure drink of natural flavors served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup, ice-cold carbonated water and a little finely chipped ice, stirred with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

8 million a day

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

I'm In Wrong Again!

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

"YES, let's break it and see what the big bear says."

N. Lazarnick photos

(Reading time: 4 minutes 55 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

I'm in wrong again!

That's what my Daddy says I'm in—and *always* in!

Some day a great mir-rikkle is going to happen, he says. So I says, "What's a mir-rikkle?" And he says, "It's something you can only pray to have happen." And if one happens and he comes home and finds me not in bad, there's going to be a cel-e-brashun around here. So I asked him what's a cel-e-brashun. And he said I'd better ask my mother. He and my mother have different ideas on the subject, he said. But he thought I'd better not ask her so soon after last Saturday night. The less said around here about cel-e-brashuns the better, he said, until the mir-rikkle happens.

Mary—that's the new one and my sister—she's not in wrong. Only me. She's never in wrong—the new one. I wish she'd get in. Sometimes I don't like Mary—much. Especially when I'm in wrong and she isn't. Which is many times. She gets petted then and I don't. Daddy takes her up on his knee. And that's my knee. It was my knee before she came. Daddy forgets, too, and lets her sit there just as if it was hers. When we have the cel-e-brashun you betcha she isn't going to sit on my Daddy's knee.

I tole you how Mary tells stories. Not lies but stories out of picture books. Well, she tole me another.

And if she hadn't tole it I wouldn't be in dis-grace again.

"Do you want to hear about Goldilocks and the Three Bears?" she asked me.

I said, "Yes. What about it?"

And she said, "It's not about *it*. It's about her." And I said, "Who's her?" And she said, "Goldilocks and the Three Bears." And I said, "Oh." And she said, "Once Upon a Time there were three bears who lived together in a house in the woods."

"And the house had an elewator in it," I said. And Mary said, "It did not. It was a bears' house and it didn't have anything but bears in it."

"How did they get up to the top of the house if there wasn't any elewator man?" I asked. And she didn't say anything.

"How did they get down in the basement where their trunks are?" I asked.

"Bears don't have trunks," she said. "Only elemphunts. And elewator men are 'fraid of bears. They wouldn't run up in the bears' house. Only out the doors when the bears come in, like Goldilocks."

And I said, "Oh." And she said, "One of them was a teeny, weeny bear and one was a great big bear and one was in the middle." And I said, "Which one?" And she said, "The middle one." And I said, "Oh." And she said, "They each had a pot for their porridge." And I said, "You don't eat porridge out of the pot—only out of the bow" And she said, "Bears do and that's why they were bears." And I said, "Oh."

"The porridge," Mary said, "was too hot to eat right away. So the little bear and the big bear and the one that came in the middle went for a walk to let the porridge cool off."

"Why didn't they blow on it?" I said.

And she said, "Bears don't blow—only people do." And I said, "Oh." And she said, "When the big bear and the little bear and the one that came in the middle were out walking in the woods, Goldilocks sneaked in and ate up all the little bear's porridge."

"And she got a ter*rible* stummickache for being so greedy," I said.

"No, she didn't get no stummickache," Mary said. "She only got awful heavy. She got so heavy that when she sat down in the little bear's chair she sat the bottom out of it, like the little bear cried she did."

So I said, "Let's play Goldilocks." And Mary said, "What's that?" And I said, "I'll be Goldilocks and I'll sit on that little chair over there and make it fall down, too." And Mary said, "Don't you want to hear what the big bear said when he saw the little bear's chair all broken?" And I said, "Yes, let's break it and see what the big bear says." So Mary didn't say anything. She just looked at me as if she'd like to see, too.

The chair I meant was one Mom was very proud of. It was a ant-teek. Also, it was a heir-loom. A ant-teek is something that you put in a corner so people won't sit on it. So is

I don't know how it happened—

a heir-loom. But it wasn't hard to pull out of the corner. I pulled it all by myself out where Mary could see better.

Then I 'membered I didn't have any porridge in me to make me heavy. So I said, "Excuse me," like I always do when I have to leave the room in a hurry. I went into the kitchen. There wasn't any porridge. There was only a dish on the back of the stove with rice in it which I eat sometimes instead of porridge. I stood on a chair and pulled it over on the table. I ate a couple of big spoonfuls. It made me feel heavy. There wasn't any milk or sugar on it.

THEN I went back to where Mary was. She was reading about how the big bear discover-ed that someone had been in his bed. So I tole her to watch Goldilocks sit the bottom out of the little bear's chair. She watched.

I sitted and sitted. But I guess the rice wasn't heavy enough to make it go down. So I sitted up and down on it hard until where I sat began to feel sore. But nothing else happened. So I stood up on it and jumped. I didn't jump the bottom out, though. I don't know how it happened, but after one awful high jump I grabbed the back of the chair and me and the chair fell down on the floor together.

"Who's been jumping up and down on that chair?" said the big bear. I started to run when I heard the big bear's voice. It runned after me. It caught me by the seat of my panties. And it wasn't a big bear at all. It was just Mom. She wouldn't listen to me 'splain-ing that it was Goldilocks I was playing and not me that broke the chair.

Then Mary told her. And Mom said, "All right, then, we'll put her to sleep in the little bear's bed. And she can stay there until she learns this is no men-agerie she's living in."

So here I am. Only it's not the little bear's bed I'm in. Because I'm not playing Goldilocks any more. It's my own bed.

And I feel a little sore behind.

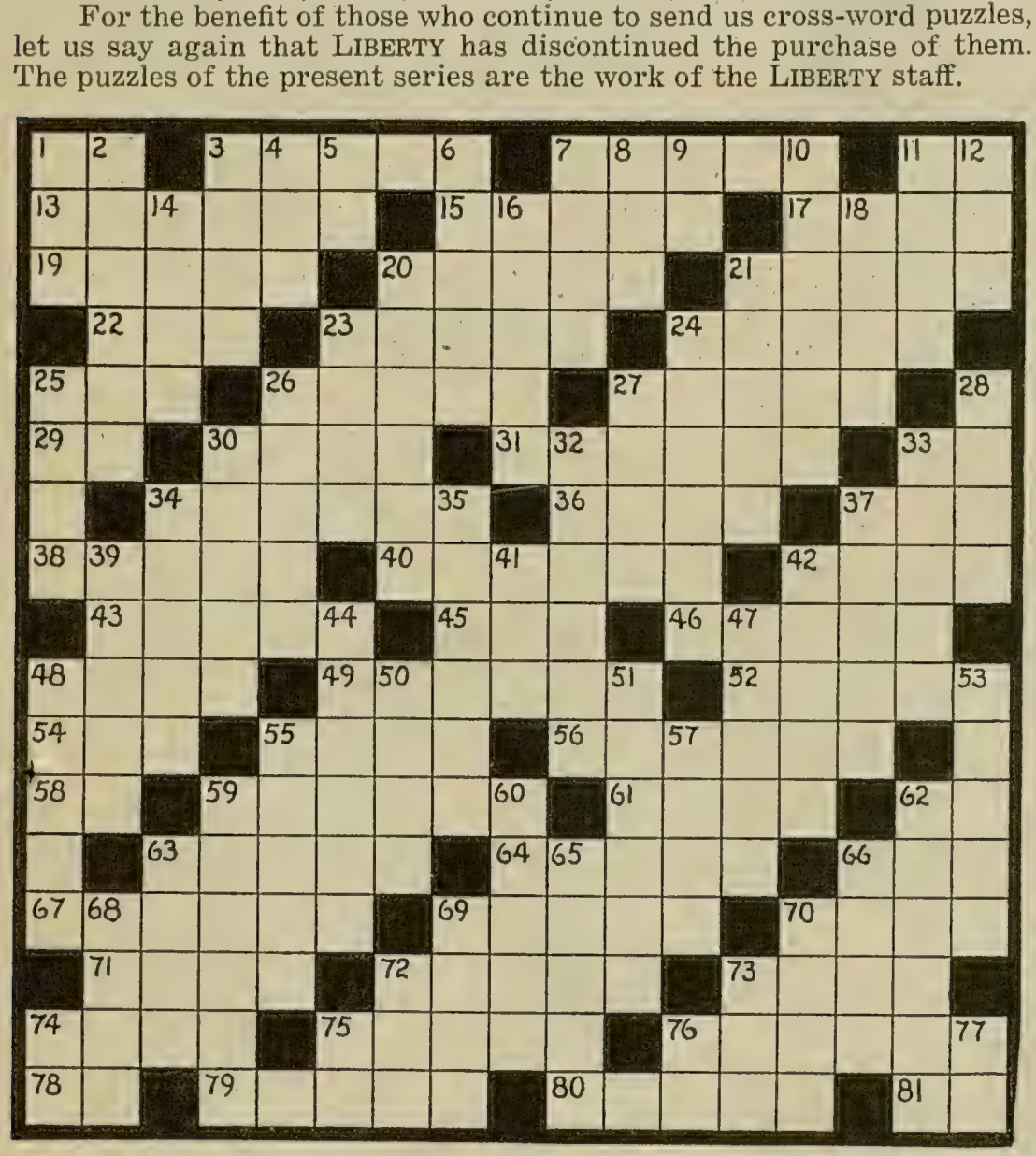
I've got something good to tell you about me next week. Be sure and don't miss it.—Toni.

FIVES AND SIXES PUZZLE

AN unusual feature of this design, with five- and six-letter words predominating, is the number of two-letter spaces which it includes—fourteen.

While a wealth of two-letter spaces is not accepted by constructors of puzzles as a mark of particular excellence, every puzzle builder realizes the difficulty of handling them without resorting to abbreviations, initials, and like forms—always more or less of an admission of the author's defeat, for a true cross-word puzzle should be composed of legitimate words. Here, however, this has been avoided. Of the fourteen spaces, all but one contain a complete word. The single exception is a chemical symbol, which, of course, is not classed as an abbreviation.

For the benefit of those who continue to send us cross-word puzzles, let us say again that LIBERTY has discontinued the purchase of them. The puzzles of the present series are the work of the LIBERTY staff.

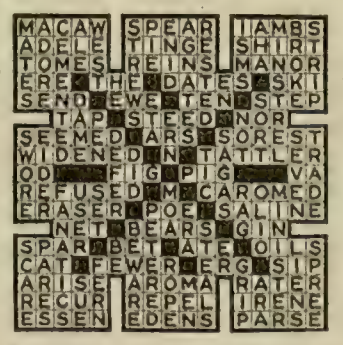


HORIZONTAL

1 Month of the Jewish year
3 Loved extravagantly
7 A constellation
11 Mother
13 Ahead of
15 American Indians
17 Black
19 Ascend
20 Accumulate
21 Wander
22 Exist
23 Over
24 Locations
25 Consumed
26 Wading bird
27 Scatter
29 Pronoun
30 Measures of length
31 Alarmed
33 Note of the scale
34 Rents
36 Word of ratification
37 Affirmative vote
38 Expels moisture
40 Rascals
42 A broad smile
43 Hell
45 Cereal grass
46 A thong
48 Trees
49 Willow baskets
52 Detests
54 Measures of type
55 Large plant
56 Proceeded with measured steps
58 Note of the scale
59 Fears
61 A deception
62 Letter of the Greek alphabet
63 To the rear
64 Yours
66 Sheep
67 A flow of liquid
69 Links
70 At this point
71 Peruse
72 Coffin cloths
73 Belabor
74 Bellow
75 Relieved of strain
76 Recluse
78 Small fish
79 Screams
80 Swiftness
81 Not

VERTICAL

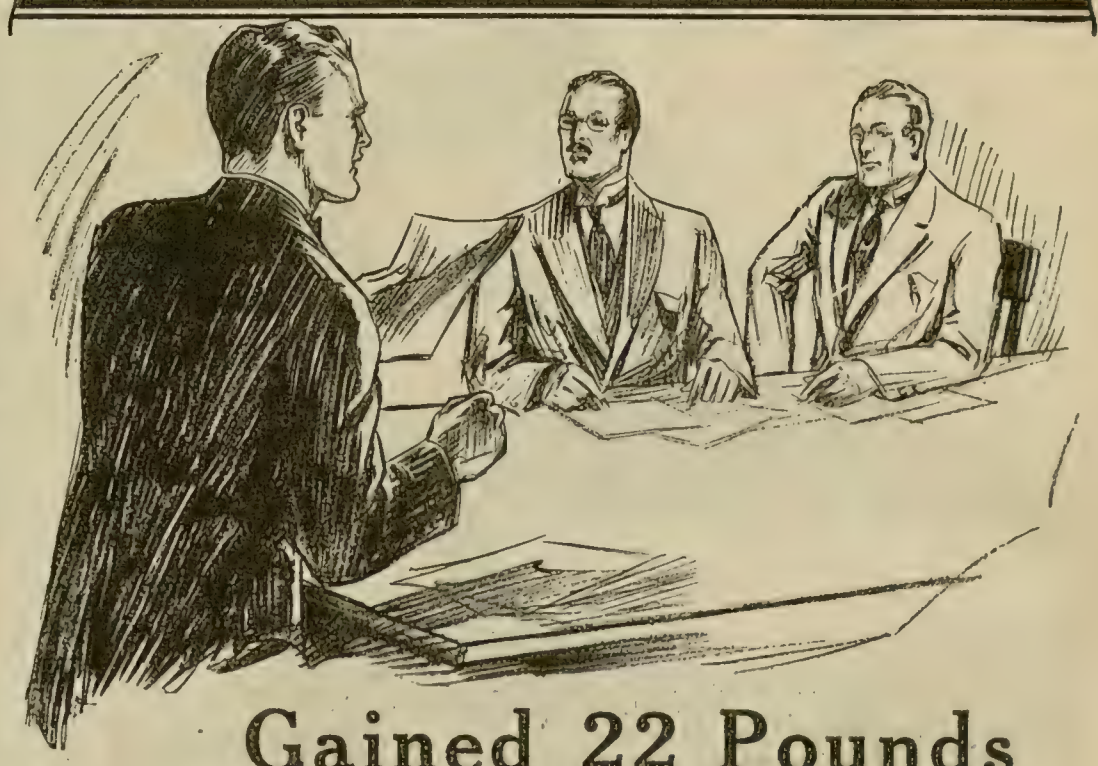
1 Cloth of camel's hair
2 Chide severely
3 Portion of medicine
4 Crude metal
5 Symbol of tellurium
6 Evil spirit
7 River in Belgium and France
8 The matter or thing (Law)
9 Exists
10 Snared in a mesh fabric
11 Extinct New Zealand birds
12 One or some indefinitely
14 Flame
16 Rages
18 Concoct
20 Lessens
21 Shrill whistle
23 Measures of area
24 Strain
25 In the midst
26 Discontinue
27 Hominy
28 Wild beast
30 Nourishes
32 Beasts of burden
33 Edible portion of an animal's stomach
34 Perverters of truth
35 Long tirade
37 Prattle
39 River in Germany
41 Yes
42 Classify by degrees
44 Yell
47 The things designated
48 Flowerless plants
50 Back
51 Denudes
53 Froth
55 Step
57 Hastens
59 Gloomy
60 Purloined
62 A bird
63 District
65 Retains
66 Paper measure
68 Stepped
69 Girl
70 Collection of animals
72 Comrade
73 Insect
74 Japanese measure of distance
75 Spanish definite article
76 A pronoun
77 Toward



Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

Heartburn ? Beeman's Pepsin Gum aids digestion

A flavor that is refreshing and a fine quality that has been maintained for more than thirty years have made Beeman's the choice of discriminating people. Chew it after meals. It aids digestion.



Gained 22 Pounds . . . A Real Man Now!

"For many years I was General Manager of The National Health and Accident Insurance Co. of Philadelphia, but was forced to give up this position owing to a severe breakdown. I went to some of the best nerve specialists in America but with no result when some friend told me about the fine results he had obtained from McCoy's Tablets. After taking 8 boxes I gained 22 pounds. At present I am business Manager of several large organizations and am able to hold these most responsible positions thanks to McCoy's Tablets."

(Signed) Duncan L. Buzby, Jr.

It's the man with plenty of good firm "stay there" flesh on his bones who commands attention and respect—who possesses the tireless energy to win his way to success.

So if you are thin, miserable and not half living up to your possibilities there's no better way of gaining weight and better health than by taking McCoy's.

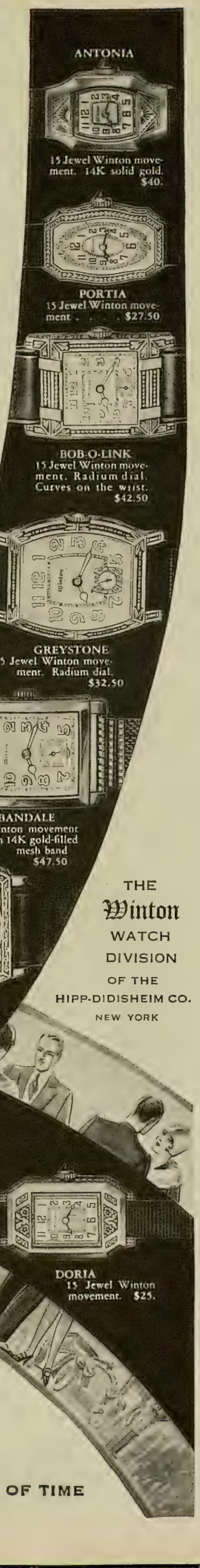
McCoy's takes all the risk for if after taking 4 sixty cent boxes or two one dollar boxes you do not gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health your money will be refunded. The name McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets has been shortened—just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store in America.

McCOY'S TABLETS

Timing EASTER Fashion's Day!

Easter—the day of sunlit promenades, gay with color, vibrant with life. Easter—the day decreeing the newest of the modes—in clothes—in watches!

Crown your Easter smartness with a Winton Watch. Make one your style companion. Wear a watch that *belongs*—on the wrists of fashion's arbiters, famed sportsmen and leaders of society — whenever Smartdom gathers. At exclusive resorts and clubs, on crack trains and liners Wintons mirror the vogue—in the dash, the perfection of their trim, modish cases. Wintons are masterpieces of suave design. Winton movements are thoroughbreds of dependability. Created by one family for over one hundred years—they are displayed by the better jewelers. Compare—you'll instinctively choose—a WINTON.



Winton WATCHES

CONSULT YOUR JEWELER

THE Winton WATCH DIVISION OF THE HIPP-DIDISHEIM CO. NEW YORK

Winton WATCHES

GUARDIAN OF THE FLIGHT OF TIME

"None but *the* Brave—"

A 3 A. M. Melodrama

And a New Chapter in LIBERTY's Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

MEEE-OW! PFT! Scuffle-scuffle! The scratch of cat claws on wooden back fences. More mee-*ows*—a series of *pfts*—and then dog barks (2 A. M. variety). A feline relay race was in progress! This back-yard rumpus disturbed peacefully sleeping humans all up and down the Morses' block, one of these unfortunates being Lil. She and Sandy were spending a week at the house while Ma and Pop attended a real-estate convention up-State.

"Oh, dear me!" she complained to herself. "Those cats!" There was a terrible grand finale beneath the guest-room window, and then silence as the stray-cat brigade rushed off 'cross lots on the he-who-hesitates-is-lost principle.

"Oh, joy!" Lil sighed. And then she groaned: Sandy, as usual, was sleeping audibly. But being a real optimist, she marshaled her hopes, and decided absolutely to fall asleep at once.

Sandy's nasal soliloquy increased in volume.

Hawk-buzz! Hawk-buzz! It sounded like a freight train getting started for a transcontinental haul.

"Oh, mercy!" Lil sighed again. "Do keep still!" She nearly said, "Do shut up," but realizing her husband was asleep she didn't care to appear impolite.

Three A. M. Blissful silence. Then:

Scrape—scrape—scrape! Tinkle—tinkle—tinkle!

Lil could hear her heart thump. What was that noise? She groped for a slipper and used it to prod Sandy awake.

A sleepy "Eh?" A loud yawn.

"'Sh-sh-sh, Sandy!" she warned. "Burglars!"

"What didja say was gurgling?" he asked sleepily.

"I said there're burglars in the house. I think they've broken in by the cellar window; I heard glass falling. And a scraping—like a glass cutter." Lil whispered this dramatically.

"You don't say so!" Sandy was now all bravery and all protection. He'd turned on the bedside light, but wasn't quite heroic enough as yet to get up. "A glass cutter? Are you sure?"

"Yes. And that's how the robbers got into the corner druggist's Saturday night. And they chloroformed poor Mr. Willock. Oh, Sandy, what if they try to chloroform us?" Lil's *us* was nothing but a gulp, and a possible prelude to hysteria.

"My grandfather, or my great-grandfather, was a pioneer," Sandy announced, stepping down upon a cold rugless space on the floor. "I forget whether it was my grandfather or my great—"

"You're as brave as a—as a—"

"Pioneer!" Sandy interrupted, not knowing his wife was going to add the word "fish." "And here goes! Any guy who thinks he can break into my father-in-law's abode at—what time is it?—has another think comin'!"

"Oh, be careful, be careful, be careful!" Lil whispered. And she stuffed part of a sheet into her mouth to prevent screaming.

"Forewarned is forearmed," Sandy announced boldly.

"What poise!" Lil thought. "He can even think of poetical quotations, when robbers may be creeping up the stairs."

"Trust me to protect you," Sandy told her, removing his father-in-law's Spanish War gun from the guest-room mantel. "None but the brave deserve the fair." And he kissed his wife gallantly, tiptoed out into the hall, snapped up the lower light by the button on the landing—and started downstairs.

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Aid from the Enemy

Three-year-old Genevieve had a baby brother who was fond of sucking his right thumb. One day mother decided to try to break him of this habit and put a mitten on his hand, which caused great wails from baby. Genevieve, noticing this, leaned over him and whispered:

"Brother, you got a thumb on your other hand."—Mrs. John Guinane, 26 Liberty St., Binghamton, N. Y.

What Did Sister Say to That?

Our daughter, while washing the dinner dishes one evening, was heard to say complainingly, "I'm surely getting tired of washing dishes three times a day."

Her little sister, sitting on the floor playing with her doll, overheard the remark and said, "Well, you should wash them clean the first time."—Mrs. E. Winn, 416 E. Sixth South, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Sometimes I Wish I Were a MAN

Tearing the Veil from the Many-Sided Secret of Woman's Inferiority—at Golf!

An Article

By GLENNA COLLETT

(Reading time: 15 minutes 14 seconds.)

SOMETIMES I wish I were a man. There would be so much more fun in golf—and so many fewer strokes. After all, the most satisfying rounds, although not always the most enjoyable, are those that cost the fewest strokes. At least, that is true when you have become golf-conscious and are striving for par figures.

Occasionally you encounter a fair duffer who is utterly oblivious of Old Man Par, like the one who came puffing in at the end of the eighteen-hole qualifying round of a recent tournament and declared she had had 135 of the most interesting shots she had ever played!

Such a round may be highly interesting, but you would hardly consider it satisfying in this sporting age when the competitive spirit has gripped women as well as men. So when I say, "Sometimes I wish I were a man," I am thinking of my cards. Women break eighty now and then, but men break seventy frequently.

There are many reasons for this substantial difference, some of which can be overcome. But the chief reason is insurmountable. A woman needs more strokes because she is a woman.

The margin between the sexes on the links is not wholly one of muscle. There have been comparatively short drivers among the men who have won national championships, and long drivers who failed to qualify. Even in the women's ranks, the palm of victory does not always go to her who hits the longest ball. Strength is an asset on the links, but it is not indispensable.

If a golfing Amazon were to appear miraculously on the sports horizon, I would not look with too much confidence for her to defeat the male champion. She might possess the tremendous tee shots of Cyril Tolley, the irons of Tommy Armour, and the putting touch of Bobby Jones—but it would make no difference. Being a woman, she would take more strokes than she should.

There is the matter of costume, for one thing. This may not impress the male golfer as being of great moment, but I assure you that it is.

The last National Open Championship introduced the prize for the best dressed golfer. Johnny Farrell won the prize, and, although he did not win the championship, he made a most respectable showing. Later he won several tournaments in the same prize-winning costume. The point is that it didn't make much difference what he wore. The smartest plus fours do not interfere with stance.

Ted Ray, the English star, prefers to play in long trousers, and he seems to prefer them somewhat worn and baggy. He was never a contender for the best dressed golfer's prize, but he has many cups. Clothes do not make the golfer; that is, if you limit the statement to men golfers.

A woman cares as much about her appearance as she does about her score. And, from a purely technical standpoint, the best looking costume is not always the most helpful; nor is the "sensible" costume most becoming. The wide-hemmed skirts that permit the attitudes necessary in striving for a 200-yard drive, or chipping from the face of the bunker, do not hang gracefully on the feminine form.

Frankly, they are dangerously close to dowdiness, and it is a tribute to woman's passionate devotion to golf that she will wear this "sensible" skirt, knowing that, while it adds yards to her drives, it detracts much from her charm.

Thousands have refused to yield fully to the necessities. The circumference of the hem of their golfing skirt is not the maximum required for a wide stance. They are a little fuller, to be sure, than they like, but there is a limit even to the pursuit of par.

Miss Cecil Leitch, one of the world's finest golfers, has her skirt just wide enough to hold her widest stance. This permits her to set herself firmly for the tremendous drives and hard-hit iron shots that won her the British Ladies' Championship on several occasions. Another

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Wide World photo

Plus fours are ideal, but don't look well. Hence, women try—

International photo

"Sensible" skirts. They seem dowdy, but are vital in driving, contends Glenna.

[SOMETIMES I WISH I WERE A MAN
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

famous woman star, an American, has skirts just wide enough to fit her putting stance.

Most have adopted a style between these extremes, but very few go to the lengths—or wouldn't it be more accurate to say the widths?—in golfing costumes that Miss Leitch sets in England.

This is not due to vanity. The feminine golfer's costume is a compromise not alone for appearance sake but for utility as well. The wide-hemmed skirt is best for driving or for any stroke where one must play from a wide stance and put all one's strength into the swing.

But there are just as many strokes that are interfered with by the flapping folds of the full-hemmed skirt. They are whipped into the path of the stroke, and if the day is a bit breezy they make steadiness impossible. Even if there is no actual interference with the stroke, they are distracting when a delicate shot must be played.

CLOTHES are not in the slightest degree a matter of concern with men, but they can play havoc at times with women golfers. Once I won an important match because of the handicap of dress—my opponent's dress. In one of the early rounds of the Women's National Championship at St. Louis I met Miss Ada Mackenzie, then Canadian champion. She was playing excellently and had inspired me to unusual efforts, but I could not get a safe lead.

Then it began to rain. Miss Mackenzie was wearing a knitted skirt which reached just below the knees. As the rain continued, her dress began to stretch from the weight of the water it had absorbed. Before the end of the match it was around Miss Mackenzie's ankles, and meantime her game had let down noticeably.

Ordinarily a knitted skirt is an excellent golfing costume—almost ideal. It stretches to fit the widest stance and falls back into place. But, as Miss Mackenzie's experience shows, it is worse than useless on a rainy day.

The plus fours of the male golfer are an ideal costume. Feminine ingenuity has devised no costume so perfect for golf. Some women have worn them in tournaments. There is much to be said for knickers. All that can be said against them is that the average woman does not look well in them, and well she knows it. Their undoubted utility can never outweigh their obvious futility as a means of adornment.

Such is the decision of thousands of women golfers. And that is that, for golf is not everything. If men could play golf more efficiently in skirts we might confidently expect to see them so garb themselves; but the ladies, unfortunately for their golfing reputations, will not wear plus fours. And it is probably just as well, for the resulting snickers at the women in knickers would so disconcert them that they would lose whatever gain in athletic efficiency the innovation would bring.

FEMININE golf carries another handicap that is not so marked in the men's ranks. A woman is easily flustered by a variety of little things to which she should give no notice. Psychologists undoubtedly can give adequate reasons for the lady golfer's jumpy nerves; we know it as "tournament nervousness." It explains why so many women score a thirty-seven on one round and a forty-seven on the next.

When a man plays golf, he can forget everything except the business in hand. He lays aside his business problems and steels himself with concentration. He remembers only to keep his head down and his eye on the ball. He resolutely puts out of his mind everything that could possibly add to his score.

A woman has no such capacity for concentration. A golf professional once told me that was his most aggravating problem—to teach his fair duffers to concentrate.

In the midst of a match the woman golfer will think of and dwell on many things that have not the slightest bearing on the game. Did she order the roast for dinner? Heavens, no! And there goes a slice. Why did she invite the Browns for Friday, when the cook is off? In contemplation of that situation, she tops her mashie.

In the midst of the serious business of lining up the putt, if her tortured mind permits her at length to reach the green, she suddenly remembers that Junior went to school that morning without a handkerchief. So the putt runs past the cup, and coming back she is short.

A man would consider such things trifles, of no importance, or else easily remedied. But a woman cannot forget trifles. Her life is made up of trifles. She must give thought to other matters even when she is playing golf, else her score as a wife would not break a hundred.

BUT let us suppose that our Amazonian golfer, in addition to her manlike muscle, is endowed with a certain amount of grim determination. She approaches the first tee with the male champion, her mind on the golf match and nothing else.

He winds up vigorously and gives the ball a ride. The hypothetical lady prepares to drive—and another innate feminine weakness is disclosed. She wonders if she presents a graceful appearance, decides that she might end up in some awkward posture if she too attempted to give the ball a ride. So she shortens her swing, sacrificing distance to decorum.

A man does not care whether he is awkward looking. A long tee shot soothes any hurt to his pride. But a woman, unfortunately, cannot so forget herself. She has a duty more important than golf—the age-old feminine duty never to look ridiculous if she can help it.

With the last putt sinking into the eighteenth cup, the men are prepared for their round the next day. But the ladies, because com-

Miss Collett executes a mashie shot. "A woman is just as adept with irons as a man—up to the limit of her strength."

Underwood photos

Equipoise, whether at rest (left) or when executing a difficult shot (right), is a prime asset men possess—but women are too easily flustered by kitchen woes and trifles.

In putting, the woman who concentrates need fear no man, the champion states.

plexion is more important to most than par golf, must first retire to their boudoirs and apply cold creams and lotions.

THESE are some of the reasons why women cannot compete on even terms with a man at golf, even supposing she is his equal in strength and skill. The handicaps for the ordinary woman are still more numerous.

She does not have nearly as many opportunities to play. The busy broker can slam his desk shut at 3 o'clock, call a crony, and drive to the links, where they quiet their consciences by pretending to discuss business affairs. In fact, it is a male proverb that many big deals are made on the golf links.

Women have not yet figured out a method of running the household from the links.

You cannot well take the cook and maid and children's nurse with you for a foursome—deciding the menu on the first green, planning the spring housecleaning as you proceed along the fairway of the 500-yard dog-leg hole, and deciding Junior's program while blasting out of a trap.

If a husband is late for dinner, he passes it off lightly by blaming the fussy foursome ahead; but imagine the dialogue that would follow a wife's attempt to offer the same explanation for a late dinner! I do not contend that these matters should not be as they are. Still, they do make it difficult at times for a woman to give proper attention to her game.

The etiquette of golf calls for certain formulæ that are not found in any book of instructions. There is one expletive for a topped drive; milder ones for hooks and slices. For putts that rim the cup there are several recognized expletives.

Also, it is part of the ritual that the caddie, the greens committee, the gallery, or your opponent can be held responsible for any lack of perfection in your play. That is to say, these things are permissible if you are a man. And undoubtedly they are an aid in keeping down blood pressure. But the most that is allowed women is an apologetic, half-swallowed "Damn!" under the most trying circumstances.

Women, gentle creatures, are not expected to utter harsh oaths, and that is too bad. There are probably occasions when oaths are helpful if not proper.

George Bernard Shaw has a naïve theory that women are only human beings who, by force of habit and convention, wear skirts instead of trousers. He is not in favor of coddling them. The American golfing male dissents. He is chivalrous; would not have her dainty ears shocked by man's robust golfing conversation. He guards her by telling her to stay off the links.

More and more clubs are barring women, or limiting their hours of play. Many reasons are given, but at bottom it is because the presence of women limits the vocabulary.

One club in the New York district announced restrictions on women's play and frankly admitted that the men were complaining. It seemed that every time a prominent banker swore a blue streak he was embarrassed by a ladies' foursome appearing over the brow of a hill, timidly crying "Fore!"

There are so many things that hold a woman back in golf that are not common to the two other popular sports—tennis and swimming. I know of no tennis clubs that bar women, and there are no restrictions at all on the use of the ocean. In tennis and swimming the only handicaps are the woman's smaller endowment of strength and stamina.

The woman tennis player is not hampered by dress. The sleeveless, short-skirted costume of light material permits full freedom of movement. Also the action is fast and furious, not deliberate as in golf, so the feminine weaknesses of self-consciousness and a tendency to distraction are not an important factor.

Ted Ray, English star, prefers long trousers, worn and baggy. Never a contender for prizes as smart dresser—but he possesses many cups.

I HAVE the word of Mary K. Browne that in skill, finesse, and tactics Suzanne Lenglen is the equal of William T. Tilden. Yet, when they met a few years ago in an informal match, Tilden won 6-0, 6-0, with the loss of not more than a dozen points.

The best man golfer could never defeat the best woman golfer by any such margin. Man's par on the average course will total about seventy-two strokes as compared with eighty-two for women. That is a difference of ten strokes, which supposes that man's golfing efficiency is about 12 per cent greater than woman's. But it is quite theoretical. The best women players can go around an eighteen-hole course within something less than ten strokes of the best men players' score.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Nothing Cleans Teeth Like POWDER

Just ask your dentist

IF you want the whitest, cleanest teeth possible, just try this; the oldest and most reliable way of all to clean teeth.

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Dr. Lyon's has stood the test of time, as nothing else could. Thousands have found it safe, reliable and unequalled throughout an entire lifetime of constant use. It is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can preserve teeth for life.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Its rich, cleansing properties penetrate every pit and crevice, reaching every particle of food, or foreign matter, lodged therein. Thus, it leaves the mouth sweet and clean, the breath pure, and its cooling refreshing after taste is delightful.

Brush your teeth twice each day with Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder; consult your dentist regularly to be on the safe side and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth. Make this test if you want whiter, cleaner and more beautiful teeth.

You can get Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder at any drug store, or toilet goods counter. You will find it not only more efficient, but it costs less than most anything else you can use.

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And thereby saves its cost in the wear of stockings, and your feet are always ready for the golf course, the dance or a long tramp. You simply forget all about your feet and the pain you have suffered.

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William A. Brady

in

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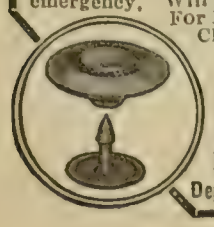

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Dept L 16 **Louisville, Ky.**

[SOMETIMES I WISH I WERE A MAN]
Continued from Page Sixty-three

A few years ago the common handicap in mixed matches was a stroke every other hole—a total of nine in an eighteen-hole match. But in the last few years the men have not found it profitable to give the women a stroke every other hole.

The approved handicap now is six or seven bisques—a bisque being the right to deduct a stroke from your score on any hole you choose. This supposes, in an eighteen-hole match, a superiority of 7 or 8 per cent on the male side. That is a dangerously small margin for the women.

The mixed matches are played on men's courses, which are laid out with a premium on ability to hit a long ball. There are not more than half a dozen courses in the country designed especially for women.

If the men-versus-women matches, which are held each year, were played on a woman's course, we could probably give a good account of ourselves with a handicap of two or three bisques instead of the seven now customary.

FOR the past three years a series of men-versus-women matches has been held on the Country Club course at Fairfield, Connecticut. The course measures slightly more than 6,500 yards, and par is seventy-one for men and eighty-three for women.

The women are allowed seven bisques, which does not at all equalize the difference of twelve strokes in the pars. Nevertheless, in the eight matches played in 1926 and 1927, the women won three and halved one.

The layout of this Fairfield Country Club course, with men's and women's par, is as follows:

Hole		*Men's Par*	*Women's Par*
1	360 yards	4	5
2	445 yards	4	5
3	530 yards	5	6
4	327 yards	4	4
5	150 yards	3	3
6	415 yards	4	5
7	445 yards	4	5
8	175 yards	3	3
9	397 yards	4	5
10	395 yards	4	5
11	367 yards	4	5
12	230 yards	3	4
13	485 yards	5	5
14	350 yards	4	4
15	405 yards	4	5
16	320 yards	4	4
17	530 yards	5	6
18	205 yards	3	4
	6,531 yards	71	83

The majority of the holes are around 400 yards long. Under the arbitrary yardage systems a 400-yard hole is par four for men and par five for women. The good male golfer can drive 200 yards from the tee and put his iron second shot close enough to the hole to get down with two putts; but the woman needs three strokes to span the 400 yards from tee to green and the customary two putts.

There are not many women who can drive 200 yards from the tee, and even if they could they must use a wooden club for the second shot on a 400-yard hole. In such a match with a man, the woman must press to have the slightest chance of holding her own, and it is not possible to press and play steady golf.

Wide World photo

Cecil Leitch, several times British champion, wears a skirt wide enough to get set for the tremendous drives she delights in.

If she does not press, but is content to play the course in her own par figures, the woman is beaten anyway.

If she played the Fairfield course in perfect women's par, and her male opponent equaled men's par, the woman would lose the match on the twelfth green by the overwhelming score of eight and seven.

ON six of these holes—the fourth, fifth, eighth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and sixteenth—men's and women's pars correspond. On the other twelve the woman is one down before she tees her ball.

If she played up to her par, and her opponent played to men's par, her seven bisques would be exhausted at the tenth hole. Playing perfect golf from that point on, she would still lose the match on the sixteenth green, four and two.

That is the theoretical result of the match. Actually, it has been somewhat different. In the matches played last July, Francis Ouimet defeated Miss Bernice Wall three and two; Richard Jones, Jr., defeated Louise Fordyce four and three; Miss Maureen Orcutt defeated Roland Mackenzie one up, and I defeated Jess Sweetser three and one.

The year previous, Jones defeated Miss Fordyce three and two; Mackenzie defeated Miss Wall one up; Miss Orcutt and Lauren Upson finished square; and I defeated Max Marston four and two. Both years, it happened that I was "on my game" and used only four of my seven bisque handicaps.

If the matches were played on a woman's course, such as the Women's National Golf and Tennis Club at Glen Head, Long Island, it is likely the women could do very well with three or four bisques instead of the seven they need at Fairfield.

The Women's National course measures 5,777 yards and the par is seventy-one for women. Men's par would be sixty-eight or sixty-nine. There are but three holes 400 yards or more in length, so it would be fairly easy for the best men players, while the women would have to play perfectly to get par figures.

Playing over such a short course would bore men, for the test would be one of accuracy rather than long driving. But if mixed matches are to have any real value, they should be played under conditions that recognize the fundamental fact that a woman cannot hit a golf ball as far as a man.

A GREAT many experts say a woman cannot putt; some say she putts better than a man. Some say she is weak on iron shots; others say that is the strongest feature of her game.

I think the facts are that a woman putts as well as a man, and is just as adept with her irons, up to the limit of her strength. From the tee she is outdistanced from fifty to seventy-five yards, and therein lies her only inferiority.

Jess Sweetser and I played as a team in a foursome at Fairfield, Connecticut, and, playing the same ball, established an amateur record of seventy for the course.

I drove from the first tee, and Jess from the second, and so on. As he drove well down the fairway, I was able to get the second shots fairly close to the hole, and his long iron shots made up for my shorter drives from the tees.

This match proved two things that are fundamental in comparing the ability of men and women as golfers. A woman is outdistanced through the fairway; once she is within a reasonable distance of the green she can play as well as a man.

I do not wish I were a man, except sometimes, when my drives only come within a full shot of my opponent's.

I envy him his spirit of freedom, his independence of trifles, his disdain of convention, his disregard of appearances, and his childlike conviction, if he is a golfer, that golf is the most important thing on this bunkered sphere.

THE END

HANDS *Don't* Lie

An Expert Tells You Why You Can't Palm Off Your Character

An Article by

RILEY BARNES

(Reading time: 4 minutes 31 seconds.)

LAY your hand flat upon the table. Study it. Try to read from your hand your own character. Please do not throw this aside as a palmist's advertisement. This has nothing whatever to do with chiromancy.

But in the privacy of your own home or office be frank with yourself. Look at your hand and decide whether you do not see in that useful member your own true self.

One of this country's most important sculptors, Robert Ingersoll Aitken, calls the hand the flower of the body. The hands bespeak your strength, weakness, purpose or lack of it, just as the bloom of a plant is the sign of its bearer's attitude toward life.

The psychiatrist learns much from your hands and what you do with them. The psychoanalyst will get a running start toward his conclusions by observing your hands and how you manipulate them.

And don't think you can train your hands to lie for you. They are the earth's least proficient liars. You may maintain a poker face, but, when you least expect it, those hands will give you away.

It is not Mr. Aitken's business to read character in the hands, although he is adept at it. In his magnificent work on the Greenhut and Gates mausoleums, his Fountain of the Earth and The Four Elements for the Panama-Pacific Exposition, his George Rogers Clark group, and so on, the hands of his figures were and are studied by students here and abroad. It is an axiom among sculptors that Aitken is the master of the hand.

His study of the human hand has made him an authority on its message. For example, he says it is reasonably easy to classify personalities by watching the unconscious hand.

"I have not used a model for years," he says. "That is, I do not work from the professional model. I study the hands of men and women I see in the street, the subways, and railroad trains. I glory in the fashion that decreed that women should go about in sleeveless dresses in the summertime. That has given me wonderful opportunity to observe the arm and hand together.

"In the hands you can see the inept, the successful, the vigorous, the weakling, the disciplined spirit, the vague mind. For one reason or another, men and women have come to believe that the hearty handshake is a sign of purpose, strength, sincerity, and other desirable qualities. This, it happens, is largely true. Such a handclasp is usually indicative of just those things. But such a grasp must be natural, given without premeditation.

"Often you will be introduced to a person who will give your hand a brisk wring, hoping to impress you with a strength that is not natural. And immediately afterward that person, off guard, will let his or her hands tell the truth by a listless waggle or a weak droop or some futile gesture that bespeaks the watery mind or personality.

"It would be foolish, of course, to say that such and such a hand mannerism betokens a corresponding mental quality. In other words, one may not set arbitrary rules for the character. But you will understand better if you will make a secret list of persons you know and watch their hands.

"Very soon you will come to realize that their hands are clear indexes to their mental habits. Observe the futile, indefinite movements of the person of sloppy, frayed-end mentality. Then watch the direct gestures of the one who knows what he or she is doing.

"It is the hand that gives the art student his greatest trouble. He knows he can create a masterpiece or a misfit, according to what he does with the hands of his figure."

SO consider your own hand. Is the palm thin and narrow? Well, then, are you not by nature timid, uncertain, lacking in depth, energy, and moral force? Perhaps not, but you are merely fortunate in that you are the exception to the rule.

Is yours a well proportioned hand, firm but not horny, and pliable but not flabby? Then you should be well balanced, open-minded, appreciative, intelligent. Why, of course you are. But should these chirognomical evidences be exaggerated, you are not such a desirable character, after all. You are, or should be if the books do not lie, selfish, sensual, overconfident, and inclined to bully.

There is the hollow, deep palm. The possessor thereof is inclined to misfortune, is an adopted child of misery, and more or less inclined to material failure. It sounds gloomy and one is apt to be discouraged. There are, however, gay and festive successes whose palms are just that way, so do not surrender to your deep, hollow palm.

I need not speak of the obvious. The drooping, listless hand speaks for itself, as does the brisk, unerring, busy one.

Now turn to your fingers and survey them. Are they jointy and inclined to enlargement at the joints? Good for you! That means clear thinking ability and good reasoning powers, not to mention a love of order and a philosophical turn of mind.

Are they nice and smooth? Do not despise them. You are governed more by impulse, inspiration, sentiment, and fancy. You short-fingered folks are quicker than the long-fingered. You're more impulsive.

The thick and short finger indicates cruelty. Long, thick fingers are to be intrusted with details. The spatulate finger craves action, loves the useful, the physical, and goes in for travel, war, agriculture, or commerce.

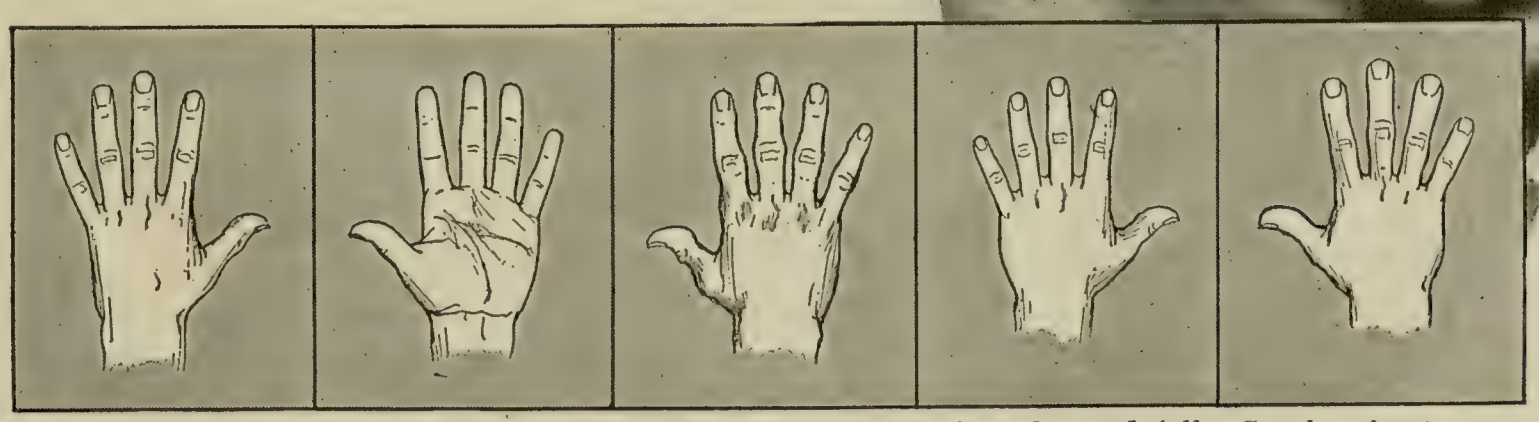
But whole volumes have been written on the subject and this article must be brief. Generally speaking, you may consider but five types of hands—the spatulate or active, the conical or artistic, the square or useful, the knotty or philosophical, the pointed or psychic.

Just observe the hand of your neighbor. Watch him manipulate it. Interesting, isn't it?

THE END

"The Burke Memorial," by Robert Aitken. The hands are a study in delicacy and character.

Ward photo



Long, thin palm means timid nature, lacking in energy and moral force. *Well proportioned palm. Well balanced, open-minded, and intelligent type.* *Jointy; inclined to enlargement of joints. Clear thinker, good reasoner.* *Short-fingered folk are quicker than long-fingered ones, hand experts find.* *Cruelty of nature—tendency thereto is betokened by short and thick fingers.*

Long, thick fingers are to be intrusted with details.

Vox Pop

Of Prunes and Morals, and This Chap with the Summer Resort Name

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I once liked prunes. I had them for a steady diet in the army. Some of them weren't good prunes. Today they make me sick. I still like LIBERTY. I once liked Elliott White Springs' yarns. You've given us a steady diet of them. Some of them aren't even good

prunes. Today they make me—but you get my drift?

Anyhow, I resent the implication that the whole American army was cockeyed all the time. I even know an aviator or two who occasionally retired sober. Furthermore I met a couple of Regular Army officers who weren't inefficient windbags. And a West Pointer who was a gentleman.

Well, make up the menus to suit yourselves. I'll continue to patronize you. But do you mind if I pass, hereafter, when you pass me the prunes?—*L. M. L.*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—I appreciate a good yarn like those I think Elliott Springs capable of, but I protest against the picture his imagination conjured up in "The Lost Chord."

He thrust in my eyes an incident that would have been funny if it weren't so palpably indecent, and immoral, and improbable, and impossible.

I wish Mr. Springs would reverse his view of life.—*Ernest Tedlock.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—This chap with the summer resort name, this Mr. Elliott White Springs, pulled a fast one with his story, "The Lost Chord." Doubtless there are many who snorted with indignation on reading a yarn of this sort, but and notwithstanding the noise of the crowd, Mr. Springs penned an interpretation that hit the nail positively where the hammer should land.

He knows his flappers and their ways.—*Bart Fulton.*

Maybe It's the Climate

MATTHEWS, N. C.—Well, Mr. R. H. Ranier of Denver, Colo., where in —— were you when Barnum was in search of freaks? Any human who can't get at least two chuckles to the paragraph out of J. P. McEvoy's "Show Girl"— Aw, see your doctor, boy, see your doctor!—*A. O. Parker.*

And So That's Settled

DENVER, COLO.—Your article, "The Aim of the Modern High-School Girl," by Viola Ilma Waldmeier, was undoubtedly a masterpiece—of bunk. The author evidently failed to take into consideration the foremost feminine characteristic, deceit, and believed all she heard. Women are no different today than their grandmothers. Unconventionality has shown them up for what they really are, that's all.

What the average guy thinks of them is nobody's business.—*A Reader.*

Sounds Like Bribery to Us

CHICAGO, ILL.—I've got a hunch that Leslie Thrasher owes you birds money, and you're letting him take it out in trade. I'm one of many who will donate some dough to relieve him of his obligation, in order to put a stop to his Love o' Lil series.

Please advise the sum still due you.—*Wallace Chittenden.*

You Can't Stop Arguments

BALTIMORE, MD.—Here's hoping your article, "Nicaragua," by Sidney Sutherland, will stop the argument in this country.

More like it!—*Clem.*

It's a Wise Dog That Knows His Own Author

CHARLESTON, S. C.—The brilliant author of your story, "The Talking Dog," is probably now at "liberty"

within the walls of a padded cell. While we realize the impossibility of the dog's talking, we conscientiously believe that his intelligence is far superior to that of the celebrated author.—*Cadets J. W. Folkes and R. A. Walker.*

In Brief

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—A summary of LIBERTY is as follows:

1. Leslie Thrasher is the backbone of LIBERTY. Without him your magazine would be a flop.

2. Your cartoonist, Ralph Barton, is red hot, in my estimation.

3. This bird Striebel (illustrator of "Show Girl") sure knows how to wield a pencil.

4. After reading your article, "The Pope at Home," I ask you, is this a religious magazine or not?

5. How about printing some stories about the army and navy, and giving the aviators a rest?

6. Last but not least. If LIBERTY keeps up the good work, in about twenty years it will be as good as the *Saturday Evening Post.*—*A. MacVaugh.*

We Liked It Too

PONTIAC, MICH.—Enjoyed James O'Donnell Bennett's article about Borah more than any other article in LIBERTY.—*Protestant Pastor.*

A Woman's Y

SEATTLE, WASH.—

Leprous
ignoble
bunk
erratic
rotten
toxic
that's y I buy it

—*Bess Knettle.*

Enlightening the World

REXBURG, IDAHO—You ought to turn out more LIBERTYS, so more people could see how rotten it is.—*William Jones.*

From a Future Eagle

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I read all your air stories, from "The Red Knight" to "The Balloon Buster," and I sure liked them. I had a cousin in the R. F. C. who was in the opposing squadron to the one to which Immelmann and Boelke were attached. I am an air enthusiast at eleven and some day expect to be an aviator. More air stories!—*Bruce Farrow, cousin of Captain Farrow, 18th, 12th, and 13th Aero Squadrons, Royal Flying Corps, 1914-17.*

Still Arguing

DALLAS, TEX.—All through "The Manassa Mauler," by Charles J. McGuirk, it is Jack the Miner, Jack the Lumberjack, etc., but I have not yet found Jack the Soldier. I am afraid I am waiting in vain for something that can't happen. Instead I will find Jack the Shipbuilder. The reason for this is more money and no danger of being hurt.

If Dempsey liked to fight as well as the story says he does, why didn't he enlist during the war?

A pretty good fighter with gloves (until he met Tunney), but afraid to fight with a rifle.

Long live Tunney!—*Ex-Service Man, Thirty-sixth Division.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Just why do you insist on printing such brutal "literature" as "The Manassa Mauler"? I am sure no self-respecting person would care to read about that primordial brute, Jack Dempsey.

In my opinion it is very disgusting to read that such brutality can exist between men. I know that all the readers of LIBERTY will agree with me.—*T. Marmaduke Jacobson.*

DETROIT, MICH.—"The Manassa Mauler—Daddy of 'Em All," is *fine*, but please don't start on Gene Tunney until you have told us about Paddock or Nurmi or some other great runner.—*P. Gorman.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The principle reason I'm writing is, I want to inform the cockeyed world that we girls that is the modern girls perfer Jack Dempsey—and How!—*One of Them.*

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—If I wasn't a lady I'd like to sock Tunney on his ear.

Keep on with your articles about Dempsey.—*Dolly.*

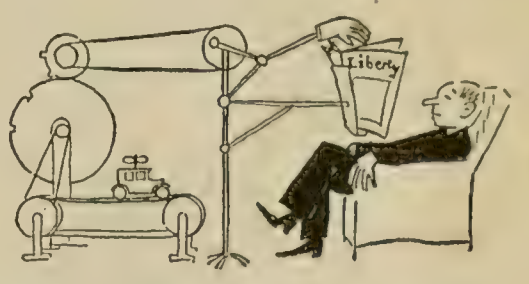
DULUTH, MINN.—F. E. Smith says, in Vox Pop, he would like to sock Gene on the chin, but if he was to meet Gene he'd probably praise him the loudest or run like h—.—*R. E. B.*

KENT, OHIO—Congratulations! It is here at last. The greatest story you have so far published: Jack Dempsey.

Just a fine man who knows his place, and does not try to be three or four other things, such as a poet, preacher, and a man who wears skirts.—*M. P.*

Or, Better Still—

LONG ISLAND, N. Y.—Have just discovered that by having some one



turn the pages for me, I am able to read your stories in the allotted time.—*C. M. Zartman.*

Take Your Choice

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I have just read your article, "Presidential Possibilities—Smith." It becomes increasingly evident to me that LIBERTY is influenced by irresponsible demagogues—otherwise you would never print an article so unfair, derogatory, and unjust to "Al" Smith.—*George (Butch) Levy.*

NYACK, N. Y.—That article on "Al"! Atta *boy!* The most interesting I've read in your mag.—*R. Frank.*

The "First" Car to Legions

The great number of two, three and four car owners who choose Essex for their personal car, is tremendously significant to the family or individual who require but one car.

Men and women, these owners of big and costly cars tell us they personally drive the Essex because with the quality and comfort of their high-priced cars, it gives smooth Super-Six performance and the greatest driving ease of any car they know.

The smashing conviction of greatest value that Essex gives on sight, is confirmed by a wealth of costly car detail that was never before dreamed of in this price class.

With these physical values, Essex gives the further value of a factory, distributor and dealer policy that actively supports a great service program, worthy of the car.

No wonder everyone calls it "the World's Greatest Value."

4-Door Sedan $795 , Coupe $745 (*with removable rumble seat, $30 extra*) , Coach $735

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ESSEX SUPER SIX

This is an actual color photograph of a Mazola-made pie—you can make pie crust exactly like it by following this recipe:

1¾ *cups flour* — ¼ *cup Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch*
½ *teaspoon salt* — 8 *tablespoons Mazola*
Cold water to moisten—about 4 *tablespoons*

Sift the flour, cornstarch and salt into a bowl. Stir in the Mazola, moisten with the water. Turn onto a floured board, roll out at once. One-quarter teaspoon baking powder may be added if desired.

AS a pure, wholesome *vegetable* oil—a *liquid*—Mazola needs no melting. It is a "cool" shortening. You can measure Mazola accurately—which practically insures perfect results.

TO most women, it's a source of satisfaction to know that Mazola is pressed from the hearts of full-ripened corn kernels. Mazola itself is as good to eat as the corn from which it comes.

The pie crust recipe above is one of nearly 300 new, carefully compiled recipes in "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods"—a remarkable book by Ida Bailey Allen. Send 10 cents (stamps or coin) with the coupon to the right.

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CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
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Enclosed is 10 cents (stamps—coin). Please send me postpaid a copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

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ICED Foods *from Iceless* Refrigerators

By
ETHEL SOMERS

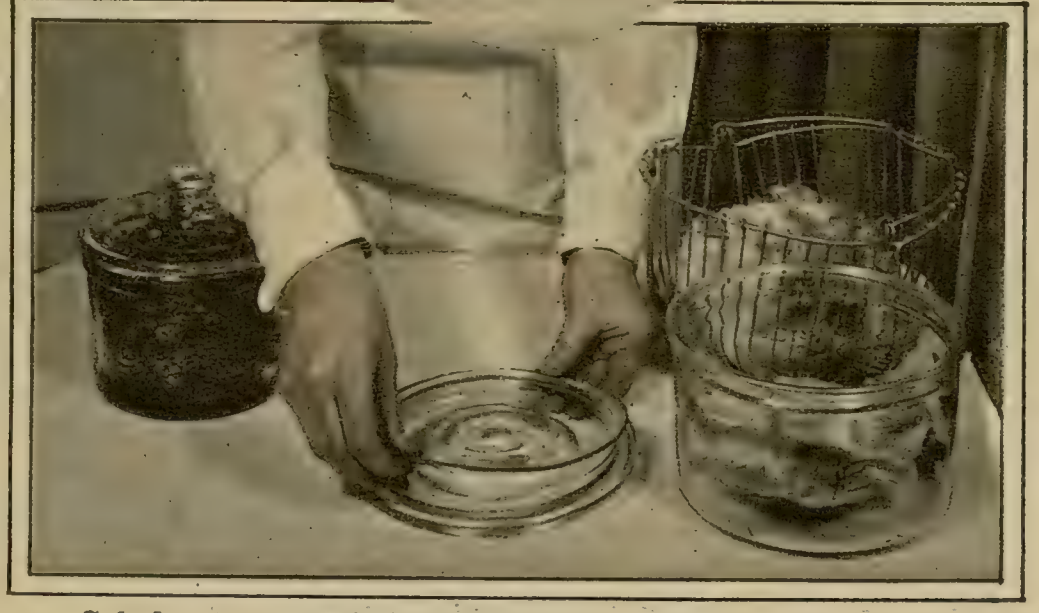
THE ever-increasing number of letters coming to us making inquiries concerning the iceless refrigerator is truly inspiring. It is indeed refreshing to know that so many housewives are enjoying this efficient, modern convenience. As the use of mechanical refrigeration becomes more universal, there will be a decided reduction in the consumption of harmful bacteria with our foods. No matter how negligent the housewife may be, her foods within the iceless box are kept really cold.

I am presenting here the most important points to be considered in the use and care of refrigerators.

The recipes below may be frozen without churning if packed in covered molds or a vacuum freezer and surrounded with a 6-to-1 ice-and-salt mixture. The freezing time in such case is only 3 hours, while in the mechanical freezing chamber it may take from 5 to 9 hours. The results will be equally satisfactory, the only drawback encountered being the extra labor involved in the packing. Of course, any of these recipes may be prepared as well in a standard ice-cream freezer.

Remove the food and water trays when defrosting the iceless refrigerator.

(Left) Jars, especially those pumped to a vacuum seal, are ideal containers.



Salad greens and fresh fruits, as well as all liquids, should be tightly covered.

Getting the Best Results from Your Refrigerator

Arrange the foods in the compartment so as to permit a *free circulation* of air—foods on the shelf above, for example, should be set alternately with those on the shelf below.

Place the foods most easily spoiled in the cooler, or lower, part of the box. Foods that give off odors should be placed above the other foods. Foods that absorb odors readily should be tightly covered and placed just below the ice chamber.

Keep the food chambers between 40° and 50° F. and *clean.*

Never leave paper wrappings on food.

The following rules apply especially to iceless refrigerators: Keep the cooling unit free from excessive frost. If the coating of frost nears a ¼-inch thickness the cooling machinery should be *disconnected* for several hours or overnight. *Never* try to chip the frost off, for fear of serious damage to the walls.

Do not strike the trays or try to pry the ice out, but rather let stand inverted at room temperature for a moment or hold inverted under the cold-water faucet.

Never fill the trays more than three-fourths full unless the mixture is a whipped one that will not expand on freezing.

Keep all liquids, fresh fruit, salad greens, parsley, and celery in covered containers.

A bottle of drinking water kept in the lower part of the box will provide *cold* water for filling the trays.

Grapefruit, apples, oranges, and the like should be placed in the box 12 to 24 hours before serving.

If a *rich* frozen cream mixture is not desired, freeze filled mixtures, using cornstarch, eggs, or gelatin as the fillers.

Plain Ice Cream

2 cups cream
⅜ cup sugar
1½ teaspoons vanilla
¼ teaspoon gelatin dissolved in 1 tablespoon cold water

WHIP the cream. Fold in the sugar and gelatin, which has been soaked in the cold water for a few minutes and then dissolved by heating over hot water. Mix until well blended and add the flavoring. Freeze, stirring several times during the first hour.

Chocolate Ice Cream may be made by increasing the sugar to ½ cup and adding 1 ounce of melted chocolate. Melt over hot water and fold into the whipped cream with the sugar.

French Ice Cream

1 cup milk
½ cup sugar
½ tablespoon cornstarch or an additional egg yolk
2 egg yolks
1/16 teaspoon salt
½ tablespoon vanilla
1 cup cream, either sour or whipping cream
¼ teaspoon gelatin dissolved in 1 tablespoon cold water

HEAT the milk to scalding over hot water. Mix the cornstarch with an equal quantity of cold water or milk. Pour this slowly into the hot milk, stirring all the while. Stir and cook until the mixture thickens, then continue to cook over the hot water, without stirring, for 10 to 15 minutes. Beat the egg yolks and add the sugar and salt. Mix until creamy and gradually stir them into the hot, thickened milk. Continue to cook and stir for a minute or two longer (overcooking will cause the mixture to curdle). Dissolve the gelatin in the cold water and add it to the hot milk-egg mixture. Cool and add the flavoring. Chill and fold in the whipped cream. Freeze, stirring every 20 minutes for the first hour, or until the mixture is frozen hard enough to hold its own shape.

Fruit Ice

1 tablespoon gelatin soaked in 1 tablespoon cold water
Fruit juice or fruit pulp:
½ cup stewed apricots
1 banana
1 orange
1 lemon
½ cup blackberry juice plus 1¾ tablespoons lemon juice
¼ cup lemon juice
2 egg whites, if desired
⅔ cup orange juice plus 2 teaspoons grated orange rind plus 1 tablespoon lemon juice, or
⅔ cup crushed pineapple plus 2 tablespoons lemon juice
Enough hot water to make 2 cups liquid altogether
½ cup sugar

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water. Add the hot water, mixing until the gelatin is completely dissolved. Add the fruit juice or pulp. Add the sugar. Pour into the tray. Let cool at room temperature. When the mixture is slightly thickened, whip with a beater until foamy. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites if used. If a cream sherbet is desired, 1 cup of whipped cream may be folded in in place of the eggs. Place in the freezing chamber and stir every 20 minutes until the mixture is thick enough to hold its shape. Serve when frozen solid.

OF all the courses on the table, the last should always be the tasty surprise. LIBERTY'S three cookbooks help you to make a great variety of delicious desserts. Doesn't your mouth water when you think of banana-cream pie, lemon-meringue pie, frozen pineapple with whipped cream, cantaloupe *à la mode*, angel-food cake with ice cream, or snow pudding? LIBERTY'S cookbooks show you how to serve them all. Get your cookbooks NOW. 10¢ each—all three for 25¢. Use the coupon, please.

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A WORLD by ITSELF

Brazil's Mystery and Wonders in Review

An Article by

RUDYARD KIPLING

Picture by J. E. ALLEN

Brazilian Sketches

I SEEK not what his soul desires.
He dreads not what my spirit fears.
Our Heavens have shown us separate fires.
Our dooms have dealt us differing years.

Our daysprings and our timeless dead
Ordained for us and still control
Lives sundered at the fountain-head,
And distant, now, as Pole from Pole.

Yet, dwelling thus, these worlds apart,
When we encounter each is free
To bare that larger, liberal heart
Our kin and neighbours seldom see.

(Custom and code compared in jest—
Weakness delivered without shame—
And certain common sins confessed
Which all men know, and none dare blame.)

E'en so it is, and well content
It should be so a moment's space,
Each finds the other excellent,
And—runs to follow his own race!

(Copyright, 1928, by Rudyard Kipling, in the U. S. A.)

(Reading time: 16 minutes 20 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the seventh and final article of Mr. Kipling's series, Brazilian Sketches, in which we look straight into the heart of a nation.]

IT happened to me to be taken in a mute electric launch among islands and waterways, fringed with purple and gold turbanned forest trees, and a whole undergrowth of striving vegetation. Here and there thickets of guavas, run wild, appeared beside the royal bamboos; and breadths of lost pasture tilted steeply from the woods to the winding waters. The islands closed behind us till all sense of direction was lost, or ushered us into miniature lakes within this lake.

Once we stole up a dead-end, hung with lianas, where a little waterfall, in palest green light, babbled to itself as it dropped slow-descending scallops of silver down an emerald rock-face. Yet the fairy islands were but tops of little hills, and the waterways valleys of land, which twenty years before had been sunk up to make a lake to feed some hydro-electric works for Rio.

At this point a blunt, wary head broke water without sound and a nightmare rat, four foot long, ran up a bank. They said he was a *capybara*—a worthless rodent who harboured the *carapata* which gives trouble to cattle. This gentleman turned out to be a cow-tick about the size of a pea, and I had met his brethren before among cattle in Asia—the very same cattle, hump and all, as grazed round the countryside here.

So, what with him once again, and the Sacred Cow where one didn't expect her, and the *capybara*-heads that were copied from alligator-heads, and hot spice breaths out of the woods, the day was a confusion of overlapping wonders.

It ended in an Assam planter's bungalow; minute jewelled birds flashing round the trumpet-flowers till the bats came on, and every night-blossom gave its soul to the globed stars. There were iced, sliced mangoes for breakfast, and thereafter a joyous family of young folk played like trouts in the big bathing-pool and scarcely troubled to comment when the corpse of a vicious little snake was swept down a gutter. "All right! He's dead," said Fourteen in a pair of shorts, and returned to diving after plates.

One comes into pleasant lives like these the world over, where young folk ride and swim by nature; and the elders talk in the deep moon-slashed verandahs. But how is one to translate this adequately? Or what follows?

There was a gathering, in a big city, of the local survivors of a South American contingent, which came over to the War. They were joyous and sincere, but each must have carried his own bitterness or nostalgia beneath all the light and laughter. "Joking apart, what life was it for them?" And the answer, with local insets and allusions, was: "It's a good life. It *is* a good life. Of course we grouse at it, but on the whole it's as good a life as you can want. There's no need to be sick, and there's no need for separations if the money runs to it. But it's full of temptations, you know, whether one has money or not." With which one must be content.

Another gathering elsewhere was made up of some of the English men, women, and children at ease after the day's work in a beautiful Club. Here one seemed to come a little closer to hints and half-confidences of life. But convention—more's the pity—forbids cross-examining people as they pass, and asking them: "How do you truly live? What do you think about things here—business, marketing, servants, children's ailments, education, and everything else?" So the river of faces flows placidly enough, and one can only guess at what underlies the ripples and dimples.

THE Brazilians I met were interested in and entirely abreast of outside concerns, but these did not make their vital world. Their God—they jested—was a Brazilian. He gave them all they wanted and more at a pinch. For instance, once when their coffee-crop exceeded bounds, He sent a frost at the right moment, which cut it down a quarter and comfortably steadied the markets. And the vast inland countries were full of everything that anyone wanted, all waiting to be used in due time.

During the War, when they were driven in upon themselves for metals, fibres, and such, they would show a sample to an Indian and ask him: "Where does one find more of this?" Then he would lead them there. But, possessing these things, they gave one to understand, does not imply their immediate development by concessionaires. Brazil was a huge country, a half or third of which was still untapped. It would attend to itself in time. After a while, one fancied that, somewhere at the back of the scenes, there was the land-owning breed's dislike of the mere buyer and seller of commodi-

ties, which suggested an aristocratic foundation to the national fabric.

The elaborate rituals of greeting and parting among ordinary folk pointed the same way. Life being large, and the hours easy-winged, they expatiate in ceremonial. On the other hand, widespread national courtesy is generally due to some cogent reason. I asked if that reason existed here. Oh yes. Naturally. Their people resented above all things rudeness, lack of consideration, and injury to their "face." It annoyed them. Sometimes it made them see red. Then there would be trouble. Therefore, mutual accommodation from highest to humblest was the rule.

I HAD proof of this later at Carnival time, when the city of Rio went stark crazy. They dressed themselves in every sort of fancy-kit; they crowded into motors; they bought unlimited paper serpentines, which, properly thrown, unroll five fathoms at a flick; and for three days and three nights did nothing except circulate and congregate and bombard their neighbours with these papers and squirts of direful scent. (I made good practice against five angels in orange and black; a car-load of small boys not very disguised as young devils; and a lone, coroneted divinity in turquoise and silver.)

The pavements were blocked with foot-folk all bearing serpentines, and all wearing their fancy in clothes. City organisations and guilds assembled and poured out of their quarters in charge of huge floats and figures, which were guarded by amateur cavalry; and companies of negro men and women fenced themselves inside a rope which all held, formed barbaric cohorts and platoons of red, green and yellow, and so advanced, shaking earth and air with the stamp and boom of immemorial tunes as they Charlestoned through the crowds. It was Africa — essential and unabated.

The forty-foot floats that cruised high above the raging sea dealt rawhandedly with matters that the Press might have been too shy to discuss—such as a certain State railway, which is said to be casual in its traffic. Hence it was represented by twin locomotives butting like rams. To all appearance, the populace was utterly in charge of everything, and one bored one's way, a yard at a time, into it, while it shouted whatever came into its well-informed head, and plastered everybody with confetti.

AT Carnival time they dressed themselves in every sort of fancy-kit, and for three days and three nights did nothing except circulate.

The serpentines hung like wreckage after flood on the branches of trees in the avenues; lay in rolls and fringes on the streets like seaweed on a beach; and were tangled and heaped over the bows of the cars till these resembled hay-carts of the operatic stage. But at no time, and in no place, was there anything approaching disorder, nor any smell of liquor. At two o'clock of the last night I saw a forty-foot avenue masked from kerb to kerb with serpentines and confetti. At five that same morning they were utterly gone—with the costumes and the revellers. There wasn't even a headache hanging over in the clean air!

Talking of this, people told me that drink was not a Brazilian failing, nor, as the state of the streets after Carnival proved, did men

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

TIGHTER

each week

tighter_
tighter_

Most *shirts* SHRINK — SHRINK — *but now..*
...*A shirt whose collar* CAN'T *shrink*

WHAT man's neck has never felt the fetters of a shrunk-tight shirt? What man's wife has never frowned upon the shrinkage crinkles of his collar-front?

It is not your laundry's fault. Shirt collars simply had to shrink —a bit at every laundering. Until —until a little group of textile experts found, not long ago, a scientific process that *prevents it.* They tried it on the collar of a shirt. Three times Wallach's New York Laundry laundered it. The collar did not shrink a thousandth of an inch.

More shirts were processed. Sixty times each test shirt was washed and ironed, measured with precision. The collars did not shrink. They *could not shrink.* And thus was born the neck-emancipating Everfit Collar to be found today exclusively on Shirtcraft Shirts. These fine shirts now come in a wide variety of fabrics, —white, solid colors and up-to-the-minute patterns.

To be sure it's a Shirtcraft with the Everfit Collar, look for this paper band around the shirt. Read guarantee.

These Fine Shirts with the Everfit Collar

Neuglo Broadcloth..$1.95
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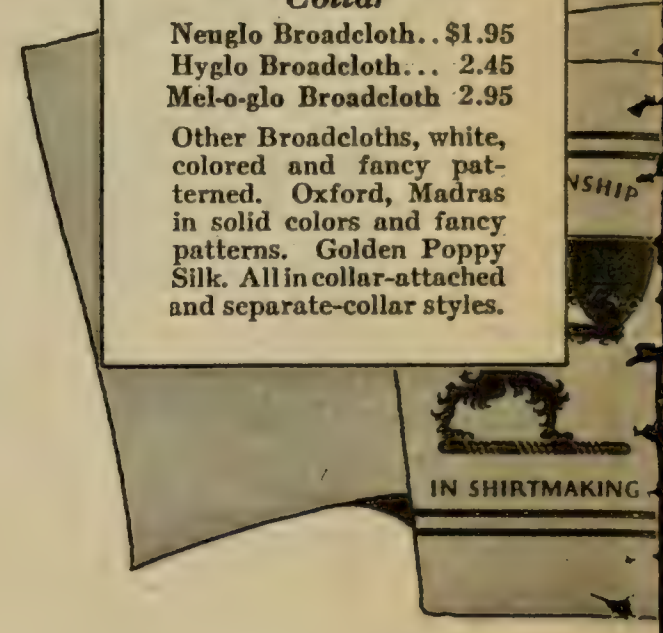
Other Broadcloths, white, colored and fancy patterned. Oxford, Madras in solid colors and fancy patterns. Golden Poppy Silk. All in collar-attached and separate-collar styles.



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

normally throw litter about. For one thing, they were racially neat-handed, as those are who deal in strong sunlight with wood, fibres, cane and rattan; and their fight against fever in the past had most practically taught them tidiness. Unpleasant things happen to the householder to-day if his cisterns and rubbish-heaps attract mosquitoes in the city, and hard-handed Municipal chiefs see that he pays up. And that is the reason why it is so hard to find a bad smell in Rio.

Intellectually, the younger writers seem to orient themselves on France, and in the renewed discovery of, and delight in, their own land, which is moving many of them to-day, words are used with Gallic rigour and precision.

I HAD had the privilege of hearing an oration at their Academy in literary Portuguese, which carried the dignity, cadence and clarity of age-old culture, as the tones of a musical glass carry the twin mysteries of fire and water. Later on, I listened to a popular ditty, sung at a gathering of friends by a girl with a mandoline. ("I think it comes from the North—from the Dry Country, where they sing to their cattle at night.") A warm rain was falling outside, heavy-scented from the gardens of Petropolis, and its half-tones exquisitely balanced the spirit of the old house, the shining ancient furniture, the priceless smooth silver, and, in some magic way, the ease and poise of the company.

The girl's pale face was thrown up by reflected light; and three or four young men behind her strummed in and out of the tune with their mandolines as required. Every soul in the company knew the burden; and its dead-simple, heart-breaking wail did not need to be translated to a stranger. It was followed by a rattling, tearing negro-melody—no relation whatever to "coon-stuff"—evidently quite as well-known. (It came out of lordly, untouched Bahia, where, I fancy, the old heart of the land beats strongly.) One could hear the West Coast drums thudding behind the strings, while one watched the feet tapping the floor and the faces lit by the associations of the jingling words. (Most likely their *ayahs* had sung it to them when they were babies.) For just those few instants one felt nearer Brazil than one had ever been before. I put this notion to a friend, and added: "But you are not an easy people to arrive at."

"Isn't that because you always think of us as Spanish? We are *not*. We are Portuguese by origin—out of a Portugal that is dead. What a Portugal it must have been! But it has left its mark on us."

That seems reasonable, too. The Brazilian has been established here four hundred years and more, beneath skies that play the deuce with book-bindings, watches, and road-beds. Yet his national fibre from end to end seems to have kept one character. It was laid down by a collection of as outrageous sea-thieves as ever sailed from Bristol or Plymouth in the same age. They allied themselves unhesitatingly with any strain they met inland, or, later, bought from the opposite coast. They feared nothing except their own Church, and that sparingly; and they set up stolid duplicates of the architecture of their native country in the face of the desperate forests and rivers into, and up which, they vanished. For great whiles they lived outside the minds of mankind and the knowledge of change, waging their own wars against whomsoever the Trade Winds fetched to their coasts; while Death fought all intruders impartially.

Their first Emperor was convoyed to them by an obscure organisation called the British Navy, in the days when Napoleon was making too many Kings in Europe. Their last—not so many years since—went to Europe on holiday, leaving behind him a female relative with full Powers of Attorney. She, moved by noblest motives, freed at a stroke of the pen, a few hundred thousand slaves, who were in process of being freed by quota. These rebelled, and, after some discussion, Brazil parted from her Emperor with expressions of high esteem on both sides, and adopted a Democratic Constitution.

Mercifully, slow and bad communications over immense distances, and a soothing climate, prevented this from doing too much harm. The antecedents of the national life had settled the Colour question, so that men could draw easily on the better and provide against the worse in the White, Red, and Black strands which knit the thread of their fate. The God of Brazil had further arranged that the Banana should take the place of the Dole, and that two garments should be ample for most men most of the year round.

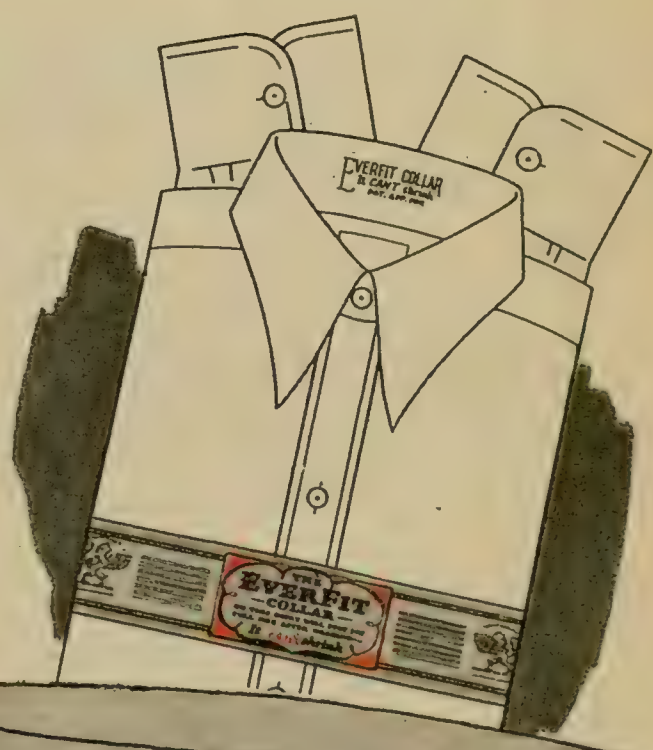
WITH the edge of all food, clothing, and housing problems thus blunted, and the size and strength of his heaven and earth enforcing on the richest inhabitant a certain simplicity of soul, Politics, in the baser sense of the word, became rather a risky, but high-class sport. The Brazilian will tell you that his country is full of "graft." He knows nothing of the deep-seated spiritual corruption of some sorts of "social service." He grows—as men do when they talk to utter strangers—rather proud of his national enormities, and gives them full-dress names. That is a pity, because the Latin runs as naturally to grandiose terms as the Anglo-Saxon to those of belittlement. What an Englishman or citizen of the U. S. would call "trouble" or "fuss" is here a Revolution, and covers equally the performances of a bandit of Indian extraction who knocks about the interior stealing cattle till he is shot, or the upheaval of regiments whose officers consider that their merits have been overlooked.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-FIVE]

BRISKLY styled, deftly tailored Shirtcraft Shirts can now be bought with the new amazing Everfit Collar. (It *can't* shrink.) They can never pinch your neck, never crease, never lose their crisp neck-fitting newness.

Wives will appreciate the *lasting* jaunty style, the banishment of pulled-off collar buttons, the careful tailoring, the fine-spun fabrics to be found in these modish shirts.

Shirtcraft Shirts give no hint of their very modest cost. They're sold by good retailers everywhere, in white and stylish new patterns. If you want to know the name of a store near you, send a post card to The Shirtcraft Company, Dept. A, 212 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



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ON THIS SHIRT WILL STAY ITS FULL SIZE AFTER WASHING

It can't shrink

HIS SHIRT IS GUARANTEED TO FULL CUT, CORRECT IN SIZE ND PERFECTLY TAILORED AND NISHED IN EVERY DETAIL. THE OLORS ARE GUARANTEED TO BE SOLUTELY FAST. SUPERIOR IC QUALITY, FADEPROOF OLORS AND CAREFUL WORK-ANSHIP ASSURE YOU OF LAST-G SATISFACTION IN EVERY RESPECT.

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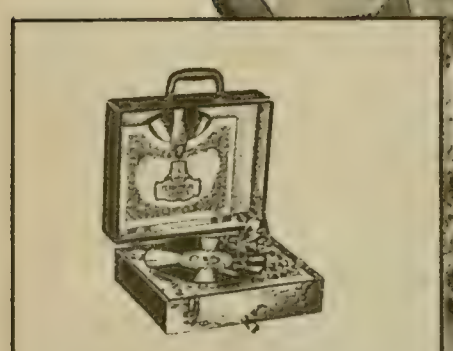
CRAFTSMANSHIP

IN SHIRTMAKING



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MADE BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS

Carry

BEYOND THIS YOU BUY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

This is a large country, in which revolutions can revolve unhampered. The people who engineer them are professionals, accepting special risks and judged by special codes. The material damage is a flea-bite compared with what follows "direct action" in other lands. The worst that arrives is theft of public funds by a known individual—followed by his flight to Europe. Such matters are uncamouflaged by talk about lofty motives, or political exigencies, because this is a direct-minded people and has heard it all before. (That, too, is why Latins so seldom appear in police-courts as victims of the confidence-trick.) Moreover, larger schemes and undertakings for the development of Brazil are coming on, and with them a feeling that "graft" is getting beneath the dignity of things—and men.

Unless it be the French, I have never met a race quicker to see their own weaknesses or to turn them to advantage. Here is an instance:

THEY will gamble continuously and from their youth—just like the English. But their Governments give them a straight chance, daily, at the Federal or State lotteries. Side by side with the legitimate gamble is an illegal fascinating play called "The Beasts," in which the numbers from 0 to 99 are split into groups of four, each group being presided over by an Animal God—Lion, Cock, Dog, and so on. If the beast you have staked on controls two or more of the final figures of the State's winning lottery number for the day, you are paid in proportion.

Prices are fitted to the shallowest purse; but though, as has been said, the Banana takes the place of the Dole, it is not current coin. Therefore, to play The Beasts, a man must follow some occupation which fetches real money. Thus the system provides daily incentive towards honest toil as well as those dreams of unearned wealth which salt life. But rich and poor alike enjoy social luxuries on the most ample scale.

They have just finished a triple-track racecourse in one of the suburbs of Rio, which holds all the beauty, colour, and design that can be worked into one landscape. Forested hills run down to it; fantastic mountain-tops watch it; and ocean-going liners glide along one side of it; so that wherever the eye turns there are fresh marvels. The Argentine, which thinks that it knows something about racing, is filled with envy just now; and revenges itself by whispering that Brazil hasn't any really good horses.

The Brazilian takes his play, as he takes life, in his stride, and his quick speech and gestures do not reach back to his mind. He has studied samples of every nationality established under his skies these many, many years. He has been used to the English trader for generations, and there are many English-stock families, who long ago attached themselves to the national fortunes—bi-lingual folks with two sides to their heads, who act as unofficial interpreters and ambassadors at a financial or commercial pinch. The old experienced mercantile firms also send out the type of Englishman most likely to be acceptable. For the Brazilian has not yet reached the impersonality of ideal "business." If he likes you as an individual, he will do more than anything for you. If he doesn't, he will do less than nothing. If he knows little about you, but perceives that you have manner and a few trifles of that sort, he will wait and see. And he has heaps of leisure.

Nevertheless, in the course of a hundred years or so of trade, the English community seems to have picked up a reputation in Brazil for honesty and punctuality; and had Moscow permitted England to get to work after the War, business between the countries might now be more prosperous. When one comes across little scattered English communities trying to overtake the consequences of the General Strike, in the teeth of rending competition and derision, one realises how superbly engineered that strike was, and how—despite our comic Press—very far from humorous.

ON these matters, as on many others, the Brazilian keeps his own counsel. The consciousness of his amazing potential wealth may have something to do with his calm; or he may merely prefer to manage his own affairs in his own way. He has his relations with the other Republics on the continent to think about; his most vital immigration questions to work out by trial and error; and occasional inter-State difficulties and arguments to compose.

One State perhaps remembers that it pays most of the Federal taxation, and wants to know what it gets in return. A third, half the size of Germany, hints that the national future will be secured if its own transport schemes are immediately put through on an open cheque. Somewhere at the back of beyond all this, a man is spending his life and genius to make Indians make roads in rubber districts. Whereupon the big cities, who never see further than the town's end, ask all the Newspaper Gods how this sort of thing can be expected to pay; or a new manufacturing suburb sings out that it has fallen into the hands of bloodless concessionaires, and *must* have all its contracts revised. If this be not enough for a morning's work, there is the chance of the seasonal movement of staples—coffee, cocoa, or sugar—congesting a railway or two; or some port, Cape Horn way, hanging up a hundred and fifty ships at one strike whose repercussion echoes all up the Amazon.

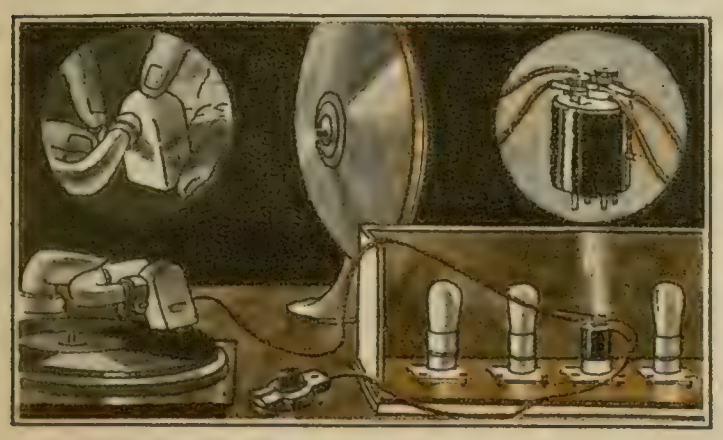
These affairs are dealt with by deliberate, urbane men, with intimate knowledge of each other's thoughts and ways. Their sentences are a little longer and better finished than ours, but there is nothing visionary in their ideas of the future. Railways and roads—

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

and if you have a radio

Here's how you can double your enjoyment of it

A marvelous new Carryola development—the Carryola Porto Pick-up—enables you to play phonograph records on any standard make of radio. Think of what that means! At very small cost you can have the kind of music that only the costliest electric phonograph could duplicate.



Carryola Electric Pick-up

Nothing could be simpler than the Carryola Porto Pick-up. It picks up the sound waves from the revolving disc, amplifies them through your tubes and transmits them through your loud speaker. It is complete. Electric reproducer, volume control, spring motor, turntable, cord and adaptor socket, all come enclosed in a neat, portable case. Its operation is as simple as replacing a light bulb in a socket. And the price is low—low enough to bring the luxury of electrically reproduced music within the reach of every radio-equipped home.

If you have a phonograph as well as a radio set, the Carryola Electric Pick-up will give you the same results at even less cost. It is identical with the Porto Pick-up, except that instead of including a motor and a turntable for records, it attaches to the tone arm of your own phonograph.

Every radio-equipped home should have one or the other of these attachments. If your own radio dealer does not yet carry them, write to us direct, giving us his name and we'll see that you are supplied.

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Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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OF PORTABLE PHONOGRAPHS

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FURNITURE

$102.50 is a small sum for a rollicking ocean trip on one of the finest liners afloat. Especially when you stop to think that TOURIST Third Cabin carries the right crowd—college people, professional men and women, and such; and that you get a comfortable cabin, plenty of deck space for lolling and exercising, large social salons for indoor events—and delicious food!

We offer the only steamers in the world devoted exclusively to TOURIST passengers—*Minnekahda, Minnesota, Devonian and Winifredian.* No other class carried. You have the freedom of all decks. No class distinctions.

Also specially reserved quarters for TOURIST passengers on such famous liners as *Majestic*, world's largest ship, *Homeric*, *Belgenland* and others.

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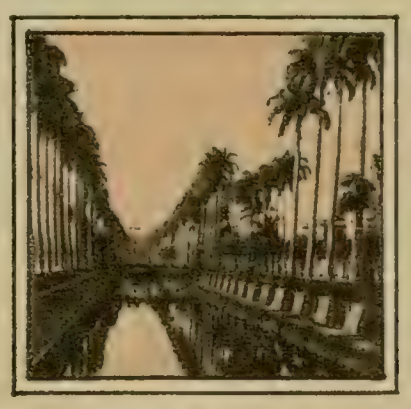
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

No. 1 Broadway, New York City, our offices elsewhere, or any authorized steamship agent.

[A WORLD BY ITSELF Continued from Page Seventy-five]

now that cars have come, the road equally with the rail—are the country's prime needs. ("Aeroplanes, too, if possible, but, you see, our forests make landing difficult. Unlike Australia.") Communities, of whatever stock, should not be isolated too long. They grow to forget things. Within certain limits it has been discovered which races do best on the land; but further experiments are in progress. You will find samples of every race somewhere or other. Eventually they will become Brazilians. Not by pressure or exhortation—the land is too big for that. The land itself will do it—in time.



As regards their neighbours on the South American continent? They understand their ideas and are understood by them. Misunderstandings with them in the past? A few, of course. That was the tradition of the age. Time has gone by for this sort of play now. The future belongs, indubitably, to "business," and the Southern Continent knows that. There are many sorts of business. But all business leads to making The Brazils. All of which was more or less common form.

Then I asked of a philosopher, who was not in any administration, whether the blast of a trumpet blown, say, on the Mediterranean, could reach to where we then stood. He smiled and answered that that was possible.

* * *

AS the homeward steamer worked out of the Bay, the memories of the past wonderful weeks began to sort themselves. The rails, the motors, the factories, the sumptuous hotels and luxurious houses in which one had so rejoiced, faded out. The faces of the deliberate and urbane administrators grew clearer; so did some hanging breadths of forest range, and a twilight canyon filled with solemn wavering fireflies. So did an immense roar of rapids heard through a choking hot night.

The coasts, up which our steamer marched, withdrew from us, till we closed in on the southern end of those blinding sand-beaches "much like linen cloth when it is in whiting," which, the old-time pilots advised, marked "where thou mayest be bold to bear into Bahia."

Bahia stood out sweating and effulgent in the sun blaze. She guards a good deal of the magic of The Brazils; for you must understand that from thence, all along north to Pernambuco, one strikes into the ghost-track of the crazy, ill-found little-ships that followed one another through the centuries, their crews devoured by scurvy afloat and sincere horror of devils ashore, their leaders as ignorant as they, and their saloon passengers certain Captain-adventurers to whom uncaring Portugal had granted territories huger than European kingdoms. They were narrow, violent, without scruple—some trained in the dark and bloody school of their East Indies—every one of them aware that to win anything you must stake all.

THEY threw themselves on that coast, and despite the evil that they did, laid down nothing less than the foundation of a single-minded, single-tongued power over three and a quarter million square miles. *That* is the mystery of it! The old French-Canadian Seignories, the Dutch and English North American Plantations are interesting historically, but their origins have long since been overlaid by events and men. According to precedent, this should have been the case in Brazil, too. But it is not. Behind all the luxury, progress and development, the demands of this or that school of thought, or the clamour of new-landed aliens, one feels the certain spirit of the first Captains and *Bandeiras*—Kings and Armies—hid but waiting—as the live coal waits under a season's ashes—to rekindle and dominate this most fascinating and mysterious world apart.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page Fifty-five

1—Lord Cornwallis, who surrendered on October 19, 1781.

2—A figure having five sides and five angles.

3—The Society of Jesus, founded in 1534, whose members are called Jesuits.

4—Violins.

5—Rugby football and Association football.

6—*Hamlet.*

7—No.

8—Mary I of England (1516-58), daughter of Henry VIII.

9—Georg Friedrich Handel.

10—"Centennial" and "Silver."

11—The American Indians.

12—A student and collector of coins and medals.

13—Citric acid.

14—Hydrogen and oxygen.

15—The Columbia River.

16—A fish.

17—John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States.

18—The thistle.

19—Helsingfors, on the Gulf of Finland.

20—The music is by Sir Arthur Sullivan and the words by Sir William S. Gilbert.

Drive off Colds, Grip and Influenza

with

BROMO QUININE TABLETS

• • •

Why suffer from a cold when you can drive it off quickly? Millions of people every year keep colds away by taking Bromo Quinine Tablets as soon as they feel a cold coming on.

The tonic and laxative effect of Bromo Quinine Tablets throws off the cold and fortifies the system against grip, influenza and other serious ills which often begin with a slight cold.

Keep free from colds and protect your health the popular way — Bromo Quinine. • • • Since 1889 the signature *E.W. Grove* on every box has identified it as the first and original cold and grip tablet. Price 30c.

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Always ask for
"GROVE'S
BROMO QUININE"

LAXATIVE

BROMO QUININE

TABLETS

E.W. Grove

17 million boxes of Bromo Quinine were used last year. The medicinal effect is very different from others. For your protection remember this box.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING COLD AND GRIP TABLET

LIBERTY'S Four-Color Printing

Conspires with JOHNS-MANVILLE *to Beautify More American Homes*

Residence of Dr. H. E. Robinson, Pleasantville, N. Y. Architect—James R. Thompson
Roofed with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles

JOHNS-MANVILLE Corporation—one of America's outstanding national advertisers—choose LIBERTY because of its excellent four-color printing. This year they come into LIBERTY for the first time on a regular schedule of insertions.

LIBERTY's sincerity in four-color reproduction will further the homes beautiful movement through increased sales of Johns-Manville colorful asbestos shingles. What true home-lover can resist the charm of the Johns-Manville shingled homes as pictured in LIBERTY!

Through the eye is the shortest route to the buy. The public purse opens more readily to products pictured so faithfully in LIBERTY's four-color printing. That is why more and more advertisers are scheduling the regular use of four-color pages in LIBERTY. It *pays*.

THESE ARE FROM THE ADVERTISER'S ORIGINAL PLATES

THIS is an exact reprint of the Johns-Manville ad in the Febr. 25th LIBERTY, on the *same paper* and from the advertiser's own plates. LIBERTY uses *58-pound cover stock* for *all* four-color advertising—11 pounds heavier than the paper the Saturday Evening Post uses. Paper *does* make a difference. *Compare the printing!*

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

For the small house Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles in hexagonal shape offer the charm of this pleasant French cottage.

FREE—Booklet of Color Combinations for Roofs

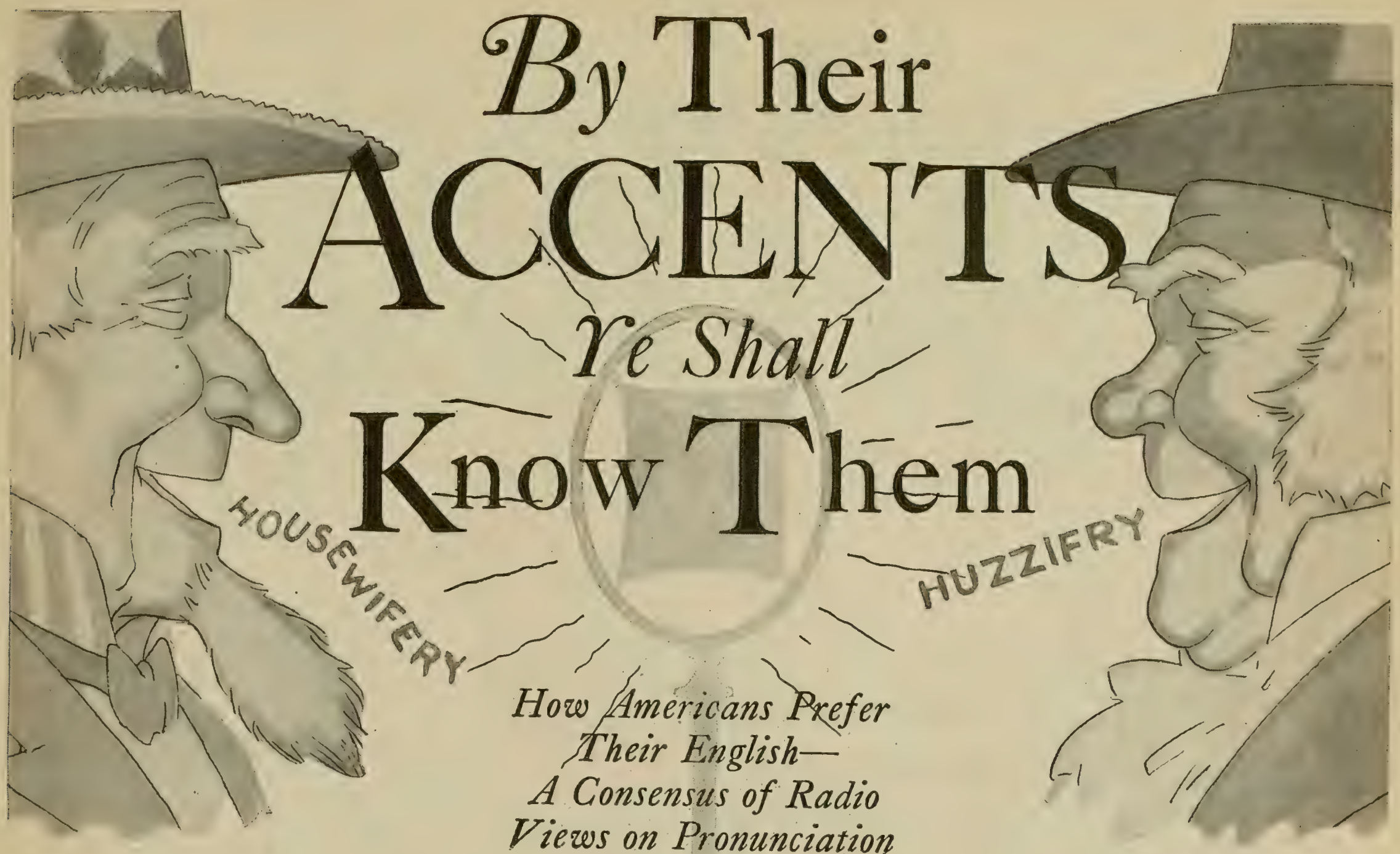
JOHNS-MANVILLE Corp., Dept. R 33,
New York, Chicago, Cleveland, San Francisco
For Canada: Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto
(Mail coupon to branch nearest you)

Send me your free booklet showing how to choose the roof most suitable for my house.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

JOHNS-MANVILLE
ASBESTOS SHINGLES
BRAKE LINING AND INSULATIONS OF ENDURING FIREPROOF ASBESTOS



By Their ACCENTS Ye Shall Know Them

How Americans Prefer Their English— A Consensus of Radio Views on Pronunciation

An Article by

NORMAN S. HALL

Pictures by R. B. FULLER

(Reading time: 16 minutes 40 seconds.)

STANDARDIZED speech in America—an unvaried drawl or twang or burr, or whatever the common denominator of our speech may be—is still far off.

Radio may bring about a universal pronunciation; the day may come when a Georgian will pronounce the *r* in corn and a Texan will call a "hawg" a hog—but you'll burn out several sets of tubes and you'll need a new B battery or two before it comes to pass.

This business of getting the festive American to speak all of a piece will not be accomplished within a fortnight—if at all.

Mr. Quin A. Ryan, announcer at WGN in Chicago, cast the first noun a short while ago when he offered in these pages a list of words the pronunciations of which had been authorized for announcers of the British Broadcasting Company by its Advisory Committee on Spoken English.

Manipulators of the microphone at many of the larger radio stations in the United States and Canada were asked to criticize the list from the standpoint of local radio usage and to comment on the possibility of a universal diction to be fostered through the radio.

The results are of decided interest and, in some instances, rather startling.

The list Mr. Ryan offered is given here, accompanied by a corresponding compilation which sets forth the average American radio announcer's pronunciation of the same words.

In some instances the British pronunciation won by a very small margin, noticeably eyrie, tryst, and tortoise, which remain as given by the English committee by virtue of one vote only. Only one announcer, Mr. W. W. Henderson of KWKH, Shreveport, Louisiana, accepted the British list as submitted.

The list, with its American counterpart, follows:

Suggested British Pronunciation	*American Pronunciation*
ADULT—Accent on first syllable	Accent on second
AËRIAL—First syllable of noun to be pronounced air; the adjective to be airial	Same as British
AËROPLANE—First syllable to be pronounced air. (Recommend use of term airplane.)	Same as British
AMATEUR—Amaterr	Amature
ASPIRANT—Accent on second syllable, rhyming with spire.	Same as British
ATE—Rhymes with bet	Rhymes with late
AUTOMOBILE—Automobeel	Same as British
BEDIZEN—Second syllable to rhyme with horizon	Same as British
CALIBER—Caleeber	Cal-i-bur
CELTIC—First letter pronounced as *s*.	Same as British
DAIL—Rhymes with oil	Same as British
DAIS—Two syllables	Same as British
EYRIE—Pronounced eyery	Same as British
FEBRUARY—First *r* is often omitted. Recommend it should be pronounced	Same as British
FORMIDABLE—Accent on first syllable, except in the case of H. M. S. Formidable, when accent is on second syllable.	Same as British
GIBBERISH — Spoken with soft *g*.	Same as British
GYNECOLOGY — Spoken with first *g* hard	Same as British
HELIOTROPE — First syllable pronounced hell	Pronounced heel
HOUSEWIFERY—Huzzifry.	Pronounced as spelled
IODINE—Pronounced dine, not deen.	Same as British
IRON—*r* not pronounced	*r* pronounced
LAMENTABLE — Accent first syllable.	Same as British
MEDICINE — Pronounced meds'n.	Three syllables
NEPHEW—Nevew.	Neffew
PALFREY—Pawlfrey.	Same as British
PIANOFORTE—Final *e* should always be pronounced.	Same as British
PREMIER—First *e* is short.	Same as British
RECONDITE — Accent second syllable.	First syllable
RESEARCH—Accent on second syllable.	Same as British
SHEIK—Shake.	Sheek
SIOUX—Soo.	Same as British
SOVIET—Accent first syllable, with long *o*.	Same as British
TORTOISE—Tortus.	Same as British
TRYST—Letter *y* pronounced as in trice.	Same as British
UNTOWARD — Untoard, with long *o*.	Same as British
VALET—*t* to be pronounced	*t* not to be
WON'T—Pronounced woun't	Pronounced won't
WRATH—Rawth.	Pronounced to rhyme with lath
ZOÖLOGY—Zo-ol-o-gy.	Same as British
ZOÖLOGICAL—Zo-o-logical.	Same as British

Thus we find that, of a list of forty words selected by an eminent British committee with no less a personage than George Bernard Shaw at its head, twenty-six of them slither from aërial to aërial in the United States with the same sound given them by our English cousins.

But in the criticism of the remaining fourteen words there is sufficient anti-British propaganda to please even Big Bill Thompson.

Mr. E. L. Tyson, station manager at WWJ, the Detroit *News* broadcasting unit, speaks firmly and not too respectfully concerning suggested word reforms in the list.

Asked not to pronounce the *r* in iron, Mr. Tyson declares:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Ask $10 per Pound
For Losing Fat

Here is a suggestion to wives who suffer from excess fat. Ask your husband to pay you, in a gift, so much per pound for reduction. He will gladly do it, for excess fat affects beauty, health, vitality and charm.

Then try this modern method which has been used so widely for twenty years. It is based on wide scientific research which discovered a cause of excess fat. It lies in shortage of a certain substance which greatly affects nutrition. The way found to correct it is to feed a supply of that substance.

That substance is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for two decades—millions of boxes of them. You can see the results in every circle. Doubtless many of your friends can tell them. That is one great reason why excess fat is as rare as it is today.

The use of Marmola requires no abnormal exercise or diet, though moderation helps. Simply takes four tablets daily until the weight comes down to normal. Then use it only if you start to gain again.

There are no secrets about Marmola. The formula appears in every box, also an explanation of results—the loss of fat, the new health and vitality. This is done to banish every fear of harm.

Go learn at once how much Marmola means to you. Watch the delightful effects it has brought to so many. It may change your entire life. Order a box before you forget it, for you cannot afford to stay fat.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 a box. Any druggist who is out will order them from his jobber for you.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

WILL YOU Accept $75.00 a Week?

This great nationally known corporation, the leader in its field in America, is now allotting exclusive territory on either a Spare-Hour or Full-Time basis to honest salesmen and saleswomen who furnish good references and who can handle successfully our various lines.

You Can Sell Everyone Everywhere

Personal and Commercial Stationery, Commercial and Professional Removal and other Announcements, Wedding Announcements and Invitations, also three distinct lines of Xmas Greeting Cards to sell respectively to stores, banks, business houses, professional people and individuals.

This is a life-time proposition on a very liberal and immediately paid commission basis, offering an opportunity for you to secure promotion in just a few months to a District Managership position where you will put out your own sub-salespeople and build up a permanent business of your own, worth from $6,000 to $12,000 a year.

All necessary samples, stationery and advertising are furnished at our expense.

Address immediately in full as follows

SALES MGR. DEPT. J
The Process Engraving Company, Inc.
Troy at 21st Street, Chicago

Radium Is Restoring Health To Thousands

The wonderful curative power of Radium has been known for years. However, the benefits of this precious health-giving substance have in the past been only within the means of persons of wealth.

Since the invention of Degnen's Radio-Active Solar Pad, any man or woman, poor or rich, can afford this treatment which offers so much relief from suffering and disease.

Degnen's Radio-Active Solar Pad is worn next to the body day and night. It pours a constant stream of radio-active energy into the system while you work, play or sleep, helping to build up weakened nerves and tissues to a strong, healthy condition. It creates a vigorous circulation of blood, thus removing congestion, which is the real cause of most diseases.

To prove just what this remarkable treatment can do for you, we will send our appliance on trial with the understanding that we will not charge you a cent if it fails to give satisfactory results. This offer is open to any person who has pain of any kind, nerve weakness, high blood pressure, stomach, kidney or liver complaint, bladder trouble, or disease of the lungs or heart.

No matter what your ailment or how long you have had it, we will gladly let you try the appliance at our risk. Write today for free literature giving complete information. Radium Appliance Co., 725 Bradbury Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Loosen Up Chest Colds

Just Rub Away Danger

When your lungs are congested and you have a hacking cough watch out! Rub Musterole on the sore spot. There's nothing better for quick, safe relief. Musterole penetrates the skin, bringing a soothing, cooling sensation and welcome relief.

Recommended by doctors and nurses, Musterole relieves cold in chest, sore throat, bronchitis, aches and pains in the back and joints. Keep Musterole handy.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
MILD
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

CAMPING IS HEALTHFUL $13.95 with this DUR-A-BILT UMBRELLA TENT DELIVERED FULLY EQUIPPED

Made of durable weatherproof Khaki Tent Fabric; complete with awning, screened window and door; sod cloth, metal frame, stakes, jointed poles and carrying bag. 7x7 ft. only $13.95, delivered. Same tent 9½x9½ ft. and other models at lowest prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SEND NO MONEY—Just name and address. Pay only price of Tent on delivery. We prepay Express.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG—Factory Prices save you Money.

LE ROY TENT COMPANY
3635 Gravois Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

We start you in business and help you succeed

New plan. No experience or capital needed. We furnish everything. Spare or full time. You can easily make

$50-$100 weekly

Write at once

Madison Shirt Mfrs., 560 Broadway, New York

[BY THEIR ACCENTS YE SHALL KNOW THEM
Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

"The man who conceived this should be pronounced 'im-be-sil.' Iron without the *r* becomes ion, a common noun, or Ion, a proper noun."

He will have no truck with "huzzifry," either.

"Absolutely no!" says Mr. Tyson, continuing: "Not so long as the use of words is to convey ideas. An inexcusable Anglicism, here or in England."

Mr. G. C. Arnoux of KTHS, Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas, believes good usage should govern the radio announcer's pronunciation. He declares:

"It seems to me that among the many other duties which fall to the lot of the radio announcer, it is very important that he make his pronunciation conform to good usage and be unassailable from a dictionary standpoint, as he exercises a rather wide influence on the spoken word in this country."

In the main, Mr. Arnoux agrees with the suggestions contained in the British list, taking exception to the glaring departures such as "meds'n" for medicine, "helliotrope" for "heeliotrope," and "et" for ate.

Mr. Albert Ely of KGA, Spokane, Washington, seems particularly concerned with "huzzifry."

"Why?" he asks, and adds: "It sounds like the Two Black Crows pronouncing Humoresque."

He does believe the sounding of the letter *y* in tryst as the *i* in trice is good, and approves the British version of wrath; but he labels "tortus" for tortoise as foolish.

BUT two words in the entire list displease Mr. Jack Barnet, program director at KEX, Portland, Oregon. Mr. Barnet does not like the proposed British won't nor the ate to rhyme with bet. Otherwise the list has his approval.

The pronunciation of ate to rhyme with bet is not accepted by Mr. Gayle Grubb of KFAB, Lincoln, Nebraska. He assures us that a sheik is a "sheek" in Nebraska, and says housewifery is "not in use in this part of the country."

Can there be any connection?

The British pronunciations given to caliber, heliotrope, housewifery, iron, medicine, nephew, and wrath are not recognized by the chief announcer at KFKX, Chicago, Mr. A. S. Houston. He lists instead the locutions usually heard from the man in the street, justifying his choice with the statement that they are in common use, therefore more readily understood by radio audiences.

Mr. Henry Field of KFNF, Shenandoah, Iowa, is one of the very few who object to "airial." He believes it should be a-e-rial, with the first two vowels long and the *e* accented. The English "huzzifry" does not please him, nor does "caleeber." He wants his iron to have a letter *r* and believes "nevew" for nephew is "provincial British."

"No use bringing down the wrath of the listener by making him feel your desire for superi-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How happy James Lassater of Florida is with his prize Columbia bike!

Boys! get a fine bicycle free!

How would you like to win a wonderful bicycle, all your baseball equipment, musical instruments, or any of the 375 free prizes offered to boys who sell LIBERTY Magazines? It's easy. Just send the coupon for full details.

You can get these wonderful prizes and earn a regular weekly income besides. No money or experience needed. Just work in spare time—right in your own neighborhood. We supply carrier bags, magazines, and full information. Thousands of boys are happy and independent selling LIBERTY Magazines. Why not join them? Just send the coupon below and we'll tell you how to get started at once. We will send you our booklet, "The Liberty Boy Salesman," which tells what all our boys are doing, and our Big Catalog of Free Prizes. Join the Liberty Boys. Be a money maker.

Mail today!

LIBERTY Magazine,
Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Avenue,
New York City, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Liberty Boy Salesmen, and make money.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTY]

ority," is the opinion of Mr. Bob Hall, chief announcer and studio director at KOIL, Council Bluffs, Iowa. He believes an announcer's location has a great deal to do with his pronunciation of words. As an instance, he lists iron with a silent letter *r* and says that is perfectly proper if one has perfect Eastern pronunciation, but that the word will find no favor with Westerners.

The manager of WAIU, Columbus, Ohio, Mr. Don Bernard, criticizes many of the words in the British list, but is one American announcer who believes housewifery should be pronounced "huzzifry." Apparently housewifery is known in Ohio because Mr. Bernard admits that an Ohio sheik is a "shake"; which, you will recall, is what George Bernard Shaw and his helpfellows said he was.

Mr. W. A. Young, announcer for WAPI at Auburn, Alabama, observes that farmers are a critical radio audience and, because of this, he very carefully pitches his pronunciation to a key struck in common usage.

Incidentally, Mr. Young does not believe the first letter *r* in February should be sounded. He offers three words, pecan, penalize, and data, as the three with which his station has the most trouble. These he gives as pe-can, accented on the last syllable, with the first vowel long; pe-nal-ize, the first syllable accented, the first and last vowels long, and the second one short; da-ta, the first syllable accented and the first vowel long.

Mr. C. W. Darling of CFCF, Montreal, finds quite as much fault with the British listing as any of the announcers in the United States. Of housewifery he says:

"In army circles it is always pronounced as 'huzzifry'; but the correct pronunciation is as written."

Perhaps it should be explained that there was a contraption issued to soldiers, known as a housewife. It contained needles, thread, buttons, and sundry other spare parts. But this late savior of democracy never heard it spoken of in any vein other than:

"Hey, jughead, where the so-and-so is the this-and-that gadget with the needles and thread?"

Another Canadian who differs largely with the British list is Mr. Grant Stineman of CFQC, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. He does not accept ate as rhyming with bet, and housewifery in Saskatoon is housewifery. Which really doesn't help our old problem at all, because a sheik is a "sheek" up there. Perhaps they're all colonists from Nebraska.

Mr. H. N. Tyson, whose microphoning is done at KGU, Honolulu, gives us three interesting exhibits from his own studio. Honolulu should be rolled out with long *o*s and *u*s, he says. Hawaii is "hav-y-ee," with the second syllable accented; and Waikiki should be "vy-kee-kee."

Ate doesn't rhyme with bet, so far as Mr. Tyson is concerned, and he regards a silent letter *r* in iron as stilted, and in considering "rawth" for wrath asks, "Why not 'aftermawth' for aftermath?"

Mr. Pat Barnes of WHT, Chicago, regards housewifery as housewifery; but suggests that a sheik might be a "shike" to rhyme with pike. Might have known Chicago would be original about it!

The WHT announcer appends a long list of words he finds debatable, among them adept, duty, inquiry, pianist, poem, roof, and route.

WAPI finds farmers a critical audience.

In submitting his corrections to the British list, Mr. Cecil P. Underwood, the microphonist at KHQ, Spokane, Washington, cautions that in some communities certain pronunciations are accepted, while in another locality still different locutions are quite logical.

He says:

"IN speaking to his radio audience, an announcer should choose words that are understood by all classes and pronounced in such a way as to leave no doubt in the mind of the listener as to the word employed. He should select the pronunciation with which his audience is most familiar."

Mr. Underwood agreed with an exact half of the British list.

Miss Wilda Wilson Church, English expert at KGO, Oakland, California, does not favor uniform pronunciation for radio announcers.

"I would consider any effort to standardize American speech futile and undesirable," she declares. "A standardized thing immediately becomes static. We standardize mechanical devices, . . . but language is not a mechanical thing—it is organic, not organized."

Miss Church makes seven exceptions to the English list. She prefers ate with a long *a*, wants caliber accented on the first syllable and with a short *i*, calls "huzzifry" too British, prefers the *r* in iron, believes medicine has three syllables, bespeaks a long *o* in won't, and says wrath has a little of raft in it.

But she admits a sheik is a "shake."

Mr. F. H. Talbot of KOA, Denver, takes exception to the listed forms for ate, gibberish, tryst, valet, and won't, but did not append his versions. The KOA director describes his troubles with words:

"We are quite conscious that when we announce such a name as 'Helena' with the accent on the first syllable, as it is invariably called in the West, we are wrong in the eyes, or rather ears, of Easterners and Canadians. Also, when we announce the word 'clerk' I can see our highbrow Canadian audience shrugging its shoulders because we did not say 'clark.' So, there you are."

Announcements over WJBT, Chicago, are made as simple as possible, according to Mr. Bobby Griffin, the director-announcer.

"This is true," he explains, "mainly because a person listening to a radio is listening for entertainment, and, in my opinion, announcements should be as brief as possible. If they are listening to an artist, they do not care to hear a long discourse by the announcer."

In his corrections of the British list—they include more than half of the words set forth—Mr. Griffin adheres to the pronunciations usually heard in the street. He is one of the few announcers who give "i-o-din" for iodine, suggesting the last syllable as identical with the first in dinner.

As to housewifery, he says succinctly, "Never used it"; and he maintains a sheik is a "sheek." At least this should go a little way toward counteracting that "shike" business in Chicago.

The particular problem at the WBBM Air Theater in Chicago, according to Mr. Nate Caldwell, the chief announcer, has been the pronunciation of names of cities and States. Mr. Caldwell believes won't in any form should be avoided. He disagrees with most of the British suggestions.

Mr. Ellsworth Tompkins of WODA, Paterson, New Jersey, is another who suggests "i-o-din" for iodine, and gives a variant for automobile, suggesting it to be accented on the first letter *o*.

If you listen to WHAM at

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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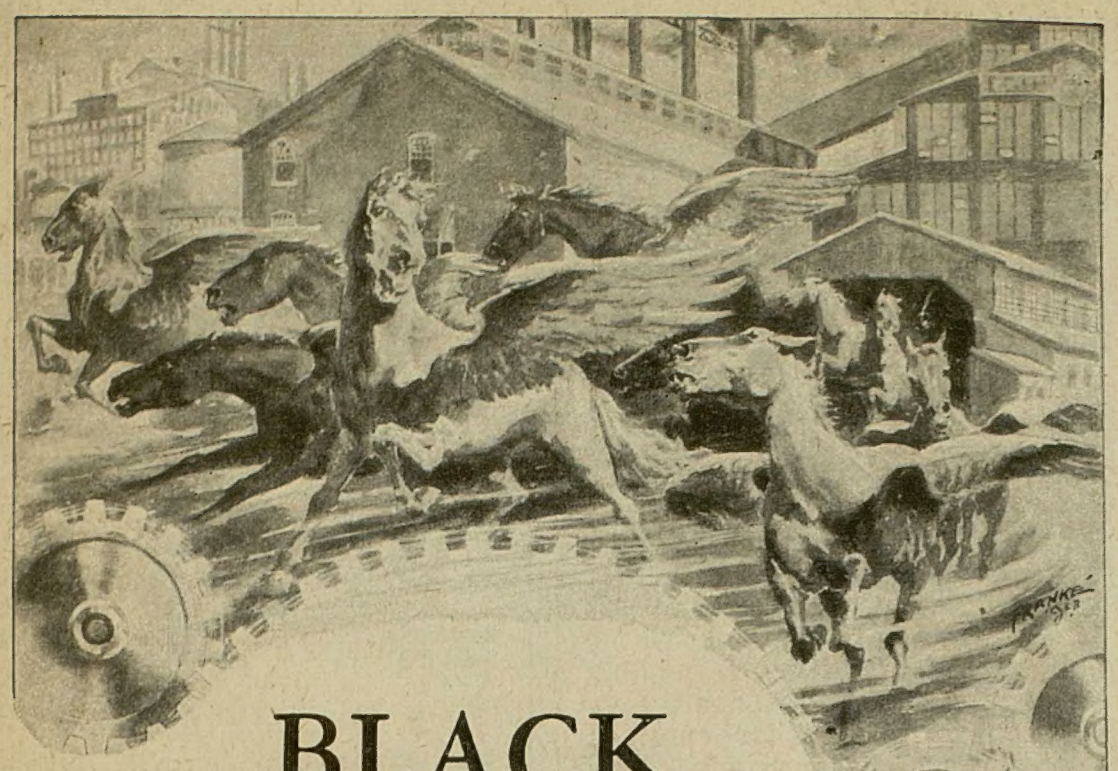
We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.



BLACK DIAMONDS

COAL is concentrated energy—horsepower. Release it, and you turn the wheels of industry, and heat and light the homes of the people. Seize a nation's coal fields and you strike straight at its fighting heart, say the military strategists.

In the United States, the importance of our own tremendous coal deposits, and the need for mining experts, are being increasingly recognized. . . . And the rapidly increasing use of mining machines, mechanical loaders, and underground conveying systems, with accompanying changes in mining methods, makes necessary a larger proportion of well-trained men, with greater opportunities for promotion than ever before. To the task of training men in modern mining methods, the International Correspondence Schools have ever directed their fullest effort and equipment.

Interestingly enough, the entire correspondence school idea, with the hundreds of subjects it now includes, is an outgrowth of the first attempt to aid ambitious workers in the coal industry.

In 1881 an earnest young miner propounded to the editor of the *Mining Herald* a simple question about ventilation. The published response aroused wide interest and suggested a Question and Answer Department. From this, in turn, came the conception of a school that could train men to solve the problems of a hazardous occupation before they arose.

Under such circumstances, the I.C.S. was born and the first student enrolled October 16, 1891. Within six months, a thousand men were studying by mail. . . . A great institution had begun its service to a great industry!

Today, largely by virtue of the efficiency that training imparts, American miners have achieved an amazing annual output of 734 tons per capita—nearly three times that of the nearest competing nation!

To the individual, as to the industry, I. C. S. service has been highly effective. Spare-time study, at home, or deep under the earth by the flaring light of miners' torches, has made laborers, track-layers, teamsters, into foremen, superintendents—even presidents. It has been responsible for ingenious devices to diminish danger and speed up production—as men's minds were stimulated by their greater knowledge.

Part of the whole remarkable record is the dominance of I. C. S.-trained men in the more responsible positions of King Coal's government. Thirty-five of the forty-seven mine inspectors in Pennsylvania, chief anthracite coal-producing state, and more than half of all those in the entire country, won their places through I. C. S. instruction!

I. C. S. accomplishments in other fields have been no less noteworthy. If you are interested in any phase of home-study service, the coupon below will bring you information. There is no obligation, of course.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 8472-H, Scranton, Penna.
"The Universal University"

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X in the list below:

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Coal Mining	☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Coal Mine Surveyor	☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Mine Foreman ☐ Fire Boss	☐ Railroad Positions	☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Metal Mining	☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Chemistry
☐ Metallurgical Mining	☐ Civil Engineer	☐ Pharmacy
☐ Metal Prospector	☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Automobile Work
☐ Milling	☐ Steam Engineering	☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Electrical Engineering	☐ Architect	☐ Agriculture
☐ Electric Lighting	☐ Architects' Blueprints	☐ Mathematics
☐ Mechanical Engineer	☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Navigation ☐ Radio

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Industrial Management	☐ Secretarial Work	☐ English
☐ Personnel Management	☐ Spanish ☐ French	☐ Civil Service
☐ Traffic Management	☐ Salesmanship	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Accounting and C.P.A. Coaching	☐ Advertising	☐ Common School Subjects
	☐ Business Correspondence	☐ High School Subjects
☐ Cost Accounting	☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering	☐ Illustrating
☐ Bookkeeping	☐ Stenography and Typing	☐ Cartooning

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....State.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

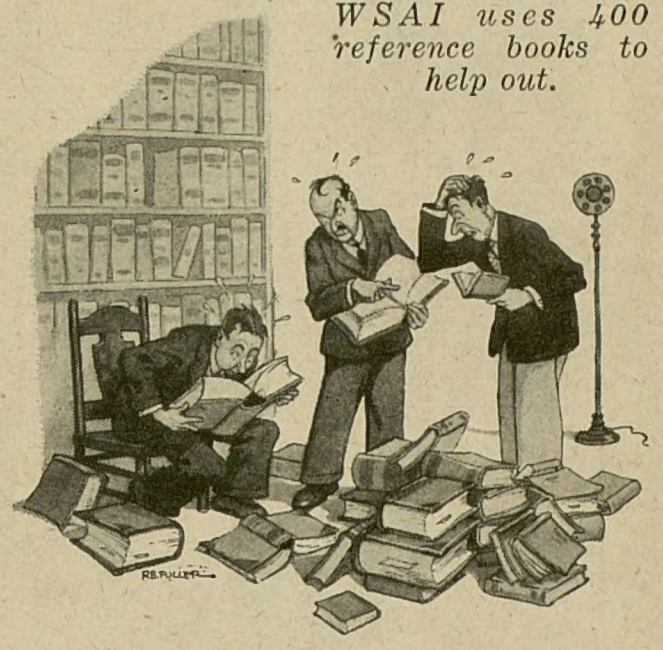
[BY THEIR ACCENTS YE SHALL KNOW THEM
Continued from Page Eighty-one]

Rochester, New York, you know that there is no *t* in any valet Donald H. Clark, the announcer, may use; nor is there an *e* on his pianoforte. At least, you'll not be able to hear either. He does, however, accept most of the remainder of the suggested list.

According to Mr. Paul N. Pearce, who speaks through WEMC at Berrien Springs, Michigan, housewifery is housewifery and a sheik is a "sheek." But if there is a tryst it must rhyme with fist. Too, he prefers a-e-rial and a-ero-plane.

AT WLBL, Stevens Point, Wisconsin, Announcer H. O. Brickson speaks of an "am-a-tur," says he ate late, and calls a heliotrope a "heeliotrope." He holds that housewifery is "house-wi-frey"; and, while admitting that a sheik really is a "shake," he declares a "sheek" to be more popular. Despite the latter, it is comforting to know that housewifery is in use at Stevens Point.

Mr. Lester Palmer, at WOW, Omaha, Nebraska, accepts more than half of the British list and gives apparatus, patron, and début as the three most troublesome words at his studio.



WSAI uses 400 reference books to help out.

Mr. Palmer—also a Nebraskan, please note—boldly declares that housewifery is house-wife-ry, but agrees with Mr. Grubb at Lincoln that a sheik is a "sheek."

Miss Dagmar Perkins, president of the National Association for American Speech, New York City, believes speech heard over the radio is bound to exert an important influence upon the general speech throughout the country.

She desires tryst to rhyme with twist, won't to rhyme with don't, and believes housewifery should have the full four syllables.

Oh, yes, a sheik is a "sheek."

Mr. George D. Hay, who is to be heard over WSM at Nashville, Tennessee, is, apparently, slightly bewildered by LIBERTY'S effort to fathom the intricacies of radio speech. His response to the questionnaire took, in part, this form:

"Just why Quin [Mr. Quin A. Ryan, whose original article on this subject appeared in this publication recently] should have picked out twenty-five or thirty words that we never heard of is more than we can figure out, and we wish you would tell him so. There is one word, however—gibberish—which covers a multitude of sins. We always try to avoid it, although we may sound like it at times."

Mr. Hay made no comment on the list. He didn't even return it.

The British versions of ate, heliotrope, iron, nephew, won't, and wrath are not accepted by Mr. J. Dale Stentz of WWNC, Asheville, North Carolina.

Mr. H. A. Mount of WSAI, Cincinnati, approves of twenty-six of the words submitted, which is the precise number used with the British pronunciation by the average American announcer.

Mr. Mount believes there should be some form of universal radio pronunciation, but he points out that:

"In all attempts to standardize language usage we must remember that speech, being a very human thing, is not to be treated as an exact science like mathematics, and that it is not even subject to the rules of logic."

The WSAI manager offers the information that more than 400 dictionaries and language reference books are used in preparing announcements from that station.

Mr. Edgar Twamley, director-announcer at WOC, Davenport, Iowa, lists seven trouble makers from his own studio. They are harbinger, malingerer, Iowa, penalize, interesting, wound, and oasis.

"Huzzifry" he will accept, but declares it "is a little ahead of the times." And a sheik may be either a "shake" or a "sheek," which doesn't help us at all, so far as Lincoln, Nebraska, is concerned.

MR. F. C. ZIEG of WOWO, Fort Wayne, Indiana, believes in tempering the pronunciation over any given radio station to the usages of the locality in which that station operates.

"We believe," he states, "that it is really interesting that people in different sections of the country do pronounce words differently."

Mr. Dee D. Denver, Jr., chief announcer for KFKB, Milford, Kansas, takes his pen in hand to accomplish this:

"If this is supposed to be a joke of some sort, I can appreciate it in that light; but, on the other hand, if Mr. Quinn is sincere in his opinions, I would suggest that his salary as announcer of WGN be raised in order that his sadly neglected education may be completed.

"My education, and especially my vocabulary, is very limited, due to the fact that my schooling consisted of only the first three grades."

Nevertheless, Mr. Denver accepts "huzzifry" without a struggle. But he'll have none of that "shake" for sheik business.

"Shake yourself," he advises; "it's 'sheek.'"

THE END

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,
candy man,
Buy Wrigley's Double Mint,
fast as you can!
But as fast as you get it, the
good people come
To get this delicious REAL
PEPPERMINT *gum!*

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

Do you like a real, lasting, *built in*, full strength flavor REAL Peppermint?

Then get Wrigley's Double Mint at your dealers.

It is a new and better *Peppermint* flavor.

H80 ...*"After every meal!"*

THE FIRST HOME

Soon after landing on the bleak shores of America the Puritans began the construction of the primitive dwellings that were to shelter them in the new land. Rough hewn and devoid of conveniences, these simple habitations were nevertheless a haven for the weary pilgrims. The joy that even the rude hut pictured here inspired in the hearts of the settlers is happily portrayed in the posture and countenance of the Puritan maiden.

(Additional copies of this and other pictures of our Puritan series will be mailed free upon request to Department B, The Cudahy Packing Co., Chicago.)

Cudahy's

Puritan Ham

"First in the Land"

A CENTURY OF DAYS—100 days are required to select and prepare Puritan Ham for your table. Choice, young meats finely textured and tender, cured slowly, *ripened naturally* and smoked over a gentle, fragrant hickory wood fire, come to you as Puritan Ham—a product worthy of its name and of your approval.

For your Easter feast there is nothing more appropriate. At your dealers now in the special Easter wrapper. For flavor, for tenderness, for quality, Cudahy's PURITAN HAM is

"First in the Land"

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A. makers of Puritan Hams·Bacon·Lard